"YOU DROPPED IT, YOU PICK IT UP!"

By
Jim Paul

ED'S PUBLISHING COMPANY
1983
Baton Rouge, LA

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Paul, Jim
"You dropped it, you pick it up!"

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This book is dedicated to those few remaining players and in loving memory of all the men now departed who were participants in this most historic sporting event on that fateful afternoon of October 7, 1916.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

All drawings have been created solely for use in this book and are the property of the author.

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INTRODUCTION

The early 1900's proved to be a very progressive and innovative era for the nation's most popular and entertaining spectator sport—football. Accompanying football during its adolescent stages was the rise of a "comedy craze," which gave birth to the American "sense of humor." With the invention of "moving pictures," screens across the nation were splattered with slap-stick comedians whose antics brought emerging laughter from those fortunate enough to be able to afford the nickel for admittance to the theater.

In the fall of 1916, long before Riegel's wrong-way run and Lewis's off-the-bench tackle, the maturing sport of football made a great contribution to the American "sense of humor" by providing a crowd of over 1000 spectators with possibly the most hilarious sporting event ever.

"You Dropped It, You Pick It Up!" is a book based on facts, rumors, and assumptions concerning the events surrounding the worst defeat in collegiate football history. Three years of painstaking research have uncovered the mystery behind the amazing story of why a small group of inexperienced football players from a little university in Tennessee travelled to Atlanta to play one of history's greatest football teams—coached by the famed John Heisman.

It is the author's hope that you find this book a welcome breath of fresh air. So, sit back, relax, and prepare to enjoy one of the funniest football stories ever told.

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

Chapter 1

THEY AIN'T SO BIG

A flash!

A sudden white flash sent everyone on the crowded platform facing northward. An awed silence crept over them. All attention now focused in the direction of that brief magic glow. The mood of the crowd was ruled by intensity. Their deep concentration was riveted on the surprising flicker of light, which vanished as quickly as it had appeared. The eyes of the anxious crowd were barely half open because of their vicious battle with the cruel post-noon sun. Rays attacked and stung like sharp-pointed spears. But the determined viewers were fit for the challenge. Resistance, strengthened by an hour-long anticipation, fought through their discomfort.

Soon a disappointing discovery was made. The flicker of hope was nothing more than a big white egret gliding low in the distant sky. And, though the saddening false alarm turned most heads downward in despair and disgust, it quelled the growing atmospheric tension. But only temporarily.

"I see it, papa! I see it!"

Sure enough, a sandy-haired lad had spotted the train's faintly gleaming headlamp projecting down the distant tracks. Accompanying the light glowed a scattered haze of reflecting rays dancing on the train's silvery spoked wheels. Wheels, which churned rapidly, beating a staccato-like hum upon the tracks. Each beat seemed to send periodic messages to the engine's sleek, strong smokestack to spout piles of thick grey smoke high into the atmosphere, blending harmoniously with overhanging clouds on the horizon.

The observant young lad leaned sideways off the edge of the deteriorating wood-planked platform, grasping a supporting column with one hand to balance himself diagonally. With the

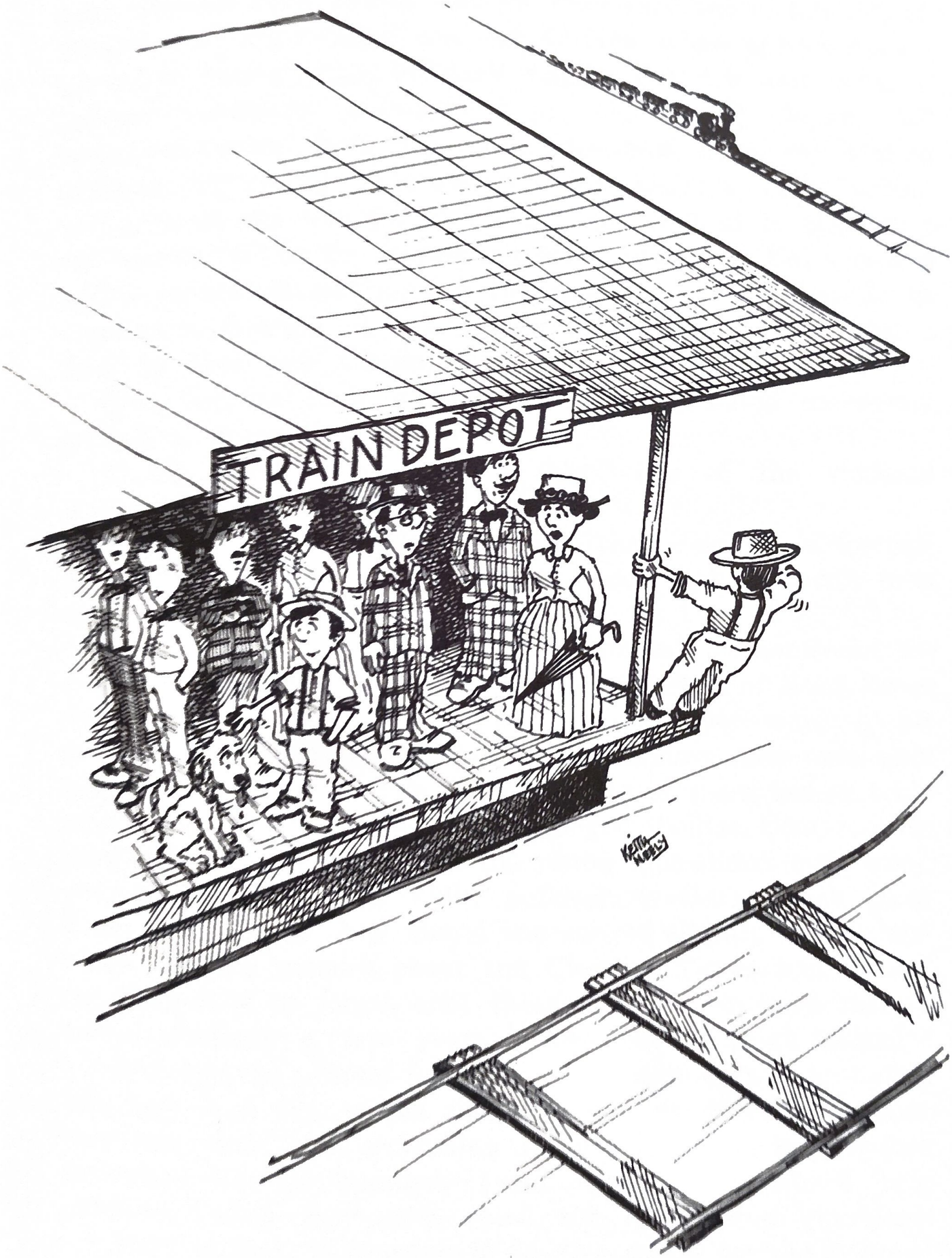
other, he shielded his sensitive eyes from the afternoon sun. And, though it was this little one's keen vision that enabled him to spot clues of the approaching locomotive, others in the crowd were watching just as eagerly for sight of the South Atlantic passenger train.

As the iron horse drew closer, the crowd's attention became sharper. Murmurs lessened, surrendering once more to silence, as if metal and smoke had something particularly important to say to them. Before long, while a train of thoughts travelled the rails of their one-track minds, the dingy metallic tracks began to quiver, eventually sending a tremor through the station platform. Excitement seemed to peak as this "vibration sensation" passed through the crowd.

The train's whistle sent out a shrilling hello. This, however, was no ordinary train. And its sound was no mere sound of arrival—it was a sound of challenge to the easygoing inhabitants of this part of Atlanta.

A group of excited youngsters hurriedly jumped down from the platform and ran alongside the tracks toward the oncoming locomotive. Through their minds flashed visions of reversing direction and racing it back to the station. The boys, dressed in turtleneck sweaters and checkered knee pants, rolled beside them huge round hoops, which they controlled by swinging a long stick within the center. Little girls followed closely, skipping along clutching cloth dolls to their chests. Their dresses, draped below knees already modestly covered by long dark stockings, danced briskly along as they hurried.

Before long, the powerful approaching machine threw on its brakes, screeching to a peaceful rest on the threshold of the Atlanta Train Station. Suddenly the doors flew open, sending the large gathering of Georgia Tech students and faculty, well-dressed businessmen, uniformed station personnel, and various community members drawing closer for a glimpse of the newly arrived passengers. Some in the crowd were pushing, shoving and elbowing to get to the front of the platform. One man standing in the back raised his young son up on his shoulders so the child could see above the crowd. After a spell of silence, those aboard the train stood in preparation to unload, causing the curious Georgia Tech football supporters to gasp, wide-eyed, as they continued staring intently. South Carolina's Clemson Tigers had arrived in Atlanta, Georgia!


TRAIN DEPOT

Incredible stories and rumors had propelled this maze of sports fans to Atlanta's train station for a look at the legendary Clemson team of 1903. This was the team to whom their ill-fated Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets were expected to fall victim. Finally, the long-awaited moment arrived when approximately thirty-five young men in dark baggy trousers and crimson pullover sweaters displaying an old-English letter "C" swaggered down from the train vestibule onto the station platform. On seeing those sweaters, the Georgia Tech faithful had at least one thought in mind. They wanted to close that "C" into an "O" on the scoreboard come tomorrow. But Clemson had a reputation as long as the miles of track from South Carolina to Georgia. It would be easier to shut down Atlanta than to shut out Clemson.

Two Georgia Tech students critically evaluated the newly arrived Clemson team:

"Look, Todd, they ain't so big," one of the students exclaimed to his friend.

"Well, Doug, it's quality, not size, that counts in a football player," the friend replied, knowing speed was a coach's most sought after attribute in an athlete.

Because of all the rumors about Clemson's awesomeness, the crowd was expecting to see a veritable collection of King Kongs stepping down from the train. Instead, they were a bit disappointed that a fair portion of the Clemson men were only slightly above average size. Though some of them looked truly awesome, just as many had overhanging potbellies. Considerably more surprising, a handful of the young men didn't even come close to filling out their bulky pullover sweaters, which hung loosely draped over their chests and sagged slightly below their waists. All the rumors about the Clemson Tigers had caused the Tech fans to forget that these young men were merely college students a few years or so out of high school.

Probably the poorest football-player specimen was a slightly tall, very lean lad, whose slumping posture, huge hook nose, long thin neck, and protruding Adam's apple made him look somewhat like a buzzard. Doug and Todd couldn't help chuckling when they first spied the odd-looking character.

Todd kidded, "I wonder if he flys south for the winter."

Minutes later, noticing the fellow swooping in their direction, Doug whispered, "Look, ole buzzard face is headed

this way."

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but could you direct us to some entertainment?" the young Clemson collegian asked. "It's been such a dull, boring trip."

"What kind of entertainment did you have in mind?"

"Oh, someplace where we could gulp down a few brews, dance, and maybe get in a few hands of poker."

The stunned Tech students almost swallowed their tongues. They were astounded at this request by their Clemson visitor, for it was virtually unheard of for a coach to allow his team to take part in such revelry the night before a football game. But to have the team of the very strict, yet gentlemanly Coach John Heisman take part in such festivities on a pre-game night was next to impossible.

Barely able to utter a word, Doug squawked, "Uh . . . Er . . . The Sure-Shot Saloon would be a nice place to go. It's right around the corner of that grey brick building and to your left."

"Thank you very much," said the young man. Turning to his teammates, he waved his arm and shouted, "This way to the city of fun, fellas!"

The roisterous bunch of Clemsonites strolled arm-in-arm down the sidewalk on their way to the saloon, shouting and cheering as they went. Close behind followed the two Tech students. As they rounded the corner, Todd remarked, "I can hardly believe my eyes. I thought they were kidding."

"Obviously not. Half of 'em have already walked into the saloon."

"How can they spend a wild night out on the town and expect to win tomorrow?"

"I really don't think it's possible."

"Me neither. And I think I have a good idea how to make it even less possible." Todd leaned toward Doug and whispered, "Listen to this . . . ."

And so a lightweight conspiracy was born to upend these apparently lightweight Clemsonites. If courage and competence couldn't turn the trick on the football field, maybe chicanery and a bit of the culprit in Tech supporters could emerge. And if it did, perhaps Tech could submerge the vaunted Clemson machine.

Todd's brilliant plan was built on the premise that if the Clemson team overdid its celebrating at the Sure-Shot Saloon

Rob McClellan

that night, it would be unable to perform up to its usual high standards on the afternoon of the following day.

". . . So, you explain my idea to the rest of the folks back at the train station, while I go place some bets on our underdog Yellow Jackets to win."

Doug shimmied up a station lamp post. Reaching the top, he attracted the crowd's attention, then began explaining Todd's plan. The flamboyant group of goodtimers became excited at the prospect of their team beating Clemson. In the midst of their jubilant state, the boisterous crowd grabbed Doug, yanked him down from the lamp pole, and carried him high in the air above their heads, quickly making tracks toward the Sure-Shot Saloon. Unfortunately, Doug didn't see the huge overhanging station sign, which smacked him in the forehead, knocking him backwards, leaving an almost unconscious passenger for the crowd to carry.

Quite a few of the crowd detoured to place their wagers on the Georgia Tech team before joining the others at the saloon.

The Atlanta city folks and the Georgia Tech students were very hospitable to their Clemson guests that night, buying them beer after beer, making sure there wasn't an empty mug in the house. Cheerful and fashionably dressed ladies entertained the Tigers by keeping them quick on their toes, taking part in some jazzy new city dances. They made certain the country boys didn't sit down long enough to rest their tired, aching feet. The energetic country boys, in turn, taught their hosts the square dance.

During the early morning hours when the beer, the bands, and the broads wore out, some of the hometown men decided to sacrifice a good night's sleep and provide their visitors from South Carolina with easy targets for poker games. They figured they would more than recover their losses from the bets. Then around 6 a.m., the host crowd was finally convinced that no one could take part in such a celebration and still be prepared to play a football game within eight hours.

They didn't even know if they themselves would have the energy to watch the game. So, sensing a sure thing, the Tech night hawks rushed to place their final bets on the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets before the betting booths closed.

Later that morning, the Georgia Tech coaches and players, rested and refreshed, were told of the splendid job everyone

had done to make certain their opponents were in no condition to play a football game that afternoon. Feeling a huge burden lifted from their shoulders, the Georgia Tech players did a little celebrating of their own as they began basking in overconfidence.

At two o'clock that afternoon, the sun was shining down boldly on Piedmont Park. Todd's tired, bloodshot eyes began burning badly due to the bright sun's rays (not to mention his overindulgence the night before).

As he gazed out toward the football field, he anxiously awaited the teams' arrival there. Along with the others who had stayed up all night entertaining the Clemson team, Todd wasn't about to miss this game, especially collecting his winnings from the bets. All around him sat sleepy-eyed fans, who leaned against one another for support. More yawning than yelling was taking place in the Georgia Tech stands.

Todd stared at the visitors' stands across the way. Surprisingly, he recognized several of the fellows that he had helped to entertain the night before seated in the bleachers waving Clemson pennants. Quickly, Todd nudged Doug, who was fast asleep beside him.

"Hey, what'd you do that for?"

Todd pointed toward the opposite stands. "Look! There's ole buzzard face and company. They made it here to the stadium all right, but not out on the playing field."

"What did you say?" mumbled Doug, who was still half-asleep and slow to get Todd's meaning.

"Look over there."

"Hey! That's the guys . . . ." responded a newly awakened Doug.

Todd placed his hands behind his head and leaned back to relax against the next row bleacher seat. Eventually, his uncontrollable laughter bubbled up, bursting forth from an enormous face-wide grin. As Todd stared upward, remembering his swinging sleepless night, a feeling of confidence and pride from having outwitted Clemson caused him to shout, "What a bea-u-ti-ful day!"

Several minutes later, a big commotion in the visitors' stands caught Doug's attention. Those Clemson fellows who had stayed up for the all-night merrymaking staggered down the bleacher steps, some occasionally stumbling or tripping over one

another, and trooped onto the football field. Once they reached the sideline, the young men tried forming a single line facing the playing field. But their sloppy efforts to stand erect had them hanging on to one another just to stay upright. Next, the odd-looking fellow, old buzzard-face, marched out on the field, did an about-face, and stood ramrod straight, hands at his side, yelling, "A-ten-shun!"

Several of the men fell forward to the ground.

Laughter rained down from the spectators in the Georgia Tech stands. It continued to echo loudly for several minutes. Then, a sudden eerie silence blanketed the stadium. Tech's crowd jumped quickly to its feet, gasping aloud. Todd, Doug, and several other Tech students raced down the bleacher steps and leaned forward over the fence railing. Todd rubbed his eyes so hard he almost erased his corneas. Across the field, the Clemson band blasted out a tune, while the Clemson fans cranked up a few cheers. Those men standing at attention all along the Clemson sideline stood firmer and straighter. They raised their hands to their foreheads in salute to Coach Heisman, who came running out on the field, followed by some of the biggest, meanest, most vicious gridiron warriors ever seen—ready to do battle. The Clemson fans went wild.

Unknown to the Tech fans, Clemson's John Heisman had hidden his real gridiron Tigers in a small town a few miles north of Atlanta so they could get a good night's rest. The tricky Clemson coach had sent on the train a group of cadets pretending to be the Tiger football team. Needless to say, the surprised Yellow Jackets were whipped all over the field by the Clemson team, who outscored them 73-0.

This crushing defeat was not to be taken lightly by the Tech fans and alumni. Instead of absorbing such a resounding 73-0 shellacking, Georgia Tech enthusiasts decided to cork the bottle on this ever-pouring stream of losses. A desire to jolt their status as intercollegiate football's doormat caused a serious bit of engineering to go on in some of the brighter Tech minds.

*****

CHAPTER II

Chapter 11

TIME FOR A CHANGE

"Darn it!" exclaimed Frank Turner, pounding his fist on the table as he aimed his words toward the "Concerned Committee." Each hammering jolt caused a resting inkwell to quiver violently, sending small splashes of thick black ink spraying across the tabletop. Nevertheless, Turner continued, "Our Georgia Tech football team has produced only eight wins in the past eleven years. Now, I'm tired of it, you're tired of it, and the alumni, students, and fans are tired of it."

The twenty-eight year old Turner, alumnus and now drawing instructor, was speaking to an attentive group of faculty members and several dozen university students he had gathered for a meeting in the chapel early one morning in September of 1903. Their topic of discussion—the fate of football at Georgia Tech.

"And not only are we losing respect, we're also losing money," declared the tall, bearded professor sitting in the front row.

Endless complaints reverberated from the "Concerned Committee."

"Listen!" Turner shouted above the clamor. "The reason we lost 73-0 to Clemson last week wasn't because we have inferior players. It was because we were totally outsmarted, outmaneuvered, and outright out-coached."

"But, if we had a coach like Clemson's John Heisman, who knows? We might get tired of winning," a student in the last row piped up.

They laughed.

"Then, that's what we should do. Hire Heisman as head football coach," a faculty member added.

Suddenly the committee started up a rhythmical chant. "Let's hire Heisman! Let's hire Heisman!"

"Wait a minute!" Turner gasped, surprised by this unexpected outburst. "I didn't mean that we should rush out and hire Heisman. I only meant that we should look for a new coach."

But the committee continued the refrain, "Let's hire Heisman! Let's hire Heisman!"

"Stop! Stop! I say," screamed Turner as shafts of early-morning sunlight streamed down through the chapel's stained-glass window, casting psychedelic reflections across his scowling face. "You fools, we can't get a coach like Heisman to come here."

"Why not? He was here last week for that 73-0 slaughter."

"Yeah," echoed loudly through the committee like a chain reaction.

"Because we don't have the national reputation or the money." Turner continued arguing in anger and frustration.

"Well, let's hope he'll overlook our poor team ranking," someone said, "if we offer him enough money."

"Yeah," once again echoed around the room, quickly building into a "Let's hire Heisman" chant.

In a gesture of resignation, Turner threw his hands in the air and stalked out of the chapel.

*****

The reason for Turner's dismay was very obvious. For although Georgia Tech was an excellent, highly respected, and well-known school of technology, its reputation and record in football were of the same caliber as the drab uniforms the men played in and the unlevelled field they attempted to practice on. And for this organization (or better yet, unorganization) to ever think of getting Heisman was practically unheard of.

At that time John Heisman was the premier coach of his day. In fact, his craftsmanship with athletes was so outstanding that the famed Heisman Trophy was later instituted to honor his memory. How, then, could Tech ever think of getting a coach like Heisman? Simple. The only knowledge some of the committee members had of football was that the team scoring the least number of points would be declared the loser, and that they knew all too well. So, with their lack of football

KEITH NEELY

knowledge and not understanding the importance of national team ranking, the members of the committee had firmly fixed in their minds that they wanted John Heisman as head football coach, and they were determined to get him.

Turner, with the aid of a local sportswriter and others, searched the rest of that day for names of available coaches who could possibly be persuaded to help build up the Tech football program, but who would still be within their salary range. By that evening they had come up with the names of a few fairly good possibilities, so Turner called another meeting of the "Concerned Committee" for the following morning.

"All right. Listen here," Turner started off the meeting. "I have several candidates in mind for the head coaching job for the 1904 season."

"And we have one—Heisman!" someone shouted.

This was quickly followed by a chorus of "Right!"

"Now, look, let's be reasonable for once," Turner struggled to say calmly. "We have to settle for what we can get."

Turner tried over and over again to convince the committee members how impossible it would be to get Heisman to coach at Tech, but they seemed deaf to his plea. Finally he conceded, "All right. If you can raise enough money to offer Heisman by the end of this football season, I'll go along with your plan. But, if not, then we must choose a coach from among those I've suggested."

"How much would we have to raise?" they asked.

"Oh, somewhere in the neighborhood of $2,000," Turner replied, grinning confidently, knowing they would now see things his way.

"Two thousand dollars!" the committee cried in disappointment and shock, watching its dreams and hopes fading away. Moans and groans continued until one brave soul spoke out, "I pledge five dollars to start the 'Hire Heisman' fund."

"I'll see your five and raise it two."

"Put me down for four dollars."

"Here, I'll add ten dollars."

Suddenly pandemonium broke out as donations cluttered the air leading into the "Let's hire Heisman" chant.

Turner shook his head in disbelief but decided to give in to the ruling excitement and jump on the bandwagon by saying,

"I think you're all crazy, but put me down for twenty dollars."

****

It didn't take long; for midway through the 1903 season, the faculty collected $1300, and the reunited student body iced the cake with an additional $2200.

In the midst of its celebration, the committee barged straight into President Lyman Hall's office, to confront him with the chore of conning Heisman into becoming Tech's first paid head football coach.

The sudden intrusion, however, startled the slumbering Hall, sending him and the swivel chair he had been leaning back in tumbling to the floor behind his desk, completely out of his visitors' field of vision. Struck speechless, the surprised committee members watched the top of Hall's head rise slowly above the horizon of the desktop, closely followed by bushy black eyebrows, a pair of dark, deep-set, hypnotic eyes, and a thick black moustache, which hovered gently beneath his nose. Still a little shaken from having been startled out of his nap, the prestigious West Point graduate reared up and snapped to attention.

The committee members reacted in like manner.

After realizing what he had done, Hall stammered nervously, "At ease, troopers."

Soon smiles converged to erase the temporarily anxious frowns that had been created by the unexpected response of the small, slender man, ordinarily cool under pressure. Aided by his strict military background, Hall already had, at age forty-three, acquired a widely known reputation for getting things done. In fact, under his leadership, Georgia Tech had grown into a nationally recognized institution of engineering education.

The committee explained its predicament. Presented with this nearly impossible task, Hall reluctantly accepted the chore.

Several times Hall tried luring Heisman from Clemson by correspondence, but his letters were much too cold and, oh, so blunt. In fact, he even misspelled the arrogant Heisman's name by adding an unnecessary "e" between the "s" and the "m." Regardless, after several weeks passed, President Hall still had not received an answer from Heisman.

Realizing that the president's heart was not truly in the task—as was his own when the idea was first presented at the

committee meeting—Turner tried to convince Hall that getting Heisman would bring prestige and financial gain to the university. Once his interest had been aroused, President Hall agreed to travel with Turner to South Carolina to visit the brilliant Clemson coach.

Upon their arrival at the Clemson campus, the two well-dressed Georgians went immediately to the Athletic Department and headed for the nearest office door.

Turner knocked softly.

"Thou shalt enter," a voice called from within.

The two Atlanta men stared at each other in amazement. Walking into the dimly lit office, they found a small man, neatly dressed in a high turtleneck sweater and trousers, seated behind a huge desk. On his desk sat a little red megaphone.

"Excuse us, sir, but could you help us find Coach Heisman?" President Hall asked.

"'Tis I of whom you are inquiring," replied Heisman, precisely enunciating each word as he stood to greet his visitors.

In appearance Coach Heisman was rather short in stature, bull-shouldered, stern-faced with a short, flat spongy nose (the result of having blocked a punt with his face when he played football in college). Yet he stood firm and straight, making him appear very intimidating to his guests. His demeanor was that of a proud soldier marching into battle—a human tank daring anything to lie in its path—and his diction was remarkable. His voice and manner resembled a character out of a Shakespearean play, and rightly so, for he was an avid fan of Shakespeare and a full-fledged lover of the theater. Next to football, acting was his favorite pastime, or could it have been the other way round?

"I'm Lyman Hall, president of Georgia Tech University," Hall said in the strict military tone of giving name, rank, and serial number. Then he gestured toward his colleague, "And this is Mr. Frank Turner, a faculty member and commander of the newly organized committee hoping to secure you as our head football coach."

The three men shook hands enthusiastically. After they were seated, Hall went on, "I was wondering if you had reached a decision on our offer of the head coaching job at our

school."

"Oh, yes. I received your letters, President Hall. However, after weighing the situation, I have concluded that I am very content with my job here at Clemson and really have no predilection to pursue the position of head football coach elsewhere."

"But, look at the bright side of it, sir," Turner interrupted. "Think of it as a great challenge. Any coach can take a good strong team and win games, but it takes a great coach to build a winning club from scratch. At Tech we have the right material. All we need is a gifted master of sports to create the masterpiece. You could become known around the world as 'the great Artisté of Athletics.' "

"Yes, your offer does sound tempting, but I shall have to decline it."

"Sir, we beg you to reconsider," Hall pleaded. "Our athletic association is prepared to offer you a salary of $2000 plus a percentage of the net gate receipts. The fact is, Coach Heisman, we need you. Why—the theaters in Atlanta alone draw more people to watch their performances than we have spectators at our home games and . . ."

"Theaters, did you say!" exclaimed Heisman, with a twinkle in his eye.

Detecting Heisman's eager interest at the mention of the theaters, Turner once more joined in their conversation. "Oh, yes, we have some of the finest in the world right there in Atlanta. Are you interested in the theater?"

"Gentlemen, I am a Shakespearean actor during the off-season," Heisman replied, rising to his feet. Then, gazing above their heads as if on stage, he intoned dramatically, "'Tis better to be scorned than pitied.'" Gradually his eyes focused back on his guests.

President Hall and Frank Turner applauded Heisman's impromptu performance. Heisman, in turn, bowed ever so slightly, but smoothly. Then the conversive little group continued talking about the theaters in Atlanta, some which Coach Heisman knew of. The sudden flicker of interest was dampened, however, when a voice intruded, "Hurry up, coach, or you'll be late for the meeting."

"Gentlemen, I must exit backstage; but if you will send me a letter explaining your offer, I might consider it a bit more."

KEITH NEELY

The men shook hands and departed, Heisman to his meeting and the Tech men back to Atlanta.

Soon after returning home, Turner called his committee together, and they proceeded to draw up a contract to present to the Tech Athletic Association for its approval.

The next week Coach Heisman was to receive the following letter from President Hall:

[1]*October 12, '03*
Mr. J.W. Heiseman
Clemson College, S.C.
Dear Sir:

Upon my return to Atlanta, I made my report to the board of Directors of the Athletic Association, in which I explained in detail, our conversation as regards my proposition to you for your services as Coach for our Athletic teams for the entire year of 1904.

It is the sense of the Board, that we, considering all of the existing circumstances, leave our proposition open for your consideration, it being distinctly understood that we reserve the right to withdraw our offer at any time, first however, notifying you of our intention to do so, and allowing you twenty-four hours after receipt of our registered letter or telegram, to accept or acknowledge our formal withdrawal. (Your answer to our notice to be given by wire.)

We make our offer on an accompanying sheet in form of a contract, which if not signed by you and forwarded to us by Nov. 25, '03, we will expect you to return.

We urge you, however, to give us your earliest possible answer.

Hoping that this will be satisfactory to you as it is the best we can do under the circumstances, I am,

Yours very truly,
Lyman Hall
President

The contract accompanying the letter was very generous. It stated: [2]*We the Athletic Association of the Georgia School of Technology, do hereby offer to J.W. Heiseman the*

sum of Two Thousand Dollars ($2000.00) and 30% of the net gate receipts for Base-Ball and Foot-Ball games played by the varsity teams, as salary; in return for which he is to give his entire services for year 1904 as coach for Foot-Ball and Base-Ball teams of this organization. The Two Thousand Dollars ($2000.00) is to be paid in twelve (12) equal installments, payable at the end of each calendar month.

By net gate receipts is meant the net sum after the $2000.00 for coach's salary, uniforms and other incidental expenses have been paid. This 30% to be reckoned at close of year, and paid over to coach at that time.

Just as President Hall was about to seal the letter to Coach Heisman, Frank Turner walked in carrying a few pen-and-ink sketches of some of the nicer theaters in the Atlanta area.

"If this doesn't persuade the Shakespearean devotee, nothing will," Turner remarked as he stuffed the drawings into the envelope.

*****

The long-awaited reply didn't arrive until the chilly Thanksgiving evening of November 26. President Hall, along with many Tech fans at Atlanta's Piedmont Park, was watching the Georgia Tech team being slowly demoralized by the South Carolina Gamecocks. Unnoticed, the young football manager climbed rapidly up the bleachers, headed for the faculty section to find Tech's president. When he was about halfway up the steps, a pretty young coed with red hair and green eyes reached out and grabbed the sleeve of his sweater. But, the determined young lad brushed her aside and continued climbing.

"See if I ever go steady with you again!" the young girl cried. Angry and humiliated by his rebuff, she jerked a fraternity pin from her blouse and threw it after him. Still, he charged upward. Students seated in the immediate vicinity stared at the flushed face of the embarrassed young girl. This little incident had sparked their interest much more than the football game they were supposedly watching.

Once he reached President Hall, Paul tried to conceal his emotions. But, his secret excitement bubbled up inside him,

wanting to spew forth. He was just barely able to say calmly, "President Hall, we just received this wire for you."

"Put it on my desk, Paul. The mood of this game has destroyed my concentration."

"O.K. But I thought you might want to read it. It's from Coach Heisman."

The president's unhappy expression quickly changed to excitement as he grabbed the telegram. Scanning the message, he read aloud, "I like the offer . . . The pay is fine . . . I accept the job!"

"Hooray!!" they shouted in unison.

President Hall didn't waste any time finding Frank Turner, who was also watching the game several rows down. Upon joining him, Hall cried, "Frank! Guess what?"

"Guess what? I know what, sir. We're playing poorly again."

"But I've got great news."

"What? They're gonna shoot the team and put it out of its misery?"

"No. No. Here, read this," Hall urged, handing Turner the telegram.

Frank's eyes widened in surprise as he hastily read the wire. Suddenly, he reached out and hugged President Hall around the neck. The excited pair began jumping up and down, shouting, "He'll take it! He'll take it!"

Several fans seated nearby were completely bewildered by the distinguished president's uncharacteristic display of emotion.

"How can we tell everyone the good news, Frank?" Hall asked.

"Leave it to me, sir. I know just what to do." Turner cupped his hands and called down, "Hey, Beth. Could I see you and Joan a minute, please?"

Beth and Joan, along with the rest of the cheerleaders, were sitting, slouched forward with their chins resting on their hands, completely uninterested in the dull game they were pretending to watch. Not only were the cheerleaders not cheering, but the whole crowd of Tech fans seemed to be semi-conscious.

Turner met the two cheerleaders on the sideline, took them aside, and whispered something to them just before they left the park in a great hurry.

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About twenty minutes later the little group returned, carrying a gigantic rolled-up banner. Joan, Beth, and Turner walked quickly across the edge of the field to the visitors' side—facing the Georgia Tech fans. There they unrolled the banner and attached it to the fence just as the Tech quarterback was thrown for a seven-yard loss. The slowly rising quarterback, dazed and shaken, quickly noticed the huge banner. Immediately, he threw his hands in the air and let out a few whoops of joy.

"Jim, I think you tackled that guy a little too hard," a befuddled South Carolina player observed to his teammate.

For, not only did Tech's quarterback go into hysterics, but the whole Georgia Tech side of the field suddenly came alive with a huge roar from the crowd. This frantic excitement prevailed as they stared at the banner which read, "TECH GETS HEISMAN FOR 1904."

Because the South Carolina fans couldn't see the banner displayed from where they sat, they were totally bewildered by the Georgia Tech crowd cheering a seven-yard loss.

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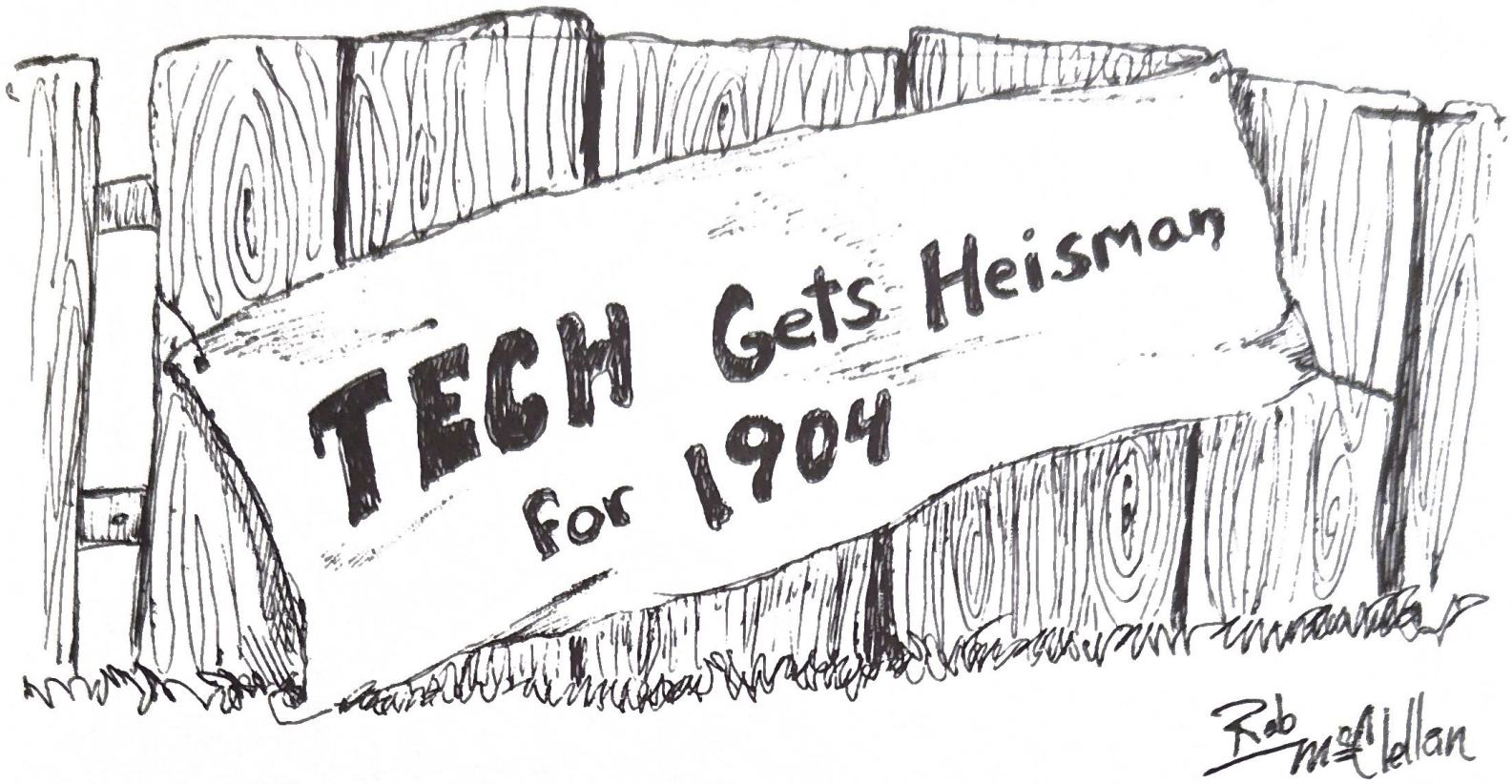
Getting John Heisman to come to Georgia Tech was definitely a great accomplishment. But, certainly, going to Atlanta must have been very exciting for a man like Heisman.

Atlanta, hub of the Confederacy during the Civil War, had risen from the ashes like the phoenix—its symbol—to become even more spectacular than before the conflagration that almost totally destroyed it. The turn of the century brought many progressive changes to this proud city. From a town that had been formed out of beaten cowpaths and winding Indian trails, Atlantans built a huge, sprawling metropolis. Manufacturing was booming. Railroad track mileage increased; property values rose. Cotton was still king in Georgia. That was when a few farsighted businessmen began to see the need for a technical school to produce the educated men and the leadership for increased industrial expansion.

Two of them, Nathaniel Harris, an attorney, and Major J.T. Hanson, a manufacturer, started the drive to open a technical school in Atlanta. Edward Peters donated the land for the original campus and Georgia Tech was finally established in 1883. The buildings were constructed on a hill overlooking


TECH Gets Heisman
for 1904
Rob McClellan

downtown Atlanta, site of one of the fiercest battles of the Civil War—fought during General Sherman's march to the sea, located just five blocks from famed Peachtree Street (where Margaret Mitchell, famous author of *Gone With the Wind*, lived and died).

When Heisman came to Atlanta in early 1904, it was still the horse-and-buggy era even though the automobile had already been invented. In town one either walked or took the streetcar which clanged and rumbled its way through the city streets. The colorful Teddy Roosevelt inhabited the White House. It was a time of peace and one of prosperity for the middle classes. A bicycle craze emerged around the turn of the century. And everyone was drinking Coca-Cola, that marvelous drink originated and patented in Atlanta.

With all its Southern charm, its hospitality, and its many outlets for music and ballet, movies and theatres, museums and libraries, Atlanta was indeed the ideal place for a man such as Heisman to utilize his talents, intelligence, and creativity.

It didn't take Heisman long to create a respectable dynasty in the Tech athletic department, where he strictly and autocratically reigned. Though his laws were strict and unbearable, they proved to be very pertinent and prudent. Tacked to the locker-room wall was his list of [3]rules:

Don't try to play without your head.
Don't forget signals.
Don't be late in lining up.
Don't have your feet in the way of the snapback.
Don't let your opponent get the charge on you.
Don't look toward where the play is going.
Don't jab your fingers into a snapped ball.
Don't catch it on your wrists.
Don't let it hit you on the chest.
Don't coil your arm around the ball's belly.
Don't hold it on your stomach.
Don't stick it out in front when you are downed.
Don't hesitate about falling on it ever.
Don't forget to pull it loose from an opponent.
Don't forget to stiff-arm.
Don't go into the line with your head up.
Don't see how light you can hit, but how hard.

Don't cuss.
Don't argue with the officials.
Don't lose the game.

Heisman's last rule was the most important; he firmly believed in winning games.

The athletes' training-table diet was very restricted. For example, Heisman forbade cut-pastry, coffee, pork, veal, hot bread, apples and nuts. His reason for the ban on these foods wasn't because he believed them harmful to the athlete's health, but because these foods didn't agree with Heisman's digestive system. It was a good enough reason for this authoritarian coach. Furthermore, whenever the players ate meat, they had to eat it practically raw to build up their strength.

Heisman was also very strict in the matter of personal hygiene. He forbade his players to use soap and hot water during practice week because he considered them debilitating. Needless to say, many had trouble keeping girlfriends.

Not only was the new Tech coach strict and health-conscious, but he was also a very clever man. In fact, he was known in coaches' circles as the man who always had something up his sleeve, down in his pocket, and under his hat. His hidden-ball play (in which a player would shove the ball up under his jersey, hide behind his teammates until the defense relaxed, thinking the ballcarrier had been tackled, and then jump out and run for a touchdown) was quickly outlawed.

Later, he resorted to another tactic. He had football-shaped patches sewn on the midsection of his players' jerseys. When all eleven men put their arms around the patches—as if carrying the football—it became impossible to detect who had the ball. It seemed no trickery was beneath his application.

Coach Heisman's tyrannical and cunning style of leadership proved most effective. The Georgia Tech football team put together an impressive 8-1-1 season his first year. This included an 11-11 tie with Clemson, the school he had previously coached. His baseball team proved equally talented. But was all the excitement and success of this first season enough for him? No. He wanted more.

". . . And so, gentlemen, with our newly acquired prestige, of which Tech has so long been deprived, I think it would be an injustice to continue allowing our athletes to participate in

any further practices on such a treacherous and shameful stretch of terrain as the Tech Flats. Therefore, I would like to suggest that we, without further delay, start reconstructing the Tech Flats into a suitable and respectable playing field," declared the clench-fisted Heisman to the "Concerned Committee" in early February of 1905.

"Mr. Heisman, sir," Frank Turner replied, getting up from his chair. "We agree with you one hundred percent. But right now we are low on funds. Besides, even if we should raise the money, getting enough laborers to completely clean and level the field by next football season would be almost impossible."

"And, also, " President Hall added, "arrangements for the lease of the property would be tied up in red tape for quite a while."

"Gentlemen," Heisman went on to say. "You sigh and worry over such trivial and insignificant minor details. Just leave the ball with me."

Early the next morning, President Hall drove up to the Tech campus in his shiny new black motorcar, which sputtered and vibrated as it jerked to a stop. He was shocked to see a huge gang of convicts in striped suits congregated on the Tech flats, making considerable noise as they worked and sang. Prison guards milled about, rifles on their shoulders.

"My God!" Hall exclaimed. "What in the world is going on here?"

Moments later three prisoners, chained together, who had been resting under a shade tree, crept cautiously up to the president's car. Other curious convicts nearby soon converged to completely surround it. They eyed the horseless carriage and its driver, a man wearing a dark-blue suit, a long brown overcoat, and a touring cap with goggles. Hall removed the goggles to get a better look.

"Well, well, lookee here," one of the convicts drawled, inching a little closer. "A buggy pulled by an invisible horse? What do yah feed 'em, mistah? Invisible oats?" The man suddenly pressed his roughly scarred face close to that of President Hall, looking him squarely in the eye.

Afraid to move, President Hall shivered in silence.

"Aw come on, Slasher. You know it ain't no invisible horse pullin' that thang," another convict remarked.

"Thar ain't?"

"Naw . . . Them liddle horses is undah the hood."

They all burst out laughing.

The heavily perspiring Hall remained seated, stiffly erect, not daring to move anything but his eyes, which scanned rapidly back and forth. Eventually, he slid his left hand slowly across the car seat, searching blindly for his walking cane—a natural instinct in times of crisis.

Slasher walked around to the other side of the motorcar, climbed into the passenger seat, and plopped down next to President Hall. While rubbing his unshaven chin, the rugged convict looked the driver over, then blurted out, "Hey, mistah, ya look a lil' pale. What's wrong? Yo' Mama not feedin' ya right?"

The speechless university president turned his head slightly away from the fearless Slasher and gazed at a big, muscular, dumb-looking convict who flashed a silly grin as he chuckled, "Don't feed ya right . . . ha . . . ha."

Noticing the frightened Hall's mouth agape, Slasher remarked, "Don't worry none 'bout him, sur. He's smarter in his arms than in his head. Watch this . . . ." Leaning across Hall toward the huge convict resting his folded, massive arms on the president's car door, Slasher continued, "Hey, Baboon, what's two 'n two?"

The not-so-bright fellow scratched his head a bit, then shaped a fist and pounded four hard hammering jolts, which shook the car. President Hall nearly passed out.

"Sur, ya really look bad. Is thar somethin' I can do fur ya?" the solicitous Slasher asked Hall.

Hall growled angrily, "Yes. Would you mind calling me a guard?"

"Sure. You're a guard."

A roar of laughter followed.

After noticing the disturbance, Coach Heisman walked up to the convicts. "All right, you men. I believe you've had an adequate amount of leisure. Go back to work now."

This statement was echoed by their guards. "Get back to work, men."

"Good morning, President Hall," Heisman said.

"Good morning, you say! What's so good about a morning when you're being subdued by chained convicts? I hope you have a good explanation for this, Mr. Heisman."

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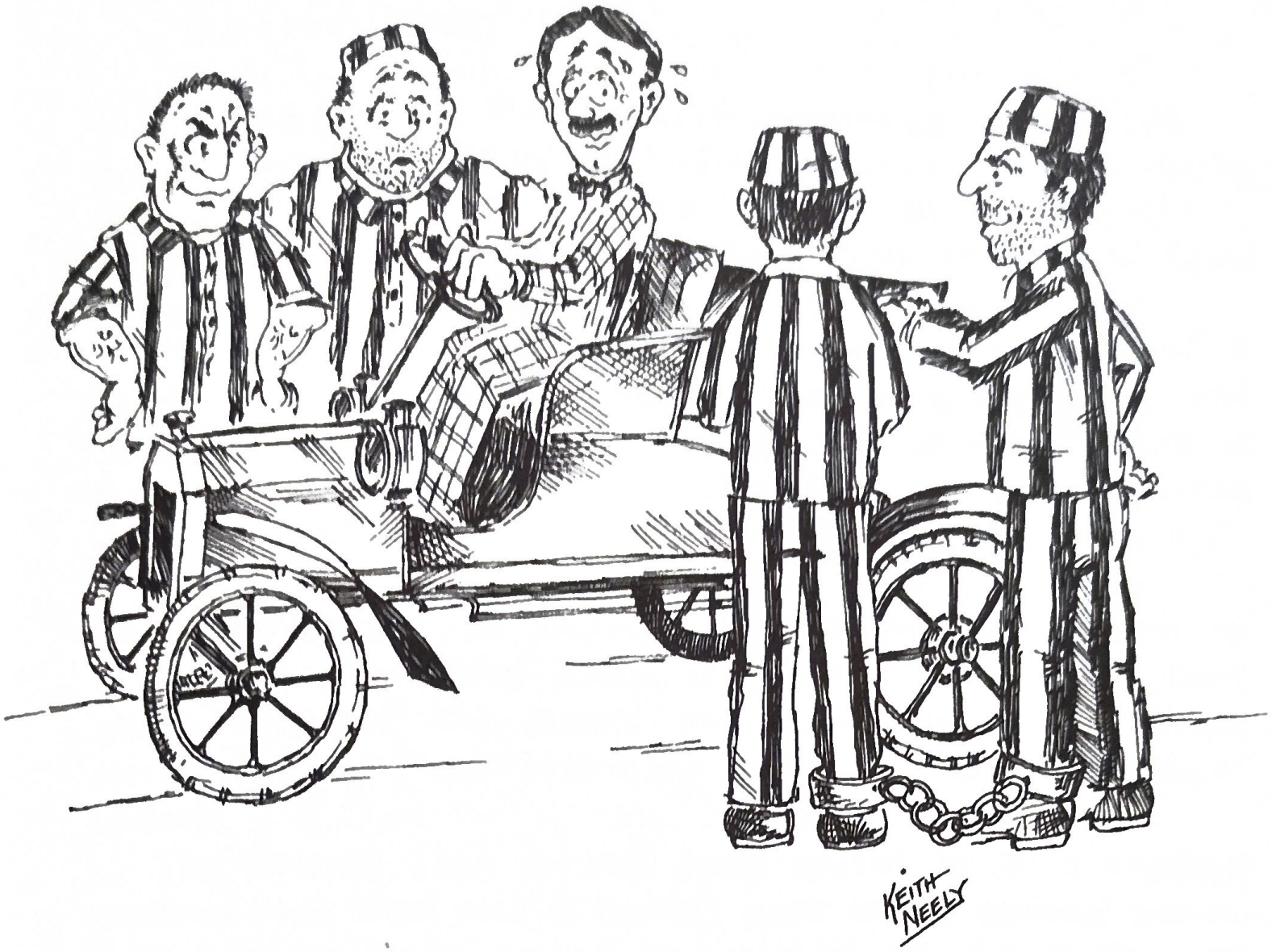

"Sufficient labor, sir."

"What?"

"I have acquired the necessary laborers to get our field in tip-top shape for the 1905 football season. Our wonderful mayor sent these men from the city jail to do the work."

"But, we don't even have a lease from the Peters' Land Company," President Hall complained.

"Calm yourself, sir. All it took was a promise of a percentage of the net gate receipts to put us in business." Then he added upon noticing the president staring openmouthed at the convicts, "Don't worry, sir. They have yet to kill anyone this morning."

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Sure enough, the playing field was completed in record time. And, as an added bonus, the Tech students pooled their efforts to build the stands and a sturdy wooden fence surrounding the field. Now they were in "charge admission" business.

The Georgia Tech football team proved to be a sleeping giant, as year after year it quickly grew into a national power. Tech was nationally feared and rightly so, for it was an awesome and very physical team, leaving many opposing players tame and lame. To have Georgia Tech on one's football schedule was a frightening possibility, which caused many sleepless nights for opposing coaches. In fact, one coach summed it up for all by saying, "Me . . . afraid of playing Georgia Tech? Come on. It'll be a cold day in Alaska before that happens."

Heisman's string of winning campaigns carried over into the mid-teens of the twentieth century. From 1904-1915, his teams compiled an impressive record of 72 wins, 25 losses, and 6 ties—(not bad for a school that had won only 8 out of 45 games before he arrived). He had built Tech into a champion. But the best was yet to come.

At the end of the 1915 season, the sportswriters once again denied Heisman's outstanding football team a National Championship. The reason being that, after tallying up the total points scored by each team during the season, Vanderbilt had accumulated more points than Georgia Tech had against the opposition. Even though Georgia Tech had beaten higher-caliber teams, Vanderbilt had run up larger scores against weaker

teams.

Heisman always talked against this method of selecting the champion. It really infuriated him, for Heisman was never one to run up the score on an easy opponent. In fact, if his team had a fairly comfortable lead by the end of the first quarter, Heisman would remove his starting lineup to save for upcoming games. But, now, the sportswriters' system had again denied his extraordinary team a championship crown.

So, the 1915 season had been a most outstanding one for Georgia Tech and highly deserving of the championship. But for a certain little college in the hills of Lebanon, Tennessee, the 1915 football season almost didn't even come into existence.

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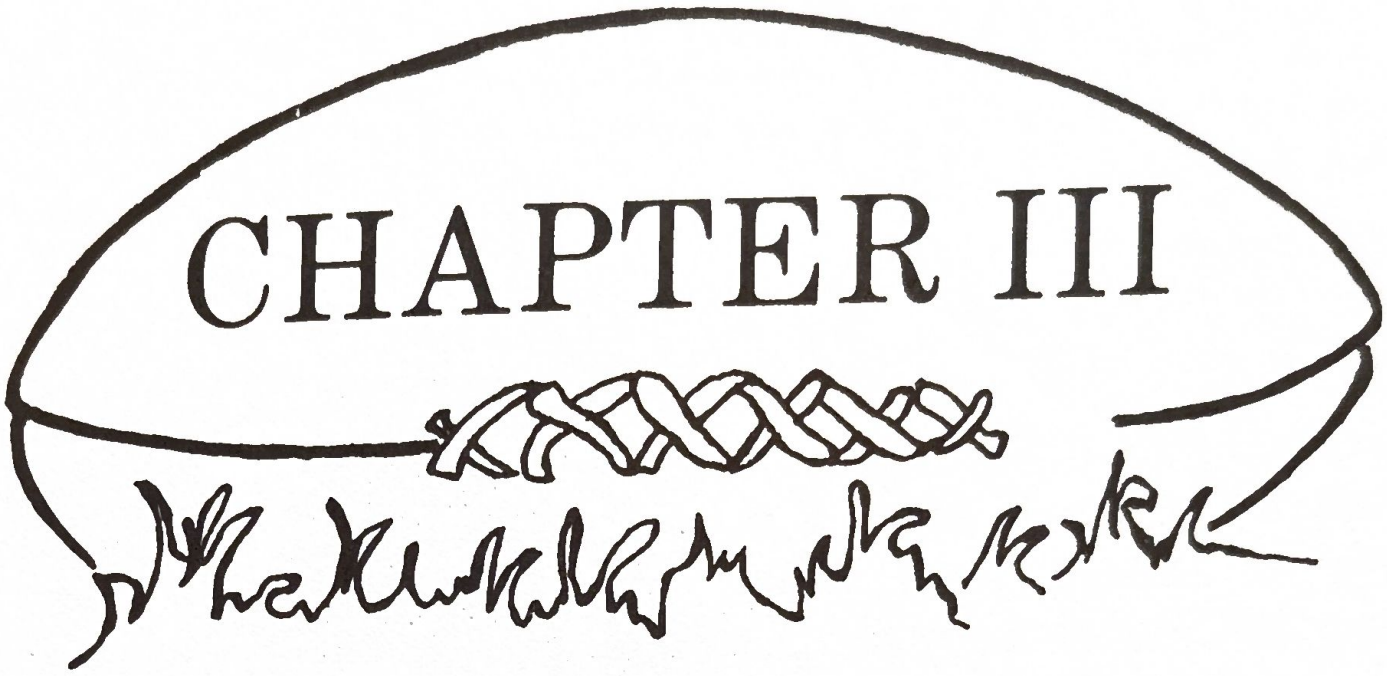
CHAPTER III



Chapter III

"CUMBERLAND, MY CUMBERLAND"

"Oh, George, my big strong lovable football hero," breathed the young girl with a sigh. "I wish I could find the words to say how much these last few days have meant to me."

"Ponder not, my dearest Marjorie, on what to say, but save those sweet and tender lips for much more important things," crooned the smooth-talking George Allen. He kissed the outstretched hand of the attractive auburn-haired girl seated across the dining table from him in the fine restaurant at a Georgia hotel.

George was a law student on vacation from classes at Cumberland University of Lebanon, Tennessee. Casually dressed in a navy cardigan, white dress shirt and stylishly cuffed blue trousers, Allen exhibited the true collegiate man of the era. Still, chic elegant clothing or not, it was the Cumberland sophomore's pudgy, flushed cheeks, full sensuous lips, and beady blue eyes that attracted the ladies. But, it was these same facial features that added humorousness to his already witty demeanor. For George was the king of the comedic expression—a king crowned with slicked down locks and an unusually low, side part in a hairstyle uniquely his own. Below his rather large, round face hid a small, slender frame. It was a frame sadly underworked because of the large clever brain which protected it. His motto: "The least is most—effort-wise."

Several days before this candle-lit rendezvous, George had met his lovely young dinner companion at a downtown movie theater, where they had been introduced by a mutual acquaintance. George was captivated by Marjorie's soft, glowing

complexion and long, fluttering eyelashes. Her warm, gracious smile and breathy Southern accent made his heart beat wildly.

Eager to impress her, the fast-talking romeo from a little town in Mississippi had bragged about his fictional gridiron exploits. George mentioned that he had done a lot of running and carrying for Cumberland during the past football season. Now, in a sense, this was true—except his running and carrying experiences were limited to running onto the football field and carrying a water bucket to the players during timeouts (from the position of assistant-manager and not the alleged "fullback" position). And along with the many fabricated stories of imaginary games in which he prevailed as the hero, he also boasted of his multistoried antebellum plantation home, which was in reality a three-story roach-infested dormitory.

While the two young people were quietly enjoying their meal, the waiter appeared with a letter resting upon his tray. He said to George, "This message just came for you, Mr. Allen."

"Thank ya," George replied, nonchalantly tossing the waiter a dime tip.

"What is it, dear?" Marjorie asked.

"Oh, probably just a note from the Athletic Department makin' sure Ah'm all right. They worry about us athletes, ya know," George answered, in a thick Southern drawl.

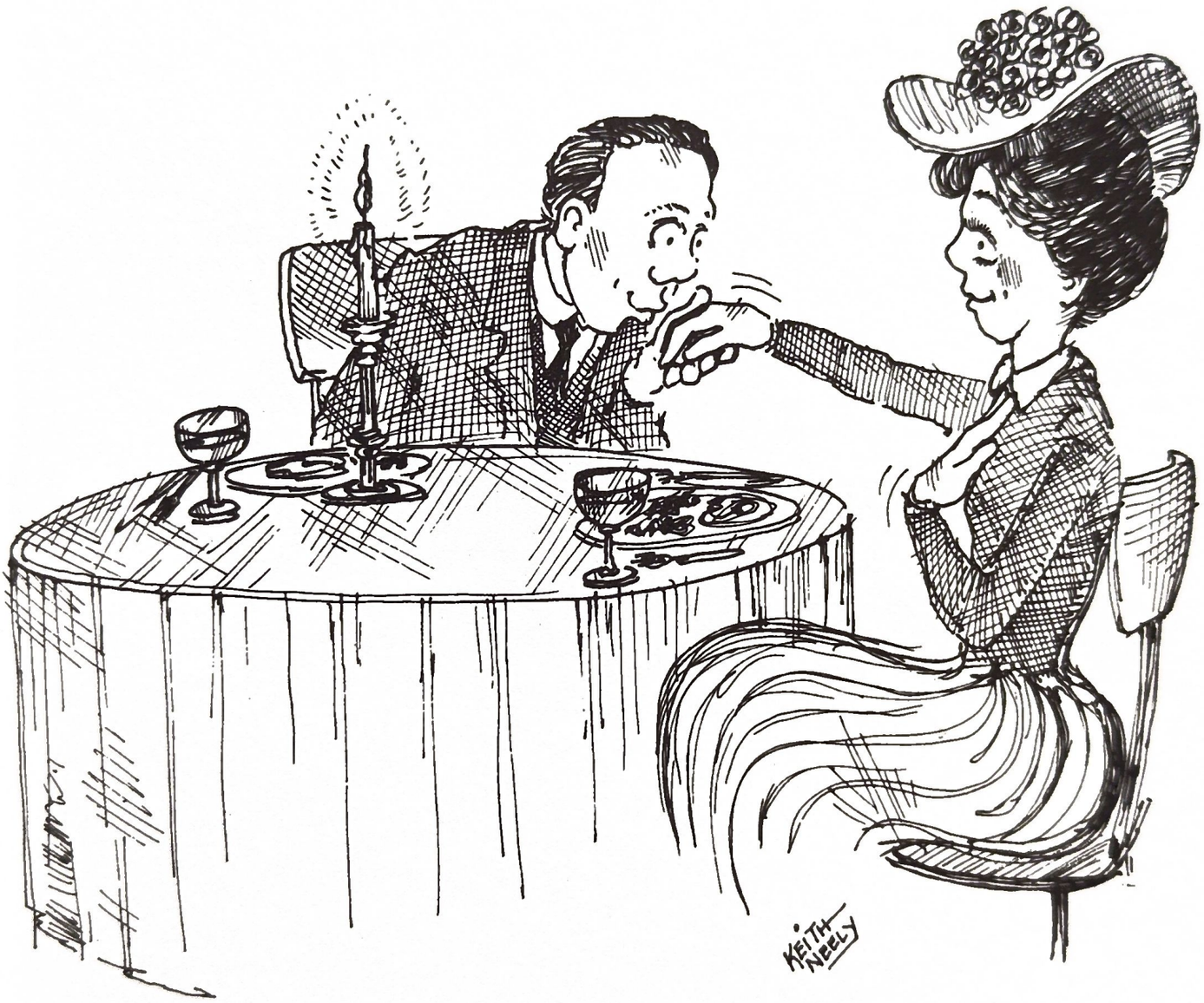
Unfolding the note, he read the following in silence:

Dear Mr. Allen,

It is my great honor and duty to inform you that upon the unexpected resignation of Mr. John Burns, the Athletic Association has voted unanimously to appoint you our new Athletic Manager. I know you are a fine, capable young man and I am sure you will perform well in this position. Congratulations, and I wish you well.

Sincerely yours,
Homer A. Hill
Acting-President

"Homer Hill . . . acting-president . . ." George exclaimed in


KEITH NEELY

astonishment, then went on to read silently:

> P.S. Due to recent unforeseen events, the Athletic Association has reduced the responsibilities of the athletic manager to handling the baseball and basketball teams only, since football has been dropped from our athletic program.

The shocked Allen quickly crumpled the note and stuffed it in the pocket of his cardigan.

"Is something wrong, Georgie?"

"Well, it looks like my vacation has been cut short. Ah must get back to Cumberland University as soon as possible. Somethin's come up . . . ." After regaining his composure, he clasped her hand and emoted, "Fret not, fair lady, for our time will come again." Once more he kissed her hand.

"But . . . how can I reach you?" she asked sadly, her hazel eyes glistening with tears.

"If ya must write me, just address it to the Athletic Department and Ah'll be sure to get it—since Ah'm so well known around there."

"Oh, Georgie, could you stay just long enough to tell me again about the game where all your teammates were injured and you had to win it all by your little ole self?"

*****

This note had come as a huge shock to George Allen (not to mention at a very inapt time). It seemed that the whole Cumberland establishment was reeling badly from the shock and turmoil of recent events. The president of the university, Dr. S. A. Coile, highly respected even in his short time there, had submitted his resignation. Regretfully, the board had accepted his resignation and replaced him temporarily with the inexperienced Homer A. Hill as acting-president.

To add to their misfortunes, they were seriously handicapped when John Burns, the outstanding athletic manager for the football and baseball teams, resigned his job and quit school. Not only did they lose the athletic manager, but the football coach and a number of his players had quit the team as well. Money problems added to their woes, and by the end of the 1914 season, they were completely without funds

for the Athletic Department.

The several football seasons prior to 1915 had been a nightmare in comparison to the many great seasons Cumberland had known in the early 1900s. In 1903, 1904, and 1905, they had won the Championship of the South. But by 1915, things had become so bad that Acting-President Hill suggested to the Board that they discontinue intercollegiate football to save face and to salvage what pride they had left.

Cumberland University was established in 1842 as a College of Liberal Arts and a Preparatory School. Tucked away in the hills of Lebanon, Tennessee, only five miles from the Cumberland River, this beautiful, stately, old college is situated in a small country town. Over the years it had built its reputation for providing a quiet place for serious students to get a quality education.

Students in the early 1900s must have been very impressed with Cumberland's spacious grounds and distinctive brick buildings. At that time Memorial Hall was centrally located on the main campus of approximately fifty acres. It contained the College of Arts and Sciences, the Preparatory School and the Conservatory of Music. Caruther's Hall, which housed the Law School, was located several blocks from the main campus.

By 1915 Cumberland University was severely underfinanced and unfortunately caught in the middle of a denominational controversy. Because of the U.S.A.—Presbyterian merger and the lawsuits that followed, the administration was in a state of great upheaval that was to last for many years.

While Cumberland was phasing out football, it was quietly building up the prestige of its Law School. True to this tradition, it was to turn out some of the finest lawyers in the land.

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"There's a Mr. George Allen to see you, sir," announced the vivacious young secretary as she stepped briskly into the office of the acting-president. Hill was taking advantage of his new position by reclining in his chair with his feet comfortably propped on the huge oak desk.

Withdrawing a cigar from his mouth, the thirty-seven year old Biology and Physics professor blew a smoke ring into the air before calmly replying, "Tell Mr. Allen I'm very busy at

the moment and he'll just have to wait until—"

"Until when, Dr. Hill?" George insisted as he charged into the room.

"Oh. Gosh! Good afternoon, Mr. Allen. I was just about to tell my secretary to send you right in. Please . . . have a seat," the acting-president stammered nervously. He quickly removed his feet from the desktop and sat erect.

"What in the world has been goin' on around here?" George demanded.

"Now, just a minute, young man. What do you mean?" Hill asked, trying to assert himself as the dignified president he was presuming to be.

"Ah mean President Coile resignin', Mr. Burns resignin' as athletic manager, and now football bein' dropped entirely." George slammed the letter down on the desk. Then he followed with a fist to the desktop.

"Well, it means exactly what it says. President Coile resigned for, let's say, personal reasons, and the Board had no choice but to go along out of respect for the fine man he is. As for our athletic manager, Mr. Burns, he resigned and quit school at the same time the Board decided to discontinue intercollegiate football. Coach Turner had already resigned and a number of the players had quit the team anyway."

"What? Coach Turner and the players quit too?"

"I'm afraid so, George. You see, our funds were running low and we would have been unable to make the road trips . . . and let's face it, the team wasn't doing too well. They probably just decided they'd had enough." Then, reclining in his chair and propping his feet up on the desk, he sent another smoke ring drifting upward as he continued. "Besides, I personally never really cared much for the sport. I think it's ridiculous for a bunch of grown men to gang up around a silly little ball and—"

"No! No! No!" George spoke excitedly, moving in closer to Dr. Hill and unknowingly grabbing the lapels of his fashionable three-piece suit. "We can't give up football here at Cumberland."

"Now, calm down, Mr. Allen," Dr. Hill warned him. Hill stood up to readjust his suit from the rough handling he'd just experienced. Then, brushing a lock of longish brown hair away from his face, he continued, "There's no need to get

upset. It was a necessary decision I had to make under the circumstances."

"But, we can't give up football. It's . . . it's un-American!" George argued, once more slamming his fist down on Hill's desk. This time the punch caught the edge of a cigar box, catapulting its contents about the room. Hill crawled across the floor, trying desperately to retrieve his precious sticks of tobacco. Closely behind him followed the pleading George. However, since the acting-president worried more about finding his cigars, he subconsciously rejected George's pleas.

"Durn it!" an irritated Allen cried. "Ah'm athletic manager and Ah say we need a football team. This time, Ah'm puttin' my foot down."

And so Allen did, right on top of a cigar. After lifting his foot and peeling the smashed cigar from the bottom of his shoe, Allen continued, "Dr. Hill, Ah'll make you a promise. If you'll give me just one more football season, Ah'll show ya Cumberland can once again stand on its own and regain the pride it has lost. Ah know we can do it, suh." Then he added conspiratorily as he drew a little closer, "Not to mention that we could make enough money from a successful football campaign to buy ya an awful lot of those fancy little cee-gars ya love so much."

"Er . . . hmm . . ." Dr. Hill thought a moment. "O.K., George. If you can round up a coach and enough players, I'll let you have another crack at it. But that's all, you understand."

"Yes, suh. Don't worry. Ah won't let ya down. Thanks a lot, Dr. Hill." In his eagerness, Allen grabbed the president's hand and roughly shook it. Bounding quickly out the door of Hill's office, George headed directly for Coach Turner's office. Behind him, he left a stunned Dr. Hill gaping at his departing back.

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Allen rushed over to Coach Turner's office, unwilling to let a single moment slip by without doing something to settle this situation. He still had his dream of a Southern Championship.

Walking into the office, George spotted the ex-coach cleaning out his desk in preparation for leaving the school. Coach "Peck" Turner, as he was lovingly called by his players, was a tall, lanky young man who had been a baseball and

basketball player in his undergraduate days.

"Coach Turner, Ah have some very excitin' news."

"Well, George, I see you made it back from your vacation in one piece. By the way, congratulations on being elected the new athletic manager," the busy coach remarked, never even glancing up. He continued steadily placing the objects piled on top of his desk into a huge wooden box.

"Thank ya, coach," George replied, backtracking Turner, removing the objects, one by one, and placing them back on the desk while the coach wasn't looking. "But what Ah wanted to ask ya is whether ya would consider stayin' around Lebanon to coach football for a few more years."

"Ha! George, I'd like to, but, as you probably know, I've already spent four years at Vanderbilt getting my B.S. degree and another two years here getting my Law degree. I believe I've seen my share of college athletics, both as player and coach."

"But, suh, they're goin' to do away with football here forever if we can't find a coach. Ah've just come from talkin' to Dr. Hill and Ah got him to okay another football season. Gee whiz! After all, what would college be without football?"

"I'd really like to help. But if I couldn't satisfy the victory-hungry fans and alumni with the great team they were expecting when I coached the last few years, then I don't think I could do much to change their minds now."

"Couldn't ya stay just one more year?"

"I'm afraid not, George. I think it best I just cha . . . aaa . . .cha . . .raa . . ." The coach started choking and grabbed his throat, unable to get the words out.

"What's wrong, coach?" an alarmed George asked.

After pushing his larynx back into place, Turner replied, "Oh . . . just a little trick throat I picked up in my coaching days."

Well, when George realized the poor physical condition the coach was in, he knew he would have to find someone else to fill the position, and quickly, too.

First, the desperate Allen searched the campus for a volunteer—anyone—who could be persuaded to devote the necessary time to do the job. When that failed, George considered taking on the job himself. But when he approached Dr. Hill with the idea, Hill vetoed it immediately and told him

he must find someone qualified, preferably a faculty member, to be a bona fide coach.

George was still pondering the idea of asking a faculty member to take the job (maybe even someone who would allow him to secretly and unofficially be the real coach) when, suddenly, a name flashed into his mind, Reverend Andrews. He was the minister of the local Presbyterian church, who often volunteered his services at the campus chapel.

George removed his cap and walked quietly into the chapel early the next day. "Good mornin', Reverend Andrews," George called to the man, dressed in ministerial black, perched high atop a ladder.

Continuing to place the finishing touches to a glass mosaic which hung behind the altar, Andrews answered,

"Ah . . . and a very pleasant good morning to you, George."

"What are ya doing up there?"

"Oh . . . you mean this mosaic? I've been working, trying to restore it for the past week. In fact, I've been asked to restore the whole chapel and, boy, does my back feel it," he replied in a gentle voice.

Though the minister's height was only medium, his generous spirit was truly gigantic. A constant smile illuminated his features, complemented by a cheery disposition and thoughtful green eyes. A true collection of happiness, humility, and humanity. In fact, a furrowed brow and grey-tinted hair were in themselves indicators of a wholesome life filled with loving concern for his fellow man and dedication to hard work. Stylewise, his closely fitted frock coat could no longer quite hide the middle-aged spread just beginning around his waist.

"This place is really lookin' good," Allen remarked, glancing around the chapel.

"Why, thank you, my son," Reverend Andrews said as he climbed down the ladder. "Would you please help me move this ladder a little to the left?"

"Sure."

"Now, is there something I can do for you, George?" the minister asked while making his way back up the ladder.

"Well, ya see, Reverend Andrews, Ah—we—need someone to coach our football team or the administration is goin' to do away with our football program altogether."

"Sounds like you've really got a problem on your hands.

But what can I do to help?"

"Become our coach."

"Oh, come now, George. I know so little about the sport. All I ever played was a little basketball in high school. So, I really don't think I could help you."

"But, quite the contrary. You'd be a great inspiration to the players. Why, ya could teach them good sportsmanship and . . . uh . . . good sportsmanship and—uh—how to be good sports. Besides, ya could donate a portion of the money the team makes to the church."

"I really would like to help, but . . ."

"And Ah'm sure ya could get the players to help ya on the weekends with the paintin' and rebuildin' of the chapel."

Then, smiling and rubbing his aching back, the minister looked thoughtfully down at George and replied, "Well, it would be for the good of the church, wouldn't it?"

"It sure would." George smiled to himself. He was beginning to feel things going his way.

"All right then. I'll do it."

Seconds later an excited George Allen left the chapel, slamming the door behind him. On hearing the sound of pieces of glass hitting the floor from within the recesses of the chapel, George paused and turned to go back inside, but when he grabbed the doorknob, he decided not to press his luck any further. He then wheeled around and headed downstairs toward Dr. Hill's office.

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By now George Allen was feeling very confident. He had finally found a "figure head," someone to officially assume the title of football coach, while he, himself, would be doing the actual coaching (behind Reverend Andrews' back, of course).

Dr. Hill, surprised that Rev. Andrews had agreed to take the coaching job, reluctantly gave Allen the "go ahead" in making up a schedule for a 1915 football campaign. And, while George was eagerly awaiting replies to his many phone calls, telegrams, and letters to potential opponents, President Hill was loudly complaining about the bills piling up. Fortunately, George was somehow able to gather together a football squad, mostly with players from the previous year's team.

By the beginning of the 1915-1916 school year, George held all the pieces of the puzzle in his hand. He had his so-called

official coach, most of the players had returned, and he had a nice smooth schedule to sail upon. So, when it came time for the first practice, the new athletic manager got his chance to put the puzzle pieces together.

"Look, fellas," Manager Allen said to the players gathered on the field. "Ah know things are gonna seem a little strange around here, but you'll just have to bear with me. Ah still remember most of the things Coach Turner taught me when Ah was assistant manager last year."

"But, what about the minister? Is he going to get in our way?" asked the tall, well-muscled fullback, Henry Burns.

"Don't worry. Ah can handle him. All he cares about is us workin' in the chapel on weekends." Then, looking back and spotting Coach Andrews heading toward the field, Allen quickly added, "O.K., guys. Hurry up and start exercisin'."

The players lined up and did some calisthenics.

"Nice afternoon for a bit of football, eh George?" commented the smiling minister.

"Sure is, Coach Andrews. The players are just gettin' ready to line up for their drills."

"Very good. Very good." Then, looking puzzled, he leaned toward Allen and whispered, "By the way, George, precisely what is a drill?"

"It's a sort of exercise to help the men become better football players."

"I see. Which exercise shall we start with?"

"Ah thought we'd start with the clap-fumble drill."

"Excellent choice, my son." Then leaning toward George once again, the baffled coach asked, "Just what is a clap-fumble drill?"

"Let me try to explain, suh. It's when two players lie flat on their backs on the ground with a football placed between them. When Ah clap my hands, the two men jump up and fight for the fumbled football; the winnah tries to carry it ten yards forward."

"Oh, my no, George. That sounds much too brutal. I think I have something much better in mind than that."

Coach Andrews took two players aside—Burns and Russell—stood them five yards apart, facing each other, and had them "granny lob" the football back and forth.

"Now, this is much safer, wouldn't you say, George?"

Burns glanced up and threw George a "You've got to be kidding" look as he continued to toss the football back to Russell. George quickly shot back an answering "Don't worry" wink.

But as it turned out, George winked a little too soon, because Reverend Andrews became inspired with "football fever." In fact, he became so interested and involved in his new job, that George didn't get to take charge for a moment.

Practice was simply outrageous. Con-man Allen had to do a lot of slick-talking just to keep the players from walking off the field. The drills Coach Andrews dreamed up were utterly ridiculous—one drill required the men to sit in a circle with their eyes closed, while he walked around the outside of the circle and hid the ball behind the back of one of the players. When the coach yelled "Eyes open!" each player had two guesses as to whom the football was hidden behind.

Allen had no idea how his team would ever get in shape. It seemed that the only player to have broken a sweat all afternoon was told by Coach Andrews to go sit under a shade tree for fifteen minutes. For Reverend Andrews was an extremely kindhearted, lovable man, with no place in his gentle nature for violence.

George knew things would have to change drastically for everyone's sake if the team were ever to make a creditable showing in the coming season's football games.

By the time the hostile players had returned to the dressing room, after an hour and a half of "girl-scout camp activities" (practice drills), they were ready to lynch George Allen for ever talking them into this nonsense.

"George, I don't know what kind of stunt you're tryin' to pull, but I'm not goin' back out on that field again if I have to do another one of Coach Andrews' 'eyes open' or 'patty cake' drills," one of the players complained.

Allen glanced out the back door of the dressing room and chuckled when he spotted Coach Andrews sitting under a shade tree a good distance away. "Probably making up drills for tomorrow's practice," he thought. Figuring he had enough time to tame the hostile players, Allen climbed up on a bench to get their attention. "Look," he said. "Ah know things went pretty bad today, but don't worry, Ah. . ."

"Pretty bad?" Russell interrupted. "They went terrible."

"O.K. Terrible then. But as Ah was sayin'—Ah think Ah know a way to handle this situation."

"Yeh. Tell him that David didn't defeat Goliath by granny-lobbing a rock at him," an angry player shouted from the back of the room, getting an echoing response of "yeh" from the rest of the team.

George raised his hands to calm the group. "Look, we need him or we wouldn't be able to carry on as a team."

"We can't go out on the field and 'patty cake' our opponents to death," Russell said, wearing a silly grin.

"Look, Ah figure we could send a few players each day durin' practice time to help Coach Andrews in the chapel. That way we can keep him preoccupied with the restoration rather than dreamin' up those ridiculous drills. So, the only time we'll have to see Coach Andrews around the football field is on the day of the game."

Before Allen could say anything more, he was interrupted by the team's assistant-manager.

"Hey, guys. I just received this letter addressed to the 'Cumberland Athletic Dept.' in care of Mr. George Allen, the great Fullback of the Cumberland football team."

As George's eyes widened in size to match his gaping mouth, he quickly jumped down off the bench and lunged for the letter which the assistant-manager held high in the air just out of his reach. Allen's attempt was moments too late, however, for Henry Burns beat him to the grab.

"All right, Henry. Gimme that dad-burned letter," George shouted, chasing the husky fullback across the dressing-room floor.

"Why am I wasting my time, beatin' my brains out?" Henry panted as he hurdled a bench, closely shadowed by a puffing madman. "Cumberland already has a great 'Fullback'."

When Henry passed by Russell, he relayed the letter to him. At the exchange, George tried to switch directions to pursue Russell, but instead slipped and slid all the way into the shower room. There he lay on his back with water streaming down, soaking him completely. Burns and Russell stood at the entrance to the shower, with their arms folded, gazing down at their new athletic manager while trying to suppress their building laughter.

"Hey, Henry. This letter was sent from a Miss Marjorie

Hopkins of Georgia." Sniffing the envelope, Russell added, "Boy, does it smell good."

"Gimme that letter, you rascals," George demanded, glaring up at the two burly football players towering over him.

"But, it's addressed to the 'great Fullback' of the Cumberland team. If you're a fullback, you'll have to prove it."

"How?" George groaned, irritated by this unmerciful ribbing and the fact that he was still lying in the shower with water cascading down on his head, ruining his new jacket and knickers.

"Let's see how well you perform Coach Andrews' 'patty cake' drill," Burns said with a broad grin.

"Yeh. Let's see how well you can do the 'patty cake' drill," chorused the rest of the players (now gathering behind Burns and Russell) as George lay miserable and soaking wet on the shower room floor.

Realizing he had no choice but to comply with their embarrassing demand, Allen crawled out of the shower and slowly rose to a kneeling position to begin the exercise. First, he clapped his hands in front of him; then he reached his right hand behind his back and slapped the bottom of his left foot. Reclapping his hands, he then reached his left hand behind his back and slapped the bottom of his right foot. He ended with a third clap and a roll forward. And, as if this weren't bad enough, a verbal rhythmic slogan accompanied the drill: "Patty cake, patty cake, baker's man. Bake me a touchdown for Cum-ber-land."

After the gang had finished laughing, Russell and Burns dragged Allen to his feet. Handing him a towel, Henry Burns said, "Give him the letter, Russell. He's a better 'Fullback' than we gave him credit for."

Russell took the letter and tapped the mop-haired patty-caker once lightly on each shoulder as he proclaimed, "I now crown thee 'Fullback.' "

"Yea!" roared the crowd in the dressing room.

"O.K. Y'all have had your fun," George grumbled as he grabbed the letter. After drying his face and hair with the towel, he continued, "Burns, Ah want you and Russell to be the first ones to take yuh turn helpin' Coach Andrews in the chapel tomorrow afternoon. That way, we won't have to interrupt practices later on once we're into the thick of it."

"Sure thing. 'Fullback,' " they said. Then they turned and started walking toward the dressing-room door.

"And, remember if Coach Andrews asks ya to do some paintin', don't spill paint all over the chapel," George called after them.

"You can count on us, Fullback," Russell said to George. In an aside to Henry, he joked, "I have the hands of a Michaelangelo."

Henry, always eager to outdo Russell, quipped, "Good. Then you can paint the ceiling."

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George's scheme seemed to have worked rather well. Coach Andrews was more than pleased with the progress of the restoration work on the chapel. Of course, it took many quick changes in drills—to the "granny lob" drill, for instance—when Coach Andrews would happen by to see how things were going on the practice field. But, other than that, there were no other setbacks. By the time of the season's first game, Henry Burns and the boys had their strategy all laid out and were looking forward to the first victory of what they hoped would be an undefeated season.

"George, what should the men do now?" an excited Coach Andrews quizzed the highly nervous, extremely fidgety Fullback Allen as they stood in the dressing room fifteen minutes before the opening kickoff.

Too preoccupied to even look up from the game plans he was feverishly reviewing, Allen absentmindedly answered, "Uh . . . have them do some warmup drills. Ah'll be out there in a minute."

George continued studying his game-plan strategy until he began to feel pretty confident. "Well, George, old boy," he muttered to himself, "It's now or never."

However, Allen was rudely jarred back to reality when the team's assistant-manager rushed into the dressing room, yelling, "Fullback, you'd better get out there quick! Coach Andrews is trying to get the team to do the 'Eyes open' drill."

George ran out on the field. He noticed the players standing in a close-knit group, their arms folded, shaking their heads "no" to Reverend Andrews' pleading. Calling Andrews over to the side, Allen handed him a sheet of paper. "Coach,

here's the roster of the startin' lineup—all made out. The coaches are supposed to take this to the scorekeeper to make it official."

As the coach walked over to the scorekeeper's table, Allen whistled for Burns and Russell to join him on the sideline. "Now, don't worry about Coach Andrews. Just stick with the strategy, as we planned. Ah'll be sendin' in plays with the substitutes."

Cumberland won the toss and elected to receive the football. And receive it they did, for Burns took the ball on the 15-yard line and ran twenty hard-fought yards up the right side of the field before being thrown by a huge Middle-Tennessee defensive tackle.

Fullback Allen and another player tried to restrain Coach Andrews—a little too late, however, because he had already run out onto the muddy field yelling to the referee, "Foul! Foul! He knocked one of my boys down." Then rushing over to help Henry up, Andrews asked, "Are you O.K., my son?"

George could see that it was not going to be easy coping with Coach Andrews while trying to keep his mind on the game and devising strategy for upcoming plays.

Faced with the problem of what his team should do next, Coach Andrews asked, "How do I call the plays, George?"

"All ya have to do is hold up a certain number of fingers to show which play ya want them to use."

"O.K.," he said, looking puzzled. "But, George, I don't know the numbers of the plays. In fact, I don't even know the plays."

Putting his arm around the coach's shoulders, George pointed to the sky and reassured him. "It doesn't matter, coach. Just hold up any number. You have connections."

As he turned toward the players on the field, the minister-coach very proudly and with dignity held up four fingers. George called one of the substitutes over and whispered, "Tell the men not to pay any attention to Coach Andrews' signals. He doesn't know what he is doin' either." With a resounding slap to the substitute's rear, George sent in instructions for the first play.

The first quarter ended with neither team moving the ball very well. Coach Andrews, seriously believing he was calling the plays, blamed himself for their poor showing. He turned to his manager, who had been nervously pacing up and down the

sideline, and begged, "George, can you help me? I don't know which play to call next."

Caught up in the turmoil of the game, Allen simply replied, "Just keep doing what you've been doing. Everything's fine."

The coach's hands began shaking badly because he couldn't decide which number to use. So, in desperation, he held up three fingers of his right hand, while he covered his eyes with his left hand, unwilling to look at what he was doing. Having second thoughts, however, Andrews turned to George and announced, "I called the wrong play. I'd better get out there and stop them."

Before Allen could catch him, the coach had run out on the playing field, moments after the ball had been snapped, thus nullifying Cumberland's longest gain of the day—a 32-yard run by Burns up the right side of the field.

All and all, the game continued to be a hard-fought gruelling contest, ending in a tie, with neither team scoring. This was the debut of the Cumberland Bulldogs of 1915.

It seemed that the remainder of the football season went along about the same for Cumberland, hard fought but to no avail. The season ended with a posted record of four losses bookended by scoreless ties. Although the record indicated the efforts of an ineffective, inefficient team, it showed only the scoreboard numerals—not taking into account all the hard work and planning that goes into the making of a team. For this team had defended well a "lost cause." (They had been given a last chance, had tried hard, but had failed.)

All during the basketball season, Allen kept trying to convince the acting-president and the Cumberland Athletic Association to reconsider their decision to do away with football at the university. No matter what he proposed, they continually used the phrase "lack of funds" to counter it. Because the football program couldn't generate enough funds to pay for itself, the administration felt they couldn't afford to spend money, which was very scarce at the time, to have a group of students disgrace their university (a previous Southern Championship title holder).

Luckily for Allen, his second most favorite sport, baseball, had been doing very well at the school. Still, there was the problem of getting enough fans at the games to bring in

sufficient funds for the purchase of uniforms and equipment. This problem had to be solved.

By the time baseball season arrived, George had gathered the baseball players together one afternoon for a meeting. "Look, Ah know we have a good baseball team this year, and Ah think we have a lot of talent, but it might not be enough to satisfy our Athletic Association. If our team doesn't start consistently winnin' games and collectin' funds, the administration might have to do away with sports altogether."

"Don't worry, Fullback. I really think our baseball team has a good chance of winning most of our games this year," observed the former football and baseball captain, "Merc" Burns.

"But, Merc, we can't afford to take any chances."

"What do you suggest we do then?"

"Our first game is with Heisman's powerhouse Georgia Tech baseball team. And even you must admit that, if we played our best and Tech played its worst, we'd be lucky to end the game with only a ten-point deficit."

"So?"

"So, if we can beat this team, Ah mean, really beat this team good, it would make our athletic program look strong. After last football season, we need a boost."

"Well, all this sounds good, Fullback. But how do we go about doing it?"

"Ah have some friends who play ball for the Nashville professional baseball team. After checkin' their schedule the other day, Ah found out they have an off-week next week, and . . ."

"Do you mean—get them to dress out in our uniforms and . . . ?"

"You've got it." George admitted.

"It'll never work."

Nevertheless, the clever mind of George "Fullback" Allen was about to prove Merc wrong. He made a trip to Nashville. Once there, George found out that the professional baseball team had been looking for a practice game—just as a warm-up game—to keep their players in shape during the off-week. They eagerly agreed to play Georgia Tech and pretend to be Cumberland players.

Several days before the Cumberland-Georgia Tech baseball

game. Allen was sitting all alone in the athletic dressing room, wondering how on earth he'd ever get by Coach Andrews with this latest scheme. His thoughts ranged the spectrum from kidnapping to assassination. However, his train of thought was sidetracked when the assistant-manager brought him a telegram from Coach Heisman. Tearing it open, he read aloud: "Conflict in train scheduling. Request game be moved ahead three hours. Urgent reply."

George turned to the assistant-manager and said, "All right. Send Coach Heisman a wire immediately okaying the request. Ah'd better let everyone on the team know about the change in plans." Then, picturing in his mind Coach Andrews showing up after the game was over, George mumbled to himself, "Well, almost everyone."

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CHAPTER IV

Chapter IV

"YOU FLAMING JACKASSES!"

Even back in 1916, the four-letter word occasionally cropped up. On this day, it was uttered by an awed George Allen.

"Damn!" Allen stared in amazement at the huge, husky Nashville captain easily manhandling five baseball bats. First, he twirled them above his head, then swung them from side to side in warmup. The professional player's giant hands, with their sturdy grip, were attached to a superbly conditioned body. After the fellow had finished swinging the bats, Allen crept up behind him and whispered, "Bruce, have ya told yuh teammates how important it is they remember which Cumberland player's name they're usin'? If Tech finds out about this, we could get into serious trouble."

"Don't worry, George. Everything's taken care of."

"Okay. Now, get out there and beat 'em good."

Bruce flung down the bats and strode over to his teammates. Minutes later, the Nashville pro team jogged out for infield warmups wearing the Cumberland white short-sleeved uniforms, sporting a big red "C" on the shirtfront, over dark-red long-sleeved undershirts.

Highly impressed by Bruce's spectacular display with the baseball bats, George thought that he might also give it a try. But the poorly conditioned Southerner hardly had strength enough to gather several heavy bats together, much less to stand them up. Nevertheless, George strained mightily to lift the bats over his shoulder, in an attempt to swing them above his head. But the weight of the bats proved too much for his

scarecrow thin arms and sloping shoulders, causing him to fall backwards accompanying the bats to the ground. Allen's own teammates, sitting in the stands, found this incident extremely hilarious.

The baseball game was being played that day at Cumberland's athletic field, located in the northwest section of the campus. It was a Saturday in late March, 1916, a clear and briskly cool morning, exhilarating to both teams as they performed their pre-game warmups.

Because it was only a pre-season practice game and because no one else knew about the change in starting time (Cumberland didn't usually draw very large crowds anyway), it looked as if things had worked out for the best. No one was around who could give away their scheme.

Seated in the newly built stands, still smelling of fresh-cut cedar, the real Cumberland team must have felt rather strange as they heard the starting lineup called out by the stocky, balding man holding the megaphone. When their names were called, they couldn't resist the temptation to clap just a little louder than the rest of the spectators in the stands.

The Nashville team performed even better than Cumberland had expected. By the top of the fourth inning, not a Georgia Tech player had touched first base. Even more impressive was the 19-0 lead the Nashville team had already piled up.

While the Cumberland players enjoyed the high batting averages and the outstanding field plays being credited to their names, Coach Heisman paced up and down in front of his team's bench, harangueing and, in general, dealing his men more misery than they were experiencing on the baseball field. Heisman was so astounded by the way his team was being defeated that, in his anger and humiliation, several times he slung his baseball cap to the ground and stomped on it.

"Time out!" yelled Heisman, trotting onto the field and motioning for his pitcher, Jim Senter, and catcher, Froggie Morrison, to meet him in the middle of the field for a conference.

"Now, gentlemen, what seems to be the problem here?"

"Coach, I really can't understand why they are hitting off Jim so well," Froggie said. "His pitching is as good as ever."

"Well, what do you think the problem is, Jim?" Heisman

KEITH NEELY

asked.

Looking bewildered, the discouraged pitcher stood slump shouldered staring down at the ground, continuously swinging his fist into his glove. "I just don't know, coach. It seems the harder I throw, the harder they hit. Maybe you'd better put Bryant in to pitch."

"Bryant hurt his elbow earlier while warming up."

"Then, who else can relieve me, coach?" an anxious Jim asked, eager to abdicate his mound duties.

"There isn't anyone left, except. . . Red."

"Red? Not Red, coach. He couldn't hit the side of a barn."

"We have no other choice. And besides, he couldn't do much worse, could he, Jim?"

"I guess you're right, coach," Jim said sadly. "Anyway, there's no barn around here for him to throw at."

So, Red was sent into the game. After dropping his glove and stumbling twice, the new Tech pitcher somehow make it to the mound.

Now, Red wasn't the typical Heisman athlete. He was a redheaded, skinny, nearsighted little guy who stood only five feet, six inches tall on his tiptoes. Why Red was even on the team was a mystery to most of the Georgia Tech fans, that is, those who didn't know Red's father. He was an alumnus who made generous yearly contributions to the Tech athletic program. Red's father swore this had no influence whatsoever in his son's making the team.

"Bruce," Allen called to his buddy who was practicing his swing while waiting for Red to finish warming up. "Come here a minute, would ya?"

Bruce dropped his bat and hustled over to see what Allen wanted.

"Ah think y'all are overdoin' things a bit. If we keep scorin' this way, Ah'm afraid someone might get suspicious."

"You're probably right. What do you want us to do?"

"Why not practice yuh fieldin' and ease up on the battin' practice."

"Alright then, we'll let them strike us out," Bruce agreed. He grabbed his bat and started toward the field. "Tell the rest of the men, will ya?"

"O.K." George replied.

Taking his position in the batter's box to await the first

pitch, Bruce grinned as he eyed the new occupant of the pitcher's mound. "I've got to let him strike me out. Oh, brother," he muttered to himself.

Red went into his unusual windup, twirling the ball over his head in a circular pattern, then stepping forward while holding his gloved hand pressed against his glasses to keep them from falling off. He let loose his first pitch, which struck the ground and rolled over the plate. Bruce swung at it anyway.

"Strike one!" roared the umpire.

Startled murmurs arose from the small crowd in the stands. Where laughter had been only moments before, there was now a studied bewilderment.

The next pitch was about a foot and a half outside, but Bruce's swing was slow and straight across the plate.

"Strike two!"

Red became so excited that, in his eagerness to strike this batter out, he rared back, shut his eyes, and hurled the third pitch with everything he had. The ball flew well over Bruce's head. And to everyone's complete surprise, except George and his Nashville buddies who knew the scheme, Bruce swung.

"Strike three! You're out!"

The Cumberland players in the stands were thunderstruck. What was happening? Adding to their dismay, the next two batters also struck out.

Meanwhile, Heisman and the Tech team were in a mild state of shock. Senter, most of all, strongly resented this act of humiliation he was enduring because Red's performance had made him look bad. Red swaggered back to the Tech bench, expecting a hero's welcome, but he was met with the cold stares of his teammates instead.

"They're trying to make fools of us, Froggie. They struck out on purpose," Jim complained.

Play in the next inning went much the same as the Nashville team, with their superlative fielding, quickly put away the Tech batters.

Bruce and his teammates trotted off the field and returned to the bench. Sitting down, Bruce whispered loud enough for Allen to hear, "I think our coach would really be upset if he knew we pretended to strike out every inning. He gave us specific orders to practice our hitting as well as our fielding."

Rob McClellan

After thinking the situation over for a few minutes, George's face lit up with a huge grin. "Why not get yuh men to practice their buntin'?"

"Good idea. And that way we won't be running up the score."

Sure enough, every Nashville (Cumberland) player bunted when it came his turn at bat. This went on for two straight innings. By the last inning the team had managed to bunt so well, they were able to score three more runs.

Heisman was not a good loser. In fact, next to a bad review by a theater critic for one of his performances, he couldn't think of anything more disastrous than having his great Georgia Tech baseball team lose 22-0 to a little nobody like Cumberland. It was simply outrageous. The train ride home was a rough and unforgetable experience for the Georgia Tech baseball team.

[4]"You flaming Jackasses!" Heisman shouted at his players as the train engine roared in accompaniment in the background. "How could you plunge to such depths as to allow an inept little team like Cumberland to vanquish you on the field of battle? Never have I been so humiliated as I was today by your deplorable performance."

Meanwhile, back in Lebanon, Tennessee, the Cumberland team was celebrating the victory over Heisman's team. However, it was not in the company of their coach because he was sitting all alone at the vacant field, waiting for the game to begin.

"My, I do hope the players arrive soon," Coach Andrews murmured to himself. "Maybe we'll have time for a few warmup drills."

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When word got around the Cumberland campus about the baseball game, the players were treated like heroes. None of them, however, had the heart or the desire to tell how the game had really been won. It remained their little secret. And, besides, the fans were now packing the stands mostly to watch the baseball team they thought had beaten Georgia Tech. Even though the Cumberland team went on to have only an average season, that 22-0 victory over Georgia Tech remained common gossip around the campus.

As for George Allen, well, even in his happiness over the success of his latest scheme, it still bothered him that he was unable to do anything to save the football program. It constantly upset him, and he swore that somehow he would find a way to get football reinstated at Cumberland University.

Back in Atlanta, Heisman worked his baseball team during practice harder than he'd ever worked any of his teams before. Not only did he double all the drills, which were treacherous enough, he added still more. No matter how many hard-fought games the Tech team battled and won, Heisman never let up for a second, because always in the back of his mind revolved that 22-0 insult handed them by the Cumberland baseball team.

*****

By mid-August of 1916, Heisman was mentally sorting his ideas for the upcoming football season. A month or so before the season's opening game, Heisman and the graduate athletic manager, Chip Robert, were sequestered in the coach's office discussing a letter he had recently received from the organization of Associated Sportswriters.

"Those flaming jackass sportswriters are going to do it again this year," Heisman ranted, slamming down the letter.

"What's that, coach?"

"I wrote and told those idiots that picking the National Football Champion by totaling up the points accumulated over the season was a very unfair and inadequate method of determining it. Why. . . anybody with a weak schedule can run up the score on the easy teams. It's just not right."

After he had calmed down a little, Heisman turned to Chip. "I want a National Championship this year more than anything. These sportswriters have cheated me out of it so many times that I cannot allow this injustice to continue any longer," Heisman complained, swinging his fist through the air.

"But, what can we do about it, coach?"

"We're going to beat them at their own game. Hand me this year's schedule, please, Chip."

Chip took down a schedule that had been tacked on the wall and handed it to Coach Heisman.

"Let's see now. I believe we can score at least 50 points on Mercer College, our first opponent. Next, we play Cumberland. Ah—Cumberland. Would I enjoy running up the score on those

jackasses from Cumberland! I believe we could probably score at least . . ."

"Wait a minute, coach," Chip interrupted, pulling a letter from the desk drawer. "We received this letter a while back, stating that Cumberland has discontinued football." Looking down at the letter, he read aloud: ". . . and so we regret to inform you that we will be unable to keep our commitment to play the game scheduled for October 7, 1916."

"What?" the outraged coach shouted. "They had better appear for that game. Why—why, I'll sue them for breach of contract."

Heisman was furious because Cumberland, by forfeiting the game, was depriving his team of a chance to score big, not to mention the chance to get revenge for the terrible thrashing his baseball team had taken at their hands.

"They're not going to get away with this," Heisman snapped.

"But, coach, they really can't afford the trip. Train fare and hotel expenses would cost too much. The letter states that their funds for athletics are extremely low. That's why they've given up football."

"Okay, then, hand me some paper and a fountain pen, Chip."

After reclining in his chair a few minutes collecting his thoughts, Heiman proceeded to write the following letter to the Cumberland Athletic Department:

Gentlemen:

I hereby offer you the sum of $500.00 and an all-expenses paid trip to Atlanta for your football team on the condition that you honor your contract (previously sent) by participating in and completing the Cumberland-Georgia Tech football game scheduled for Oct. 7th. However, if this offer is refused and your team doesn't appear on the designated date, I shall be forced to demand that your school reimburse the Tech Athletic Dept. in the amount of $3000.00 for losses from the projected net-gate receipts.

Hoping this offer of $500.00 will be satisfactory to all concerned, I remain,

Yours truly,
John W. Heisman,
Head Football Coach

His letter was brief and to the point. (And you thought Lizzie Borden had an ax to grind! Forty for the sportswriters. And for Cumberland? Well . . .)

*****

George Allen was just returning to the Kappa-Sigma House when he was met at the entrance by a worried-looking fraternity brother. "Say, George, where have you been? Stinker's been looking all over for you."

"Really," George replied inattentively, while he hurried past the fellow and started up the steps for the second floor.

"Yeh. Stinker said we accidentally received a letter addressed to the athletic department."

"That's nice," George said, continuing up the stairs.

"It's from Georgia Tech. . ."

"Georgia Tech!" a surprised Allen exclaimed, halting near the top step. George thought that maybe Tech had found out about Cumberland using professional players to beat them in that baseball game. He immediately charged down the stairs. "Where's Stinker now? If the athletic director finds out about this, we're in big trouble."

"Stinker said he was going swimming in the creek." But, the frantic Allen was already out the door when the fraternity brother shouted after him, "He was going to drop the letter off on his way there."

When George arrived at the athletic building, he found the doors locked. So, he turned and headed for the swimming hole.

Upon reaching the creek bank, George first noticed a pair of faded overalls draped over a tree limb. Next, he spied Stinker splashing the water as he swam in circles near midstream. "Where's that letter?" George yelled to the skinny-dipper.

"In my overalls pocket," he shouted back.

Allen grabbed the overalls and searched the pockets for the letter. He breathed an audible sigh of relief when he found it. Then, remembering a prank Stinker had once played on him in a similar circumstance, George tucked the overalls under his arm and returned to the fraternity house. Happy and relieved, he sank down in a big, comfortable chair and casually opened the letter.

As George read silently, his excitement mounted.

"What does it say, Fullback?" asked a fraternity brother

who happened by.

"Heisman is offering us $500.00 to play Georgia Tech. Boy, that's an awful lot of money, just for playing a football game."

"But, Fullback, you know Dr. Hill would never allow it."

"That's o.k. He doesn't have to know about it. We can make up a team from our fraternity. That way, we get to keep the $500.00. Boy, can we have a party with that much moolah! Ah'll write Heisman and tell him we accept his offer."

Although the school had dropped football and didn't even have a team, George had accepted Heisman's offer. Now, all he had to do was round up enough of his fraternity brothers to form a football squad, then try to get them in shape for the game. The only problem was that many of them knew from experience how Allen's schemes usually turned out. So, few volunteered.

Allen first thought about borrowing Vanderbilt University football players—much like he had done with the Nashville pros in the baseball game against Georgia Tech. He pictured the Vanderbilt team dressed out in Cumberland's maroon and white uniforms. Allen figured that, since Georgia Tech and Vanderbilt were such keen competitors for the Southern Football Championship each year, Vanderbilt might agree to help Cumberland as a means of putting a blot on the Tech record. But, then he realized he would probably get caught this time. Besides, he thought, why should Vanderbilt get that $500 guarantee?

After pleading with his fraternity brothers once more, the Cumberland schemester came to the conclusion that he would have to search the campus for the healthiest, most likely candidates he could find to fill the vacancies. He hoped that with a lot of hard work he could whip a bunch of inexperienced boys into a fairly decent team.

George first contacted the athletes from the previous year's team who had not yet graduated. But they had had enough of the "patty cake" and "eyes open" drills to last them a lifetime and had decided to swear off the game of football forever.

Their rejection was a setback for George's game plan but not his determination. He immediately set out to collect the strongest, most vigorous guys on campus in hopes of creating football players out of them.

George got an early start in his recruiting the first day of the new semester following the long summer break. As he

strolled the campus, he would stop and stare—evaluating each potential football player in his mind's eye. Many of the fellows, however, were so puzzled by George's evaluating stares that they merely laughed at him and wandered away. Therefore, the great football recruiter wound up with only a few new prospects on his first day.

Later that night, a saddened George Allen strolled across the campus on his way back to the men's dorm. He was returning from a friend's home, where he had stayed up until very late playing in a serious poker game.

Allen had been betting his hard earned money against the promises of those seated at the card table that they would play on the football team. Unfortunately, luck didn't shine George's way, for he lost $22 and gained only one new recruit—an obese jokester who was non-sober more often than he was sober. In fact, that was the reason George had been able to beat him at all. The poor guy didn't realize he was holding his cards backwards, revealing their face value to everyone around the table.

When George was about to round one of the dimly lit buildings, he heard a scraping sound, then whispering voices. Quietly, he crept around to the side of the building and hid carefully in the bushes. After scouting the area, George glanced overhead and spied two shadowy figures, suspended in midair, clinging to a rope hooked to the top of the building. The curious Allen watched the one near the third floor accidentally knock a screwdriver off the window ledge. It fell several feet before it plummeted into the outstretched hand of a tall, lanky fellow hanging halfway down the rope.

"Great catch!" his buddy whispered loudly.

Allen waited in the bushes while the two men in dark clothing lurked around inside the administration building. Occasionally, sounds of falling objects, stumped toes and bumped heads—each followed by half-suppressed curses—echoed loudly in the still night air. Then, about fifteen minutes later, the prowlers returned to the window for a quick exit. After the first "grade changer" had climbed partway down the rope, his partner in crime followed closely. But, a little too closely! In his haste, the trailing man stepped on his accomplice's hands, thereby causing him to scream in pain and relinquish his grip on the rope. As if a three-story fall weren't bad enough, the

"fallie" became part of the landscape—weaved strongly within the campus shrubbery. Dazed and shaken, the young man glared upwards at his friend laughing hysterically near the top of the rope.

With revenge uppermost in his mind, the fallen lad struggled to disentangle himself from imprisonment in the bushes. As soon as he was free, he grabbed the dangling rope and shook it from side to side until its passenger fell to the ground.

During the "grade-changers" squabble, Allen was alerted to the sound of someone whistling. He peeked cautiously around the corner of the building. Much to his surprise, Allen spied a policeman striding along the sidewalk, twirling his billy stick and whistling a tune. Allen quickly charged into the fighting comrades, landing all three college boys deep within the building's hedges. Although the quick-thinking Allen had covered their mouths with his hands, one of them managed to bite down on him. Struggling to keep from crying aloud, Allen pulled his injured hand out of the guy's mouth. Suddenly, the fellow blurted, "Are you strange or something?"

"Shh—listen—" Allen whispered, placing a finger to his lips.

The whistling grew louder until the policeman passed by. The sounds of his whistling and his marching footsteps grew fainter, then faded away into the distance of the darkened night.

"Thanks," said the tall, lean fellow. "We could've been in big trouble. If there's anything we can do to repay you, just name it. . ."

"Ah thought you'd never ask."

*****

On the following day, a depressed George Allen shuffled wearily down the steps of the Administration Building on his way to the dining hall for lunch. Even though he had found three more prospects that morning, he still wasn't too pleased with the quality of his recruits. He needed a couple of bigger and stronger guys for key positions on the line and a clever, sly fellow for a quarterback.

Fate was about to intervene in the shape of a large shouting and laughing crowd gathered in a big circle in the middle of the campus.

"Ah wonder what this is all about," George said to himself,

while pushing his way to the center of the circle. There he was surprised to find two large, very strong, and vicious-looking men dressed in tattered clothing wrestling each other in the dust.

"Why are they doing this?" George asked a bystander.

"See that girl over there?" the follow replied, pointing to a pretty young coed.

"Betty Sue?"

"Yes. They both asked her to the barnyard dance on October 5th."

"The winnah gets the girl, huh?" George replied inattentively, for he was picturing the struggling brutes dressed out in football uniforms.

George waited until the fight had ceased and the crowd had thinned before approaching the two men.

"That was some tough fight there," George told the loser of the struggle, who stood alone, apart from the rest of the crowd. His buddies had quickly vanished.

"I coulda beaten that guy if that dad-burned dust hadn't gotten in my eyes," moaned the huge, slow-talking country boy from Sparta, Tennessee. He rubbed his sore eyes.

"And Ah'm sure ya could have," Allen acknowledged. "I coulda made mincemeat outta that fella."

"Ah agree. That's kinda why Ah wanted to talk to ya." Allen helped the young man brush the dust off his clothing as he continued, "Ah'm George Allen and Ah'm in charge of roundin' up players for the football team this year. Ah think ya could really help us out a lot."

"Me? Play football?" asked Allen's future lineman, Earl E. Hennessee. "But I don't know a thang 'bout playin' football."

"You'll do fine." Then noticing that the crowd had finished congratulating the winner of the fray and that he was preparing to leave the school ground, George quicky jotted down Hennessee's name and room number. "Ah'll get back in touch with ya, Earl."

Rushing over to the winner, George congratulated him. Briefly, he went over his reasons for seeking him out and explained why the football team needed his help. After learning of George's plight, the rugged, fun-loving Dow Cope said, "You mean, instead of fighting over a pretty face, I'll be doing it for dear old Cumberland and a trip to Atlanta?"

Rob McLellan

"And don't forget the $500.00 guarantee, if we finish the game. Will ya do it?"

"Why not? I'll give it a try."

After shaking hands to seal the verbal inking, George and Dow watched Betty Sue walk away with another guy.

"Girls! You just can't figure them out" Dow moped, shaking his head in disappointment.

With the addition of Earl Hennessee, Dow Cope and a few other players he had collected that afternoon, Allen finally had enough able bodies to piece together his football team. Although happy with the ability quite a few of his small recruits claimed to possess, George knew none of them displayed the skills of a cunning, daring quarterback.

Sitting all alone in his dorm room, George brooded over his predicament. How was he ever going to organize and hide a dozen or so rowdies? What ruse could he devise to conceal the training of such a mass of humanity from the watchful eye of the school administration? All without arousing suspicion?

Later that evening, as George lingered in the dining hall, absentmindedly toying with his food, he desperately sought a solution to his problem.

"Oh, well, Ah'd better get back to the dorm and prepare for that team meetin' Ah called for tonight," George mumbled to himself. "Maybe the guys can come up with a few good ideas."

Unexpectedly, when George got up to leave the dining hall, his foot came down squarely on a soft object, which gave way quickly. Looking down, to his surprise, he noted that it was, or had been, a rather stylish-looking tophat, which he had completely flattened.

"Gosh. Ah'm really sorry," George said to the sharply dressed young man, who stooped down to retrieve his somewhat squashed tophat.

The heartbroken young man slowly sat down on one of the benches and stared at his mangled hat, holding it in both hands, while he tried to brush off the dust and restore it to resemble its former shape.

"I only received this hat a couple of weeks ago," he said sadly.

"Ah really feel bad about this. How much is it worth? Ah'll gladly pay for another one."

"It could never be replaced, sir," the fellow sighed, clasping the hat tightly to his chest while a tear rolled down his cheek. "It was given to me by—by the most beautiful girl in the world. Why, the lovely vision of her radiance inspired my every heartbeat. Her midday shadow and her midnight silhouette were in themselves a priceless treasure to behold. Then two weeks ago, when—well, right before the tragic moment I cannot bear to recall, she gave me this hat. I'd guess she must have spent at least seventeen dollars on this—let's say, final parting gift."

"Seventeen dollars!" George shrieked. Then, looking at the fellow's sad face, he reached in his back pocket for his billfold. Taking out all the money he had, Allen handed it to him, adding, "Sorry, but Ah only have twelve dollars on me. Ah'll have to give ya the rest later."

"Oh, that's okay, sir," said the young man, snatching the money from George's hand. "Another five dollars couldn't have brought back what the hat meant to me anyhow."

The gentleman sauntered away and George picked up his dinner tray to return it. Wandering in a trance, George felt that this bewildering incident was just another brick added to his pile of worries. Two of these bricks, however, would soon be crumbled.

After returning the tray, George was on his way out when he happened to spy one of his prize recruits, Hennessee, sitting in a far corner of the dining hall. George was making his way over to remind Earl of the team meeting planned for later that night when he spotted the gentleman with the once-mangled hat seated at the table directly behind Earl. He seemed to be positioning his hat on the floor so that Earl would step on it when he got up to leave. Sure enough, when Earl got up and started to leave, he stepped down on the hat, flattening it. Once again the fellow went into his "last present from the most beautiful girl" routine.

"Why, that—that sly—," an outraged George thought, until he began picturing the shrewd, intelligent, and rather muscular character calling signals from the quarterback position. " . . . clever, cunnin' and darin' quarterback." He smiled to himself.

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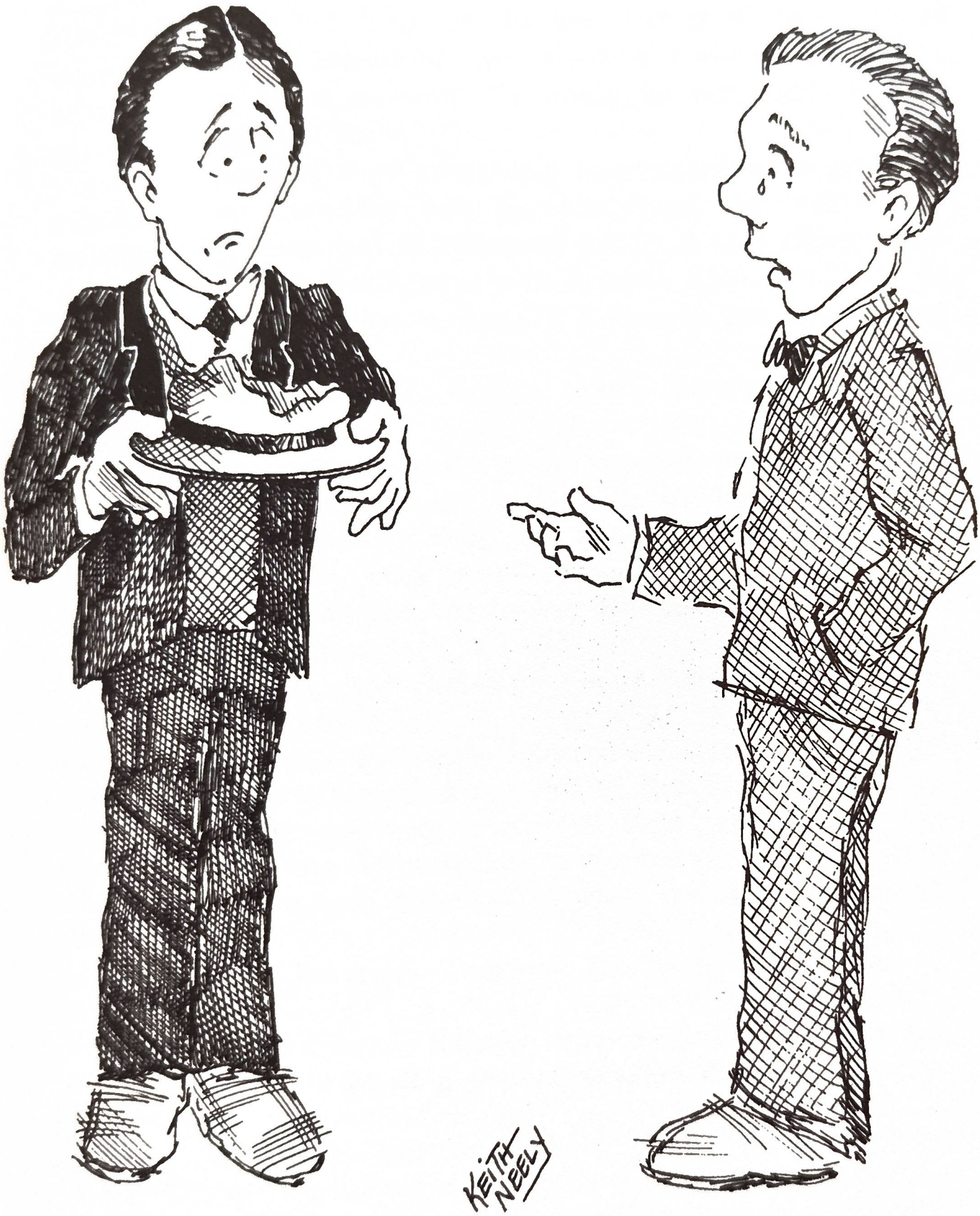
With the addition of this cunning recruit, George finally


KEITH NEELY

had filled the quarterback vacancy. He now applied all his energies to solving the problem of organizing and training his group of rookies, without their being discovered by the school administration.

"Ah've got to be kiddin' myself," George grumbled later that night as he sat down on the top step of the stairway on the second floor in Memorial Hall. His new team would soon be arriving there for a meeting. "It would be impossible to hide an entire football team."

Allen's thoughts were pleasantly interrupted by a group of giggling coeds parading into the chapel at the end of the hallway. After they had disappeared inside, a lone figure stood near the doorway watching them depart. Allen realized, on taking a closer look, that it was Ed Edwards, one of the team members.

"What's goin' on, Ed?" George asked, joining him by the chapel's double doors.

"I was watching the girls going into the chapel for choir practice. They're really nice looking girls, huh, Fullback?"

"Sure are. Almost makes ya want to join the choir."

"Why don't you both join?" asked the ex-football and baseball coach, Reverend Andrews. He seemingly appeared from out of nowhere.

"Oh—no thanks, coach," George stammered nervously. "Ah'd only embarrass myself."

"That's a shame. I'd really like some more male voices in the choir. We certainly could use you." Then, placing his hands on the doorknobs, Andrews went on to say, "Well, I hope you boys will excuse me. I must close these doors so we can start rehearsals. You're both welcome to come inside and listen, if you like."

"No thanks, Reverend Andrews. We have some things to take care of."

George and Ed strode quickly down the hall and joined the anxious group of pretending football players gathered together for the meeting.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis, boom, bah!" they chanted, acting facetiously to hide their anxiety.

"Cut it out, fellas. We have a serious problem here and Ah need yuh help. Now that the Cumberland Administration has officially done away with football and blocked any attempt at

creatin' a team, we've gotta find a way of keepin' our meetin's, practices and games a secret," George explained.

While the team struggled to find a solution to dilemma, the continuous sound of the choir singing in the background became more than a little distracting.

"It's just too hard to think with 'Rock of Ages' ringing in my ears," Ed Edwards, the team quarterback, grumbled.

"Well, if ya can't beat 'em, join 'em," Hennessee concluded. He started to join in the singing.

Suddenly the clever minds of Ed "Q.B." Edwards and George "Fullback" Allen hit upon the same idea as they gazed intently at each other.

"Q.B., are you thinkin' what Ah'm thinkin'?"

"Step for step, Fullback."

*****

Early the next morning, Ed and George entered the chapel. They strolled down the aisle and found Reverend Andrews seated in a front-row pew, busily composing the next Sunday's sermon.

Glancing up, Andrews greeted them. "Good morning, gentlemen."

"Good morning, Reverend Andrews, We . . .," they replied.

They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders, signaling their uncertainty about how best to approach the minister with their idea.

"Is there something I can do for you boys?" the minister asked as he stood up.

"It's funny you should ask, coach, Ah mean Reverend Andrews," George answered. "We've reconsidered your offer to sing in the choir."

"In fact," Ed added, placing a hand on the reverend's shoulder, "we were able to round up enough men for an all male choir."

Though elated with this news, Andrews was still a little puzzled. While the baffled minister scratched his head, George stepped up on the raised platform at the front of the chapel, where the choir sang. Andrews looked up at George and asked, "But, what changed your minds?"

George placed both hands on the choir loft railing and leaned over toward the minister. "Ah guess it was the beauty

of the girls . . . er . . . girls' voices, that is, and the music itself. Besides, Ah can picture myself in one of those long flowin' robes, singin' . . ."

"Sounds good. When shall we get started?" the excited reverend asked.

Ed put his arm around the minister's shoulder and maneuvered him off to the side. "Well, you see, it's like this, Reverend Andrews. George has had this lifelong dream of being in a real choir. But, as he grew, so did his ambitions. Now, he dreams not only of conducting a choir, he also wants to be the chief organizer. And, if someone tries to help him out by sharing the responsibilities, he'll probably lose all confidence in himself as well as in his leadership abilities. So, I'd like to suggest that you continue handling the mixed choir and place George fully in control of the new men's choir. It would mean an awful lot to him."

Peering over Ed's shoulder, the reverend gazed upon Allen standing at the pulpit, swinging his arms while holding a candlestick in his right hand, pretending to be directing a choir.

"Yes, I see what you mean." Andrews whispered to Edwards. Then, turning to George, he called, "Could you come here a minute, please? I'd like you to do me a favor."

"Sure. Anything, Reverend Andrews. Ah'd be happy to."

"Well, George, it seems I'm going to be pretty busy with the mixed choir, so I was wondering if you would mind taking charge of the new men's choir. It would be such a big help if you could." The minister was trying hard to sound convincing. Then glancing at Edwards, Andrews slyly winked. Edwards, in turn, relayed George a quick wink.

"Why, Ah'd be delighted," said George, jubilantly, huge grin and all.

Joyous over the way their plan had worked out, the two boys made their way back to the dining hall for breakfast. They couldn't help but snicker and giggle in their secret excitement.

"Well, Q.B., ya know Georgia Tech begins practice this week. So, Ah figure we'd better start practicin' right away to keep them from gettin' the jump on us."

"Sounds fine with me. Let's tell the rest of the men." Then Ed looked down into the palm of his hand and added, "I can

see that $500.00 already."

"Yeah. It'll sure buy an awful lot of tophats."

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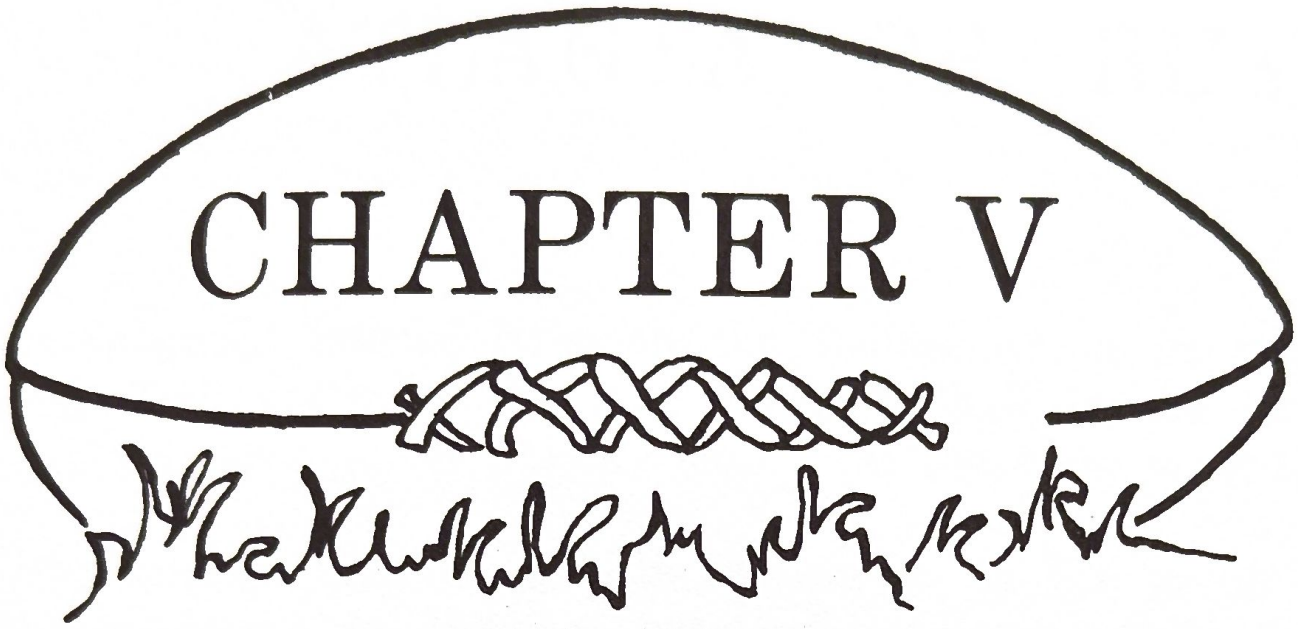
CHAPTER V



Chapter V

ATLANTA OR BUST

"Gentlemen," intoned Heisman, the Shakespearean actor and Georgia Tech coach, as he held up a football in the same manner Hamlet held up Yorick's skull. "Do you know what this is?"[5]

The question seemed a little ridiculous to his group of beginning players, so, Heisman provided the answer. "This is a prolate spheroid—that is, an elongated sphere—in which the outer leathern casing is drawn tightly over a somewhat smaller rubber tubing."[6]

Bewildered by this explicit description, the confused rookies stared openmouthed at the rather small, but militarily erect man in the black turtleneck sweater, knickers, and coordinating baseball cap. As Heisman continued his annual opening-day speech to the freshman players, the veterans took advantage of the break by sprawling lazily upon the soft, long, pre-winter grass of Grant Field. The grass was just beginning to show signs of turning a light-golden brown. Still, the sun-rayed afternoon remained pleasantly warm, despite a cool breeze that ever so often stirred the sparse littering of leaves on the field, sending a chill through the men in their short-sleeved practice uniforms. Overhead, cries of birds migrating southward occasionally interrupted their meeting.

"Griff, I think I'll take a nap. Wake me when this is over," one of the veteran players said as he lounged on the field, feeling drowsy from the warm autumn sun and the soft blades of grass.

"Shh . . . my favorite part of the speech is coming up next."

Placing the ball in one of the frightened rookie's hands,

Coach Heisman demonstrated how to tackle an opponent. ". . . and when the enemy possesses this prolate spheroid, you must apprehend him by thrusting your projections into his cavities. Grasp him about the knees, depriving him of his means of propulsion. Locomotion being denied him, he must come to earth."[7]

After assisting the shaken young man to his feet, Heisman handed the football to another one of his players. "But if one should be responsible for carrying the ball on offense and should fumble . . .," he said ominously as he slapped the football out of the player's hands. " . . . well, let's say—it would be better he died a small boy than to fumble this football."[8]

Meanwhile, in Lebanon, Tennessee, on the Cumberland University campus, the clever, roguish athletic manager, George "Fullback" Allen, delivered his own special speech for the opening-day practice.

"Look-a-here, gang," George drawled, holding up a clove of garlic in the same way one would hold a pair of smelly sweatsocks. "Does anyone know what this is?"

The bewildered crew of Cumberland misfits only stared, in frozen silence, as the dark clouds precipitated a fine mist of rain, wetting their faces and blurring their vision. No one could believe Allen had brought them out in the cool, damp weather just to show off some pods of garlic. Sensing their hostility, Allen quickly answered for them.

"It's a clove of garlic. Look at it closely and remember its name for it's up there with spinach, squash and okra."

"Hey, Fullback," Dow spoke out. "Did my mother put you up to this? She's always after me about eating my vegetables."

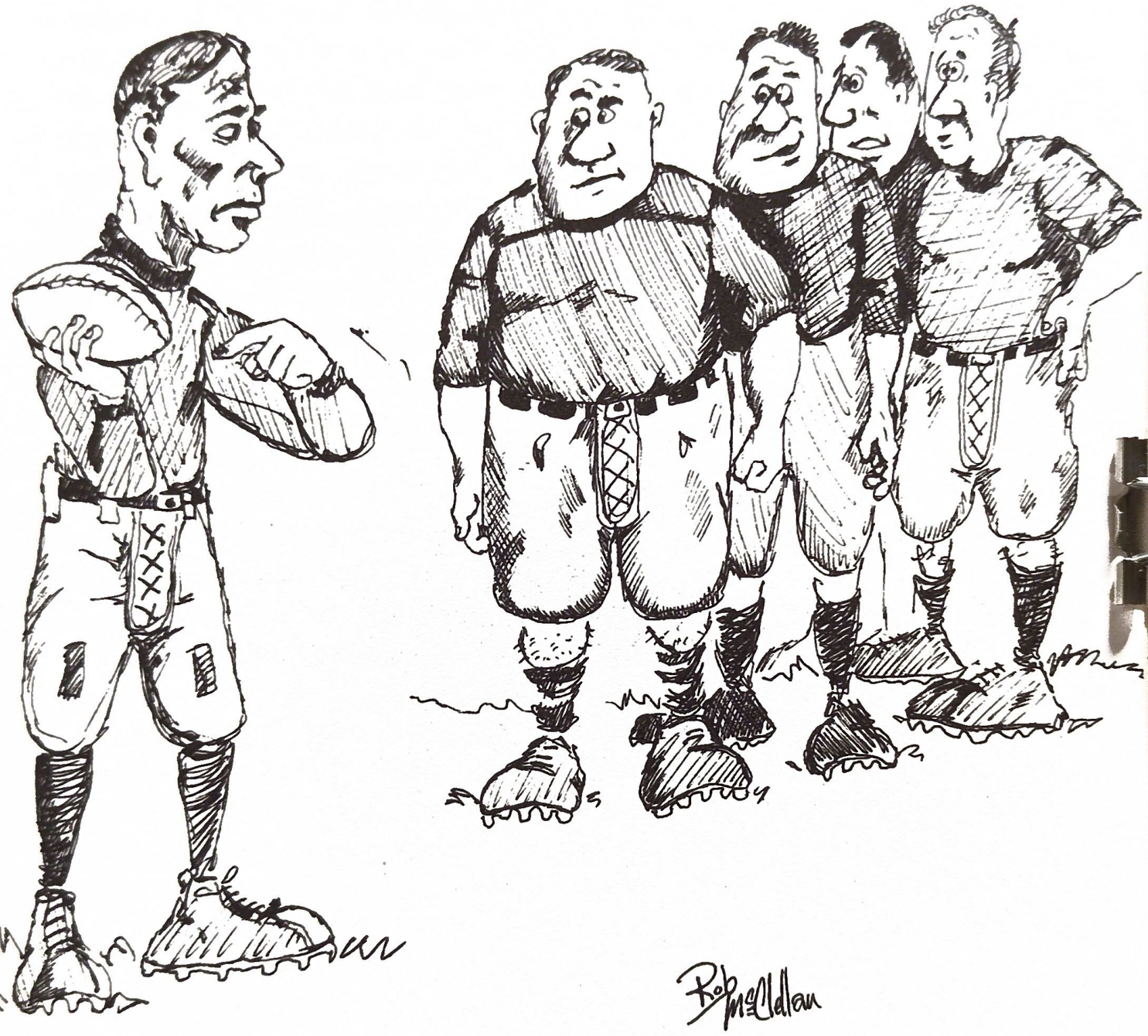
"I think we must have the same mom," chimed in a few others. The restless group snickered aloud.

"No, no, these vegetables aren't for eatin'. They're our offense."

"You mean, we're gonna throw vegetables at the Georgia Tech defense? What an idea!" Ed exclaimed.

The whole team roared with laughter.

"Listen," explained George after they had calmed down a bit. "Ah've come up with this great idea. Since we only have a short time, no plays drawn up and very little football expertise, Ah figured Ah'd give each man a vegetable's name. So, if Ah wanted, let's say, Ed to run the ball behind Dow's blockin',


Rob McClellan

Ah'd call their vegetable names right before y'all line up for the next play. The call would go somethin' like this: 'corn,' which would be Ed, over 'beet,' which would be Dow."

"That don't sound too hard," Earl joked sarcastically.

Much of the practice time that afternoon was wasted trying to assign vegetable names to the players. It seemed that everyone was dissatisfied with the name he received.

"O.K., men. Ah believe Ah have the solution," George remarked, leading the rookies to stand beneath the sheltering branches of a nearby oak tree. He scribbled names on tiny pieces of paper he had torn into thin strips. After placing the folded slips of paper in his cap, George held it up above his head. "Each of you will draw your vegetable."

"Sounds fair enough," Dow declared. "I'll go first." Unfolding the slip of paper, he exclaimed, "Lima Bean! You've got to be kidding."

After a spell of hoots and jeers, Ed took his turn. "Eggplant, eh?" Then he reached out and shook Dow's hand. "Good afernoon, Mr. Lima Bean. Mr. Eggplant, at your service."

Earl went next. "Potato. Mm . . . mmm. I like taters."

"That's 'cos you're a 'tater head.' " Dow jokingly mocked the backwoods country boy.

As each of the players took his turn selecting a name from the hat, the group threw in cutting remarks, whenever appropriate.

Suddenly, the heavens opened, sending down an increasingly steady flow of rain. For the rest of the practice session, bombarded by loud cracks of thunder rumbling overhead and intermittent flashes of lightning, Allen tried to whip into shape a bunch of slipping, sliding, and soaking-wet athletes with some fundamental running and blocking drills. Except for Earl occasionally jumping on Dow's back and shouting, "I'd a whupped ya if that dad-burned mud hadn't gotten in my eyes," the drills went fairly well.

"Remember," George repeatedly yelled above the roaring thunder, "we must call each other by our vegetable names at all times." To the end of this demand, he tagged the inspirational slogan, "Remember the $500!"

Practice abruptly ended when a crashing bolt of lightning struck a nearby tree. The players squirmed and squealed like

swine as they trampled over one another, slipping and sliding all the way to the dressing room.

Each day, George gathered together his so-called male choir (football team) for practice in the chapel loft to avoid suspicion. In fact, it wasn't until after 4:15, when acting-President Hill had left the building and gone home, that football practice actually began. This became a daily ritual, for never a day passed without the boys serenading the acting-president with the Cumberland Alma Mater. Their sour, shrill, off-key voices, which echoed throughout the building, always brought a grimace to the acting-president's face, chasing him home a few minutes early each day.

After several days of listening to the awful-sounding voices emerging from the chapel, located directly above his office, President Hill decided to pay the choir a surprise visit. Cutting up in the chapel loft while waiting for George to begin choir practice, the team members were shocked to see the president step into the chapel. The wrestling, eraser throwing, and other assorted horseplay abruptly ended. Rushing to their usual places, the men sat erect, backs firm and straight, clasping their hands before them.

George was sitting in the front pew, bent over, diligently working on his lineup. When he spied President Hill, he placed the lineup sheet face down in the pew and hurried up to the podium. Tapping the baton twice, George lifted it high overhead, keeping it there, as the players attempted to hold their warmup notes in unison. Sad to say, no two could hit the same note at the same time.

While directing his choir, George caught a peripheral view of President Hill sidling over and sitting down in the front pew beside the sheet of paper on which George had listed the players' names and their football positions. In the middle of their song, George turned his head and saw Hill curiously lifting the sheet of paper. Turning slowly back to face the choir, George revealed a terrified expression and a forehead heavily beaded with perspiration.

Once the song was finished, George stepped down from the podium to face the music. Luckily, George had used abbreviations next to the players' names to indicate their game-playing positions. Consequently, Hill couldn't figure them out. When George finally reached the suspicious Hill, he was told,

"Something strange is going on around here, and I intend to find out what it is." Then, pointing to the abbreviations for halfback, right guard, and left tackle, Hill asked, "What do these letters stand for?"

George racked his brain for a few seconds, then replied, "It's my ratin' system. 'H.B.' stands for 'heavy baritone,' and 'R.G.' stands for 'really good.' "

"Hmm. . . . Okay. Now, how about this one?" Hill challenged, pointing to another abbreviation.

"Oh . . . that stands for—uh, for . . . 'lacks talent.' "

"Lacks talent? Why aren't there more 'L.T.'s' written down here?"

Still suspecting that George was up to something because he usually was, President Hill attempted to call his bluff. He glanced down at another name on the list with an "R.G." beside it and said, "Mr. Hennessee, would you please stand up for a second?"

Earl jumped up.

"This rating sheet says you're a really good singer. Is that so?"

"Yes, sur," Earl drawled immodestly, while staring at Allen, who was shaking his head, signalling to the country lad to say "yes." "I sing so good that mah voice can break glass."

George hid his face in his hands because Earl was overplaying it so badly. "Oh brother! We're in trouble now," George mumbled.

The grinning Hill sauntered over and grabbed a dainty glass candle holder and placed it on the podium. "Okay, if you can break this, I'll be convinced."

Earl screeched as high and as hard as he could. Nothing happened. After several minutes, President Hill removed his fingers from his ears, saying, "Just as I thought."

George warily approached Hill, who suddenly glanced down at his pocket watch and realized it was time to go home. "Suh, his voice isn't quite in shape yet. But, come back tomorrow, and Ah promise ya he'll be able to break that glass."

"All right, George. But if he doesn't, I'm going to investigate this choir matter further."

When Hill left the chapel, George slumped wearily down in

the front pew and wondered how on earth to improve Earl's voice overnight. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he glimpsed Edwards stepping down from the choir loft and striding back to the seventh-row pew. Edwards knelt down behind the pew's backrest and stared up at the candle holder through the two spread fingers of his right hand. Once again, Edwards had conceived a brilliant plan.

The next day Hill entered the chapel prepared to witness Earl's attempt to break the glass. After placing the candle holder on the podium, Hill turned to Earl and ordered, "Now, try to break this with your voice."

A few seconds later, while Earl held a lingering high note, Edwards' head slowly appeared above the back of the pew in the seventh row. In his hand he held a homemade slingshot loaded with a tiny rock. George, standing beside the squealing Earl on the raised platform, gave a slight nod of his head, signalling for the shot. Edwards, with one eye closed and his tongue hanging out, took aim, then released the rubber band. The pebble flew far to the side of the podium and struck Allen smack on his right kneecap. In pain, George grabbed his aching right knee with one hand and shook his fist angrily at Edwards with the other. He took a few steps in the poor marksman's direction, about to express his anger, when Hill asked, "Is anything wrong, Mr. Allen?"

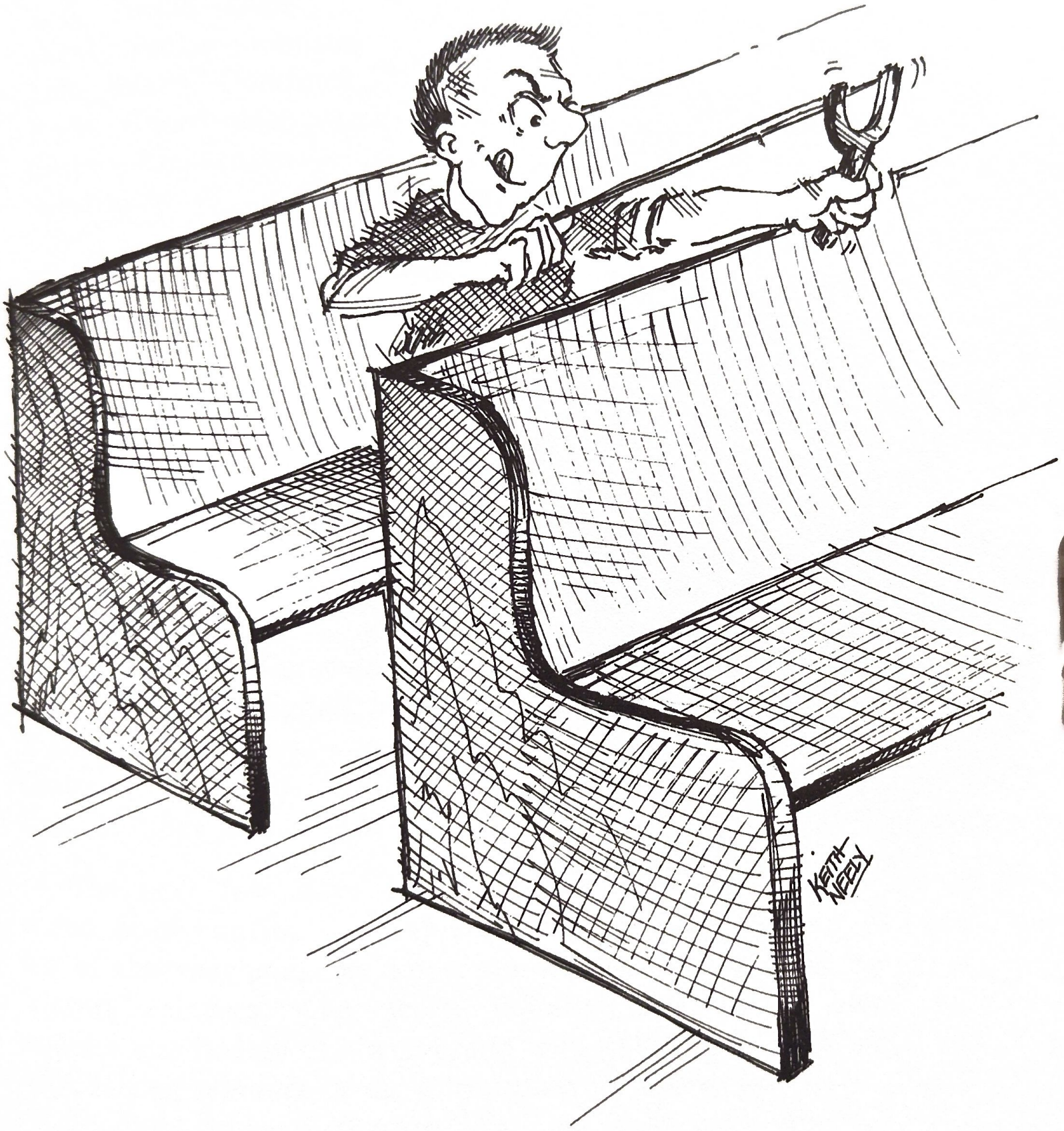
"Oh . . . No . . . Just a cramp. Ah'd better sit down where it's safe . . . er . . . soft."

Luckily, the next shot hit the fragile glass, shattering it. Earl, however, was no longer singing, and Hill was still unconvinced and highly suspicious of George's explanation—"delayed reaction."

"You win," Hill said, shaking his head in disbelief as he stalked out of the chapel.

Fate had won again.

All in all, everything seemed to have worked out very well. Reverend Andrews wasn't around the chapel during the early evenings, and the school faculty and officials would have gone home for the day. Only then would George and his team leave the choir loft and gather on the field for some drills and to practice their plays. Everything was going very well, indeed, until George decided to honor their previous commitment to play Sewanee in a football game.


KEITH NEEDY

The lineup for the Cumberland vs. Sewanee game was:

Quarterback—Edwards
Left Halfback—Patey
Fullback—Harsh
Right Halfback—Gallagher
Left End—Warwick
Right End—Wood
Left Tackle—Cope
Right Tackle—Johnson
Left Guard—Dominick
Right Guard—Hennessee
Center—Richardson
Substitutes—(6 or 7 additional players)

But after the terrible 107-0 licking Sewanee gave Cumberland, the roster read:

Quarterback—Edwards
Left Halfback—Patey
Fullback—Harsh
Right Halfback—(Deserted)
Left End—Warwick
Right End—Wood
Left Tackle—Cope
Right Tackle—(Vanished)
Left Guard—(Resigned, took up studying)
Right Guard—Hennessee
Center—(Swore off football)
Rest of the Squad—(A.W.O.L.)

The next few days following the Sewanee game, George stayed busy hunting for replacements. Though he had filled a few of the vacancies, he knew he would have to pick up some "ringers"—players who were talented, but who were not students enrolled in the university and thus legally ineligible to play. (Using ringers was a common practice in those days.)

The only "ringer" George was able to recruit, however, was J.M. "Johnny Dog" Nelson. Johnny had graduated from Cumberland in 1912 and had gone on to become the political reporter and sportswriter for the "Nashville Tennessean." In fact, Nelson was sitting at his desk in the huge newsroom,

slaving away over his typewriter, when he was interrupted by a young fellow with a slow, Mississippi drawl.

"Good even-nin', suh. Ah'm George Allen, a law student at Cumberland University. We—that is, the old school needs yuh[9] help badly," said the well-dressed young man, hat in hand.

Allen then went on to explain that the Cumberland team was shaping up well, but that he was having trouble finding a good athlete to complete the offensive backfield.

"This game is important to the des-ta-nee of Cumberland football," George kept repeating.

It didn't take much of an effort on George's part to coax Johnny into playing, since he was already very fond of the sport. Though of only medium height, the Cumberland alumnus was very athletic and loved to exercise every chance he could as his fairly muscular and lean-structured body revealed. When alone in the office, Johnny took advantage of the privacy by lifting chairs and bundles of newspapers to keep his arm, chest, and shoulder muscles toned up. Since he was no longer as active as he had been during his school days, Johnny had legs which looked small in proportion to his muscular upper body. In contrast to his young age and parted-down-the-middle hairstyle, Mr. Nelson's clothing, wire-rimmed glasses, and mannerisms made him appear much older.

Johnny Nelson had received his nickname while playing in a high-school football game. Weighing only 90 lbs. back then, Johnny had a real knack for squeezing through tough, offensive lines and tripping the runners. In one game, after about a half-dozen such trippings, the opposing quarterback shouted, "Someone, get that durned little dog outta here." Thus, he had acquired the nickname, "Johnny Dog."[10]

During his high-school career, Johnny Dog's talents proved equally valuable offensively as well as defensively. The team had a special play for gaining short yardage in which he starred. After centering the ball to Johnny Dog, the halfbacks on either side would lift and toss him skyward over the line of scrimmage, successfully gaining at least three yards on each flight.

Johnny Dog was the only ringer and one of the few men George was able to recruit for the big game with Georgia Tech. Things looked so bad, the weary athletic manager finally admitted defeat, sinking into despair.

Whenever depression warped George's spirit, he usually withdrew to a remote and hilly stretch of land several miles north of the Cumberland campus. The solitude, fresh air, and view of nature's tender beauty always seemed to ease his internal agony and resolve all his inner conflicts. George often spoke of his little paradise as a place so quiet, "you can hear the grass grow."[11]

Trips to the hilly area usually included jumping up to touch overhanging tree limbs, gathering handfuls of berries, and skimming rocks across various ponds along the pathway. However, this trip revealed a slow-walking college lad with hands in his pockets and eyes gazing downward as he pondered his problem.

Upon reaching his favorite spot under a huge oak tree, George sank down, resting his weary back against its rough bark. His eyes were blind to the gorgeous view, a landscape of rolling hills and cobalt blue skies. Haunting thoughts of the indefinite discontinuation of football (along with the loss of $500.00, and a free trip to Atlanta) proved severely upsetting to the Mississippi-bred young man.

"Ah was so stupid to play that game with Sewanee," George brooded over and over again. "Now Ah'll never find enough players for the Georgia Tech game." Oh, how he wished he had never let his team play Sewanee.

George's deep depression was rudely interrupted when a bright red apple plummeted from the tree and plopped on his head. Now, George was well acquainted with and was a firm believer in Isaac Newton's law of gravity, but for an apple to fall from an oak tree was logically impossible.

Rubbing his head with one hand while holding the shiny red apple in the other, George curiously glanced up to see just where it had fallen from. There, on a huge limb, ten feet or so above him, perched a rather short fellow sharply dressed in a gray cardigan and knickers. With him on the overhanging tree limb sat a redheaded coed, a picnic basket and a glossy-coated black poodle.

"What are you folks doin' up there?" George asked.

"We're having a picnic," the young fellow replied.

"A picnic? On a tree limb?"

"Why not? We thought we'd make the ants work for their food this time."

The love birds began giggling.

While rubbing his head again, George tossed the apple high up into the tree as he said, "Ah do believe this belongs to y'all."

"Thanks," the fellow said, catching the apple. "I'm sorry it fell on you."

"That's O.K. Ah'd much rather it be an apple than have that pooch of yours drop somethin' of his . . ."

"What are you doing out here all alone, if you don't mind my asking?"

George explained his predicament about the football game. He even asked the fellow to play in the game, but his offer was refused.

Eyeing George a little closer, the fellow in the tree observed, "Hey, you're the guy who's always cutting up during the afternoon law classes. Aren't ya?"

"Ah guess ya could say that."

Then, turning to his girlfriend, the young man began relating the story about the afternoon when George sneaked up to the front of the classroom and swiped the top sheet of paper off a pile of test questions for an exam they were to have on the following day. All this happened while the professor's back was turned as he was busily scratching notes on the blackboard. After George was safely back at his desk and feeling relaxed, the professor turned and said, "Mr. Allen, I certainly appreciate your volunteering to do the marketing for me. I would like to have the items on that list placed on my desk before I leave to go home."

Sure enough, when George glanced down at the sheet of paper, he saw it was a shopping list of grocery items the professor's wife had given him to pick up on his way home from work.

After a spell of laughter, the couple in the tree peered down and noticed that George had quietly disappeared.

*****

As the situation for the fate of Cumberland football worsened, George's hopes faded. In fact, the chances for the Cumberland—Georgia Tech game ever being played appeared almost impossible until . . .

"Judge Green, may I speak with you a moment, sir?" asked

the smartly dressed young law student standing just outside a classroom in Caruther's Hall.

"Certainly, Mr. McQueen."

"In private, sir?"

"Of course. Excuse me, gentlemen," Nathan Green, head of the Cumberland Law School, said to a group of professors discussing a law case in the hallway. "I'll be in my office if anyone should need me." Then, turning back, he continued, "Right this way, Mr. McQueen."

The tall, slender, elderly gentleman, dressed conservatively in a pale gray suit, preceded the senior law student, Butch McQueen, down the hallway to his office.

After the two men had entered Judge Green's office, McQueen blurted, "Sir, I'm really glad I was able to catch you this morning. I just found out something I think is terribly important."

Judge Green pointed to an arm chair. "Have a seat, young man."

"Thank you, sir," the worried student replied. They both sat down.

"Now, what is it that's so urgent?" the professor asked, as he leaned back in his chair, tugging at the scanty hairs of his long white goatee.

"I'm afraid, sir, that Cumberland will be forced to pay $3000 to Georgia Tech's Athletic Department."

"What?!" cried the startled professor, sitting erect.

"Here, look at this copy of a contract between Cumberland and Georgia Tech." He handed the contract to the professor. "It states that if we don't place a team on Grant Field for a football game on October 7th, Cumberland will be forced to forfeit $3000."

"How'd you get hold of this contract, son?"

"Mr. Warwick gave it to me earlier today."

"Hmm. Where is he now?"

"He said something about going to look for a friend. Then he took off in a big hurry."

Studying the contract carefully for a few minutes, Judge Green commented, "It certainly looks authentic. Would you excuse me for just a second?" He got up from his desk, took several steps, then stuck his head out of the office door and called, "Mr. Dugat and Mr. Poague, may I see you gentlemen in my office, please?"

The two law students hurried into Green's office. He

handed them the document. "Take a look at this and tell me if you think it's a binding contract."

The two men closely examined the paper. Eventually Poague turned to his partner and asked, "What do you think, Gentry?"

"Looks like a binding contract to me, Haysler."

"Sir, we see no way out of it. It's definitely a binding contract."

"Mr. McQueen and I reached the same conclusion," the judge said thoughtfully.

Their conversation was interrupted when Charles Warwick, panting and perspiring heavily, charged into the room. Quickly, he tried to smarten his appearance by readjusting his tie and smoothing his hair back with his right hand.

"Where have you been?" Judge Green questioned the breathless Warwick.

"Trying to find Mr. Allen, sir."

"What for?" McQueen cut in.

"That's not important now. What I need to know is whether or not this is a legitimate contract," Warwick said, pointing to the document in the distinguished professor's hand.

"It is. We're very sure of that," the judge replied.

"Sir, we've got to search carefully for a loophole in this contract."

"We'll try, Mr. Warwick. We'll try."

These five intelligent men put their heads together as they looked intently at one another in strict silence. Then they proceeded to pore over the document. In typical legal fashion, they scrutinized the contract, hoping to find in the fine print something that would make it invalid. They were hoping to uncover something that would render the contract nothing more than a legal document with printed matter but no substance. They wiggled and squirmed—to the point of wrinkling brows—the way lawyers do when they sense triumph slipping away.

"How did you come across this contract, Mr. Warwick?" Judge Green asked, reclining in his chair.

"A few weeks ago, George Allen showed me a letter from Georgia Tech concerning the football game scheduled for October 7th. It stated that Cumberland would have to forfeit $3000 if we didn't show up. We weren't too concerned about it then. Anyway, last night I happened to remember the letter; so,

this morning I searched through the Athletic files for a clue as to what it meant. And I found this contract."

"But why would Coach Turner have made such a deal?" Poague asked.

"Probably because it was the only way Cumberland could schedule a major team like Georgia Tech. Coach Turner figured Cumberland would never get the recognition it deserved unless it played some big-name school."

"But, how are *we* gonna find enough players to form a football team in such a short time?" McQueen snapped.

"I believe you boys could round up enough of the law students to field a team," suggested the amiable judge.

Warwick then explained that George had already put together a team of sorts and disguised it as a choir. They chuckled.

"I wonder where Fullback could be. He's been awfully worried about us not having enough players to make the trip. I think he blames himself because most of the players quit the team. After all, it was his fault we missed the train home after the Sewanee game. It convinced a lot of players to resign who weren't going to, after that 107-0 defeat," Warwick declared.

"Wait a second, Charlie. I remember seeing that Allen fellow yesterday out around Johnston's meadow. He intruded on my picnic," Poague said with a smirk.

Judge Green joined in the conversation. "I'll talk to Mr. Allen about this matter after class this afternoon. In the meantime, see if you men can gather up a few of your brave and promising fellow future lawyers for a meeting in the chapel after school."

"We'll be glad to, sir."

"Mr. McQueen, I'm officially appointing you the coach of the Cumberland team."

"But—sir, I don't know a thing about coaching," he protested.

"All you need to know is: have enough men in Atlanta on October 7th to place a team on the field."

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There wasn't any question that the contract was valid. The slightest doubt would have sent these eager young law students

fighting their way into the courts for a little fun and experience. This, however, wasn't to be the case. Cumberland University had to live up to its end of the contract or forfeit $3000. Not only would the $3000 loss have been destructive to the athletic program, but it would have struck a staggering blow to the Law School the university was so diligently building up.

Later, after the last law class of the day, George Allen sauntered to the front of the classroom and sat down at a desk directly in front of Judge Green's.

"George," the law professor said, handing him the legal document. "Take a look at this."

George unfolded the contract and laid it out across the desktop. He studied it for a minute or two. Then he exclaimed, "Three thousand dollars? In the form of a check we sent them! Can Tech hold us to this?"

"A handful of advanced law students and myself found this to be a binding contract," Judge Green declared, pointing to the paper in George's hand.

"What can we do?" George cried.

"Well, as you know, fielding a team is against administration rules."

"You're right, suh. But what about the $3000? We just can't . . ."

"By the way, Mr. Allen, how's your choir coming along?" the judge asked, then winked.

"Oh, we were doin' just fine. But after our concert in Sewanee, we lost a lot of good strong voices."

"Well, I believe I've solved your problem, my boy. I've arranged for a group of law students to meet in the chapel later today for choir rehearsal."

"Thank ya, Judge Green. We could sure use the players—Ah mean, singers."

"I hope you can find a few strong baritones among the group."

"So do Ah, suh. We had too many sopranos the first time."

"And remember, Mr. Allen, all I know of this is that you are forming a choir, and I don't care to hear about any outside activities your choir may engage in."

"Ah understand."

They shook hands. As George turned and started walking out of the room, Judge Green spoke softly, "Don't forget to let

me know how your Georgia Tech concert turns out."

*****

Later that afternoon, George met with the group of law students in the campus chapel. Allen's former choir members (football players) serenaded the newcomers with a chorus of the Cumberland Alma Mater. The newcomers laughed and put their hands over their ears to muffle the discordant sounds that continued until they heard the loud slamming of a door, acknowledging that the acting-president had left the building and gone home for the day.

"Quiet!" George shouted above the cacophony of the players singing in the choir loft. Laughter from the law students ridiculing the singers added to the confusion.

Once things had quieted down, George took the baton he used to direct the choir and placed it on top of the darkly stained podium. He then turned toward his curious audience lolling in the front-row pews. "The reason ya were asked to meet here this afternoon is because the Law School is in dire need of yuh help. A couple years ago, Coach Peck Turner signed a contract with Georgia Tech committin' our school to play theirs in a football game this year on October 7th. In addition, the contract stated that if we failed to show up for that game, our school would be forced to forfeit $3000 to cover their net-gate losses. And, as ya well know, Cumberland can't afford to lose $3000."

"Then why doesn't the administration send a team to Atlanta?" a law student asked.

"If the administration finds out about this contract, they'll be even more convinced to do away with football here at the university. Ah personally believe football has added greatly to the school's tradition and Ah would hate to see it taken away forever."

"Then, exactly what *is* the problem?"

"What we need are volunteers to play on the team. So far, we only have nine men and Ah'm hoping to bring at least nine more with us to Atlanta."

The law students grumbled loudly. They complained that it would be suicide to stay on the same football field with the very powerful, physically strong, and extremely large Georgia Tech players.

Noticing their lack of enthusiasm, George tried a little persuasion. "How would y'all like to take a trip in a luxurious Pullman car and see the fabulous city of Atlanta, Georgia, with all expenses paid, not to mention the chance to take part in a popular sportin' event, and get paid $500 for it? How often does an opportunity like this come along? Ah also know that Judge Green would greatly appreciate the efforts of each and everyone who makes this trip to save our Law School. So, all those who want to volunteer, please remain in yuh seats. The rest may go."

George's last words convinced about a third of the twenty or so law students to stay—each for a different reason.

Of those who volunteered mainly for the excitement of playing in the game, the most experienced was a tall, slender young man by the name of Pete Gray. Pete had actually played football several seasons at Oklahoma University. Another law student recruit, Gentry Dugat, a tall, husky, Texas-ranch lad, had acquired his huge muscles from lifting 500-pound bags of wool. He boasted that he had never been beaten running in high school. Although Gentry had played in only two football games in his life, once in high school and once in prep school, he eagerly accepted the offer. Gentry was also anticipating his first ride in a Pullman car and a chance to see Atlanta, the[12] home of his idol, Henry Grady—a writer and orator.

Another member sold on the idea of visiting Atlanta and getting $500 to spend was Haysler Poague, a very personable, likeable fellow from Missouri. Even though Bob Engler, a Kentuckian, was in the Academic Department, Warwick had asked him to attend the meeting. Engler was the youngest of the recruits.

Although some of the students had previously played football, either in high school or in other colleges, a few had never witnessed a game and didn't even know what a touchdown was.

George also faced the problem of finding football uniforms, because the acting-president had gotten wind of the Sewanee game and locked the uniforms away somewhere. But, George soon solved this problem with a little help from two of his new recruits.

A few nights before the big game with Georgia Tech, sometime after midnight, while the moon slid behind some

huge dark clouds, two shadowy forms crept carefully up to the Castle Heights' school building. (Castle Heights, a high-school military academy, was located several blocks from the main Cumberland campus.)

A voice spoke out of the silent, pitch-black night, "Shh . . .hh. . . Someone might hear us."

"If we get any quieter, we won't even know we're here," a voice whispered back.

"Do you see anyone else around?"

"Aw, come on. Who would be around this place at two o'clock in the morning?"

"Well, we are, aren't we?"

"Yeh. Because of Fullback and his crazy ideas."

"So, do you know a better way of getting red and white uniforms?"

"No."

"Alright then."

"But isn't the Castle Heights' football team gonna notice their uniforms are missing?"

"By then, we'll be safely in Atlanta, Georgia. Besides, it's only for one game. We'll return the uniforms as soon as we get back."

"By the way, what's in these sacks we've been carrying?"

"Just some garments to fill up the box so they won't notice the missing uniforms right away."

"Hey!" These are women's . . ."

"So, they're undergarments. That's all I could get. You see . . . my aunt has a ladies' garment shop."

"Imagine if the Castle Heights' football team travelled somewhere to play and didn't notice these garments in the bottom of the box. Could you see some of them running out on the field dressed in something like this?" the recruit joked as he held up a corset.

"Ha. That would be a sight to see."

"You ain't kiddin'."

The pair of night visitors quietly wandered around outside the building, searching for an easy entrance. Eventually, they spied a slightly open window a dozen feet or so above the ground. One of the masterminded duo figured he could reach the window by climbing on the other man's shoulders.

"Are you sure you can hold me up?"

"Go ahead. I'm as strong as they come." The Cumberland lad flexed his nonexistent bicep muscle. "Feel this."

"Never mind, I trust ya. O.K., here goes, I'm climbing up."

"Ooo. . . ooo . . .," cried the human footstool, as a flash of pain streaked across his back.

"What'd you say?"

"I said, oh. . . oh what a lovely night to break into the Castle Heights' dressing room."

"Could you move a little more to the left? This window's hard to open."

"Sure. How's that?"

"That's just right."

"You know somethin'? You're heavier than I thought you'd be. My legs are beginning to have a strange, tingling feeling."

"A strange, tingling feeling?"

"Yeh, a kind of numbness."

"Hey, stop all that moving around. You're gonna make me fall."

"I'm sorry. I can't help it. It's my legs."

"Come on. Quit jumpin' around like you've got ants in your pants."

"Oh my God, that's what it is."

"Stop! No . . . I'm gonna fall—ll—ll."

"Are you alright?"

"Yeh, just help me out of this dad-gum bush."

The partners decided to exchange positions and have the one who was standing climb up on the shoulders of the one who had fallen.

"Can you reach the window?"

"Yeh, I've just about got it open. Ugh—there it went."

"Well, what do you see?"

"I can't. It's too dark. I'm gonna climb in." The lad sat up on the ledge and jumped in.

There was a loud splash and a scream.

"What happened?"

"Well, I just found the toilet."

The lad remaining outside the window found a wooden box a few feet away. With a little help from the fellow on the inside, he climbed in through the window. Then the burglars prowled around the dressing room searching for the uniforms. Because it was so dark, they were not really sure if what they

were swiping were football uniforms. Before leaving, they somehow managed to slip the garments they had brought with them underneath the remaining uniforms in the huge uniform box.

Once they were safely back outside, the recruits learned that the uniforms were filthy dirty and smelled simply awful.

"We'll give the uniforms to Fullback and let him worry about getting them washed."

*****

George wasted little time in starting preparation for the game, since little time was all he had. The last few practices went as usual—starting off with the alma mater ringing out from the choir loft and ending on the practice field with Earl jumping up on Dow's back, complaining about the dust in his eyes. As a precaution to make sure everyone learned his teammate's vegetable name, George Allen had the players carry their vegetables around with them—through classes and everywhere they went—the entire day before their trip to Atlanta. Boy, did they smell up many a class!

*****

After an embarrassing incident in class, where one of the vegetable gang accidentally sat on his overripe tomato, the rest of the day passed rather uneventfully. That is, with the exception of an unusual occurrence later that evening. In the dormitory, a few of Allen's recruits were having problems with a very stubborn guest.

"Come on, push harder," urged Gentry Dugat.

"Forget it, Gentry. We're not gonna be able to get Daisy up these stairs."

"Fellas, I just can't leave her outside while I'm gone. She has a very nasty cold," a determined Dugat said sadly.

"Do you know what will happen if we get caught with this horse upstairs in our dorm room?" Pete Gray asked.

Daisy, brown and sleek, whinnied, but she stubbornly refused to budge. The commotion in the hallway had caught the attention of a number of students passing by and caused others to peer carefully out of their dormitory doors.

"Either Daisy stays in my room while we're gone or I'm not goin' to Atlanta," Gentry cried.

"Okay, Gentry, you win. By the way, when was Daisy last fed?" asked Ed Edwards.

"This afternoon. Why, Q.B.?"

"I think I have an idea how to get her upstairs." Edwards darted into one of the rooms down the hall. When he returned, he threw an overripe apple into Pete Gray's hands. "Lure her upstairs with this."

Sure enough, Pete teasingly waved the pungent crimson fruit in front of the hungry horse's face. To everyone's complete surprise, however, the horse charged fiercely at Pete, chasing him up the stairs, down the hall, finally trapping him in the corner of one of the rooms atop a chest of drawers. The rest of the boys followed quickly behind them.

"Well, Pete, you not only succeeded in getting Daisy up the steps, but you also got her into my room," Gentry said.

"Dugat, get your Texas Tornado away from me!" Pete shouted, cowering in his place on top of the chest of drawers.

Edwards was just barely able to utter through his laughter. "All you have to do is give her the apple." He grabbed the shiny red fruit from Pete and fed it to the hungry horse.

"There, there, my sweet Daisy," Gentry crooned as he gently threw a brown wool blanket over the horse's back. Daisy nuzzled Gentry's cheek in appreciation.

"Who's gonna take care of her while you're gone?" asked Ed.

"George Murphy volunteered to do it since his leg injury is keeping him from making the trip anyway."

"It's a shame he got hurt like that."

"Don't worry, Gentry. George Murphy will be a hero by the time we get back," Allen added as he ambled into the room.

"Why do you say that, Fullback?"

"Our ringer, Johnny Dog, will be usin' his name."

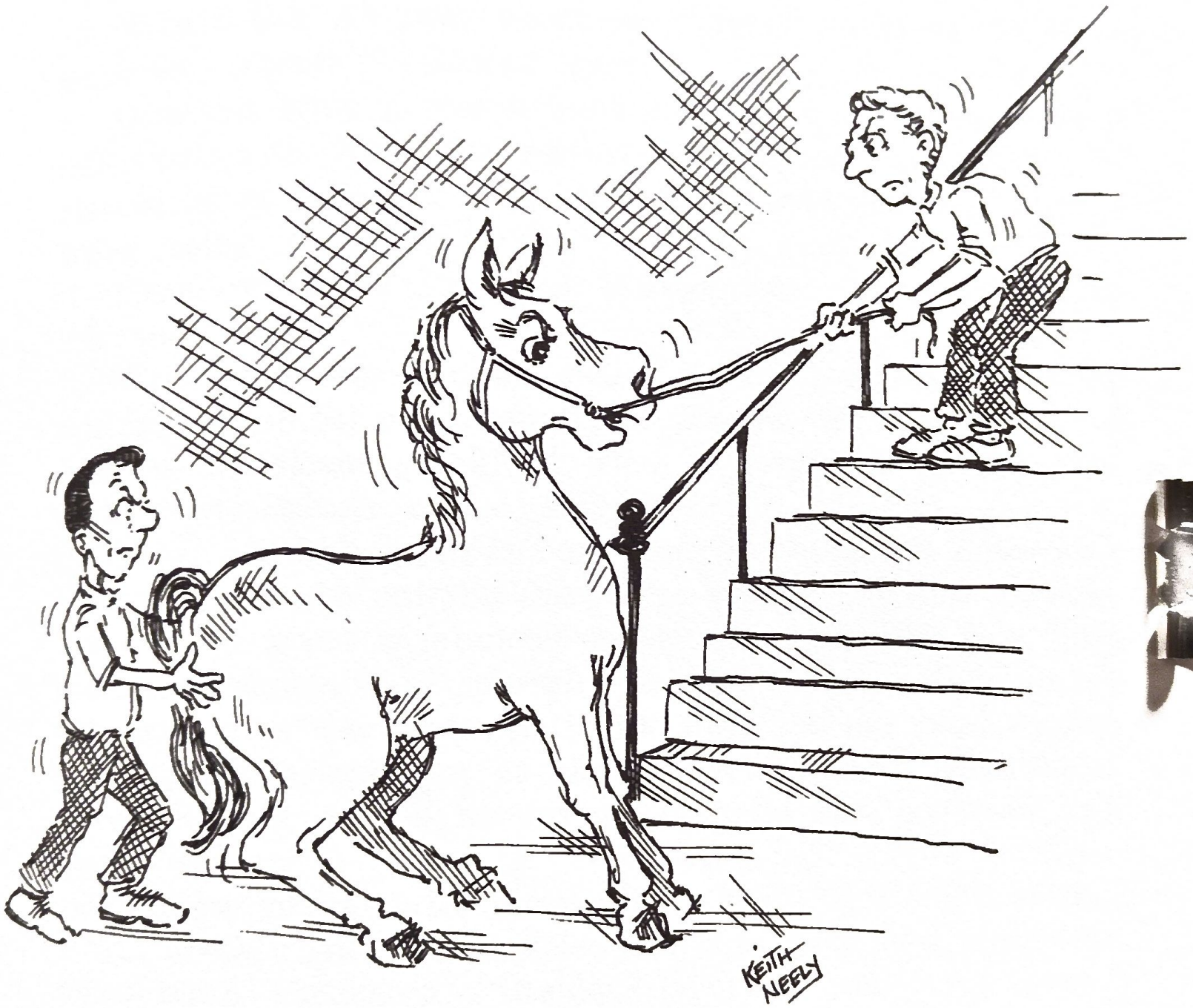
"You mean," Gentry laughed, "Johnny Dog will be using Murphy's name?"

"That's right. Ah figured he should inherit it since he's the one who put the cripplin' block on Murphy's knee in practice."

Suddenly there was a loud snorting noise.

"What's Daisy doin' up here?" demanded Allen, spying the horse.

Edwards took George aside and whispered, "If Daisy can't stay up here, Gentry won't make the trip to Atlanta."


KEITH NEELY

Allen sidled over and patted Daisy on the head. "Ah hope ya enjoy yuh stay in the men's dormitory."

Their conversation was abruptly ended when an emotionally charged Hennessee rushed into the room. "Fullback, ya better come quick."

"What's wrong, Earl?"

"Dow's talkin' 'bout joinin' the dad-burn army again. Says he's gonna be enlistin' in the mornin'."

Quickly Fullback and the others raced down the creaky wooden floor of the dimly lit hallway and into Dow's room.

"What's this Ah hear about ya going to enlist in the army tomorrow mornin'?" George asked.

Dow was lying across a bunk bed on his stomach, in deep reflection, with his chin resting on his crossed arms. He glanced up at George. "Well, it's like I've said before, Fullback. We're going to be entering the war soon and I . . ."

"Dow, you know President Wilson doesn't want to put us into the war."

"Frankly, I see no other choice for us. Not with Germany seizing our ships in international waters. Besides, a lot of innocent Americans got killed when a bunch of German subs sank those British cruise ships."

"Dow, Ah realize you've been thinkin' about this for a long time now. But Ah still believe you're rushin' into this too fast. You've been given a fabulous opportunity to better yuh mind and make somethin' of yourself. Yuh mama has longed to see yuh graduation day and rightly so, since it's her hard earned money that's helpin' put ya through school. And what about Karen? Besides, even if we did get into the war, one man isn't gonna end it."

"I guess you're right. I can always wait 'til I finish school. What's another year?" Dow said, trying to grin as a huge tear rolled down his cheek. "Besides, I'd miss you crazy guys."

"That's the spirit." In an effort to cheer him, the boys told Dow how Pete had been chased upstairs by Daisy. Then they all had a good laugh.

"Well, it's time we hit the sack, fellas. We'll be leavin' very early in the mornin'," George reminded them.

Everyone said their goodnights. As the party of men departed the room, Dow called out to Allen, who was the last one to step outside the door. "Fullback, did you talk me out of

joining the army just so I'd play in the game tomorrow?"

Allen only smiled and winked as he closed the door.

*****

A few of the hyper-energetic Cumberland players who were much too excited to sleep decided to play one last prank to leave the unsuspecting hometown of Lebanon with a memento of their departure. Still later that same night (or better yet, early the next morning around 1:30) six law students climbed out of a window on the second floor of the men's dormitory. One by one, they skimmed down a rope made of bedsheets tied together in big knots and anchored to a bedpost. Once they had landed safely on the ground outside, one of the men signalled to the student leaning out the window upstairs to pull up the bedsheets.

"Okay, men. Are you ready to leave our colleagues a little remembrance of our trip?"

"You bet. Let's go!" they shouted.

The half-dozen pranksters sneaked quietly downtown to the railroad depot, located about a mile from the Cumberland campus, with the intention of kidnapping a boxcar. By pushing and tugging, they eventually maneuvered the car off the main track and down a side track to where it ended. Next, they pushed the boxcar up and down the narrow hilly road leading to the campus. The trip went fairly well until the car came to rest at the bottom of a much steeper hill they had yet to conquer.

"I don't know how we're ever gonna be able to get this heavy railcar up that hill," one student complained.

"Well, we'll just have to join together and push as hard as we can."

Each man took his position, prepared to try shoving the boxcar to the top of the hill.

"Ready. . . push!" they shouted.

Straining with every bit of energy they could muster, the six law students pushed against the boxcar. Loud grunts came from them as perspiration poured off their sweating brows, streaming down their blood-filled faces. Finally, the car began moving slowly up the hill. When it reached the top, the men immediately stopped to rest.

"We made it!" one of them shouted in jubilation just before

he fell to the ground exhausted. Others, too tired to lie down, leaned against the boxcar, trying desperately to catch their breath. The added weight of their resting bodies soon became too much, however, for the boxcar suddenly started rolling forward down the other side of the hill. Unexpectedly, the men who had been leaning against the car fell to the ground as it sped away from them, careening down the hill.

"Oh, my God. It's headed for Memorial Hall!" someone screamed.

"All six puffing and panting students chased after the runaway railcar, which drew closer to the campus' main building, gaining speed as it went. Picturing in their minds a vision of the boxcar crashing into and destroying Memorial Hall had the adrenaline flowing rapidly. Fright had conquered fatigue. Luckily, a huge old oak tree standing directly in the boxcar's path prevented the potential disaster. The relieved jokesters hurriedly attached an "Atlanta or Bust" banner to the side of the car with trembling hands; then they retreated to the dormitory.

*****

Excitement radiated from each player's face.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor as the Tennessee Central started its powerful engines. When the train rolled out of the Lebanon Train Station early on that chilly dewlit morning of October 6, 1916, bound for Atlanta, it was not apparent that this band of merry men dressed in suits and ties would shortly be playing the mighty Georgia Tech football team. For the seriousness of the upcoming event was not reflected in their laughter, joke-telling and high-jinks. Nevertheless, Johnny Dog, Gentry, Ed, Earl, Dow and Coach Allen remained isolated in a closed compartment, vigorously planning their game strategy.

"Ah'll see yuh nickel and raise ya two cents." Coach Allen spoke confidently, pushing his pennies to the center of the table.

"Durn! Count me out," Dow grumbled, slamming down his cards.

"Me too," echoed a disappointed Ed Edwards. He leaned back in his chair and placed his hands behind his neck.

"I'm gone," Johnny Dog added.

This unlikely group of would-be football players was lounged around a small table, smoking an occasional cigar and drinking Coca-Colas, coffee or iced tea as the train rocked and swayed along over the steel rails.

After a small period of silence, George turned to Gentry. "Well, Cabbage, aren't ya gonna take yuh turn?"

"Yeh. Well, I guess I'd better fold." He flung his cards down on the table and sipped Coca-Cola from the bottle in his hand.

Suddenly everyone's eyes focused on Earl. "I reckon I'll see yur two cents and call ya." He threw down three jacks, a ten, and a deuce.

"Well, Ah guess Ah won," George proclaimed with a smile as he laid his cards face down and shuffled them into the remainder of the deck.

"But how do we know you won?" they asked.

"Cause Ah'm the coach and Ah say so. Now, whose turn is it to deal?"

"All out for Nashville!" the blue-coated conductor called shortly after the train had slowed and braked to a screeching halt, sending chips and pennies sliding off the table.

Suddenly George jumped to his feet. "Ah'm gonna try to talk the Vanderbilt coach into lettin' us use some of his players. Ah'm countin' on ya'll to take charge while Ah'm gone."

Glancing out the train window, Dow Cope noticed "Smith's Street Pub" a short distance away. "Don't worry, Fullback. I will personally see to things while you're gone."

Sure enough, moments after George's departure from the train, the "Cumberland Crusaders" invaded the town.

As it turned out, however, the brief stop in Nashville proved to be very costly. Not only did George return empty-handed, since the Vanderbilt coach couldn't afford to donate any players, but he also ended up combing the town to collect his own. The search carried him everywhere from the local picture show to the county jail.

"Excuse me, suh, but Ah was told that some of my football players had been picked up by yuh deputies," George said to the officer behind the desk in the outer office of the county jail.

"Oh, yeh," the sheriff responded, grabbing his keys as he

got up from his desk. "We found them on top of 'Smith's Street Pub,' throwin' vegetables at passersby and yellin' 'Take that, Tech! And that!' "

"Yep. That would be them, all right. Which ones do ya have?" George asked, following the sheriff down the hallway to a row of barred cells.

"Well, I don't rightly know. They keep insistin' their names are Celery, Okra and Brussell Sprouts."

George explained the situation to the sheriff, as best he could. Fortunately, the sheriff liked football and he knew about the strong rivalry between Vanderbilt and Georgia Tech, so he agreed to let the men go. Sure enough, there behind bars at the end of the row of cells stood three swaying Cumberland players, arm in arm, obnoxiously chanting the Cumberland Alma Mater.

By the time the train whistle blew, George had collected all but three of his players on his last-minute expedition, which had taken him deep into the inner regions of Nashville. Thus, the Cumberland team departed Nashville nearly twenty-one strong—give or take a few. Luckily, none of those who abandoned ship were involved in the serious card game, so things took up where they had left off.

Due to extreme cases of travel fatigue and the so-called injuries suffered from climbing down from the top of "Smith's Street Pub," the team had settled down, cutting out most of the horseplay by the time the train reached Atlanta. Nevertheless, the twenty-one survivors of the Nashville foray slowly staggered down the train steps en route to the local hotel.

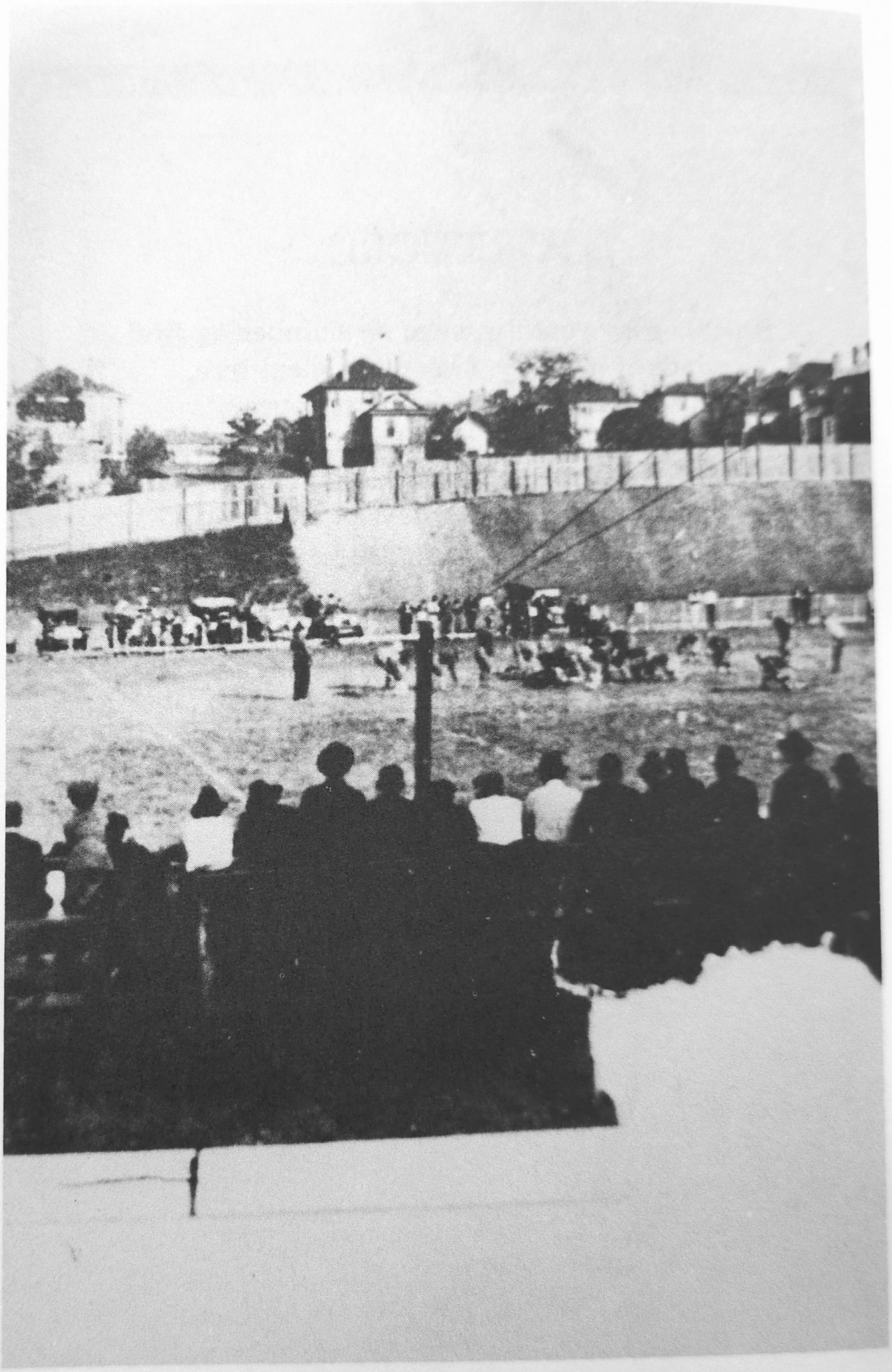
*****

FOREWORD

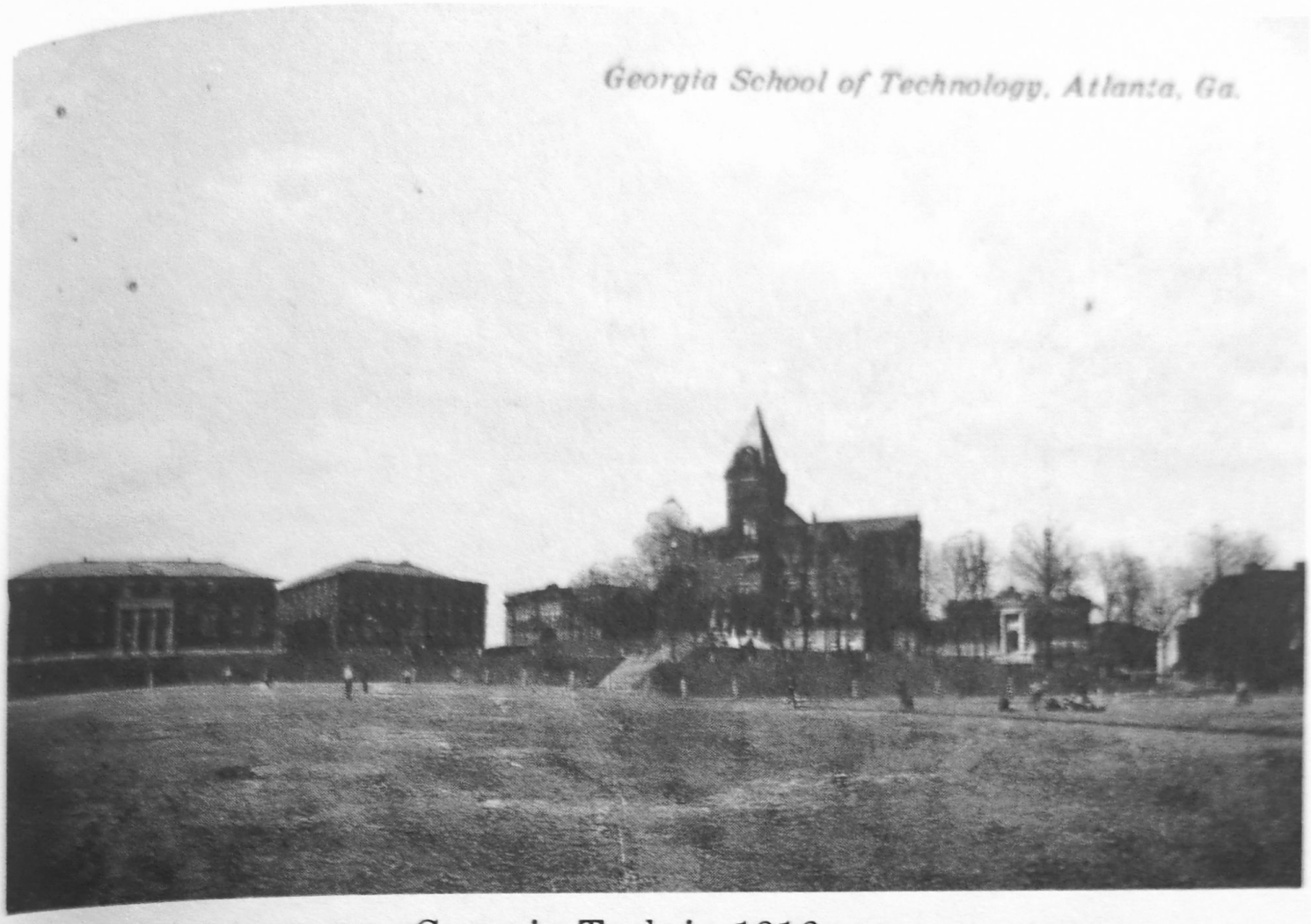
Scenes of my youth! Awake its slumbering fire!
Ye winds of memory, sweep the silent lyre,
Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,
Break through the clouds of sexen' waning year:
Chase from his head the thin autumnal snow,
And bring thou back the days of long ago!

(Adaptation from Holmes)

(Taken from the Phoenix *Cumberland yearbook.)*

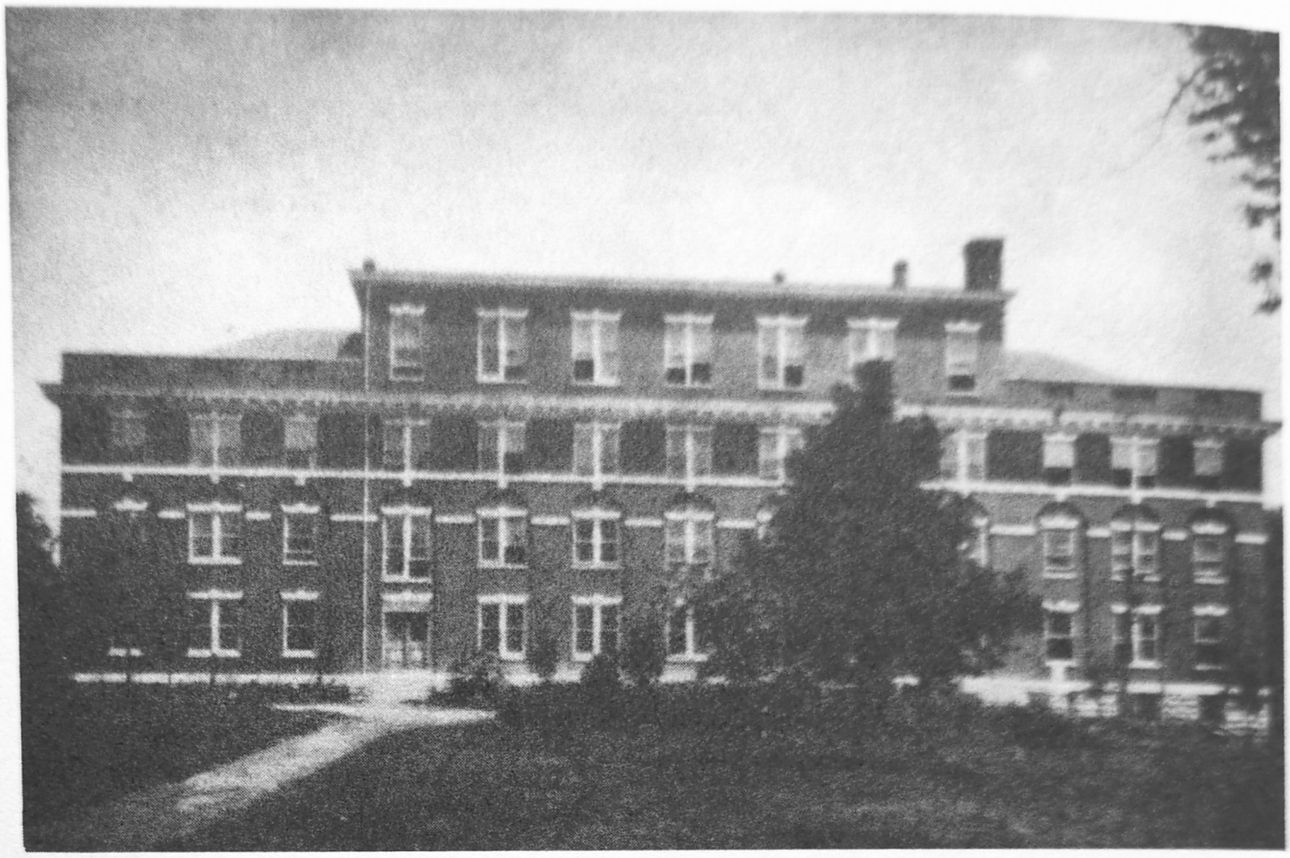


Only known picture taken of the 1916 Georgia Tech—Cumberland University game. *(Photo courtesy of Mrs. Lena Dugat).*



Georgia Tech in 1916.
(Photo courtesy of Dean George Griffin.)

Administration Building
Cumberland University in 1916.
(Photo taken from the Phoenix, *Cumberland yearbook)*



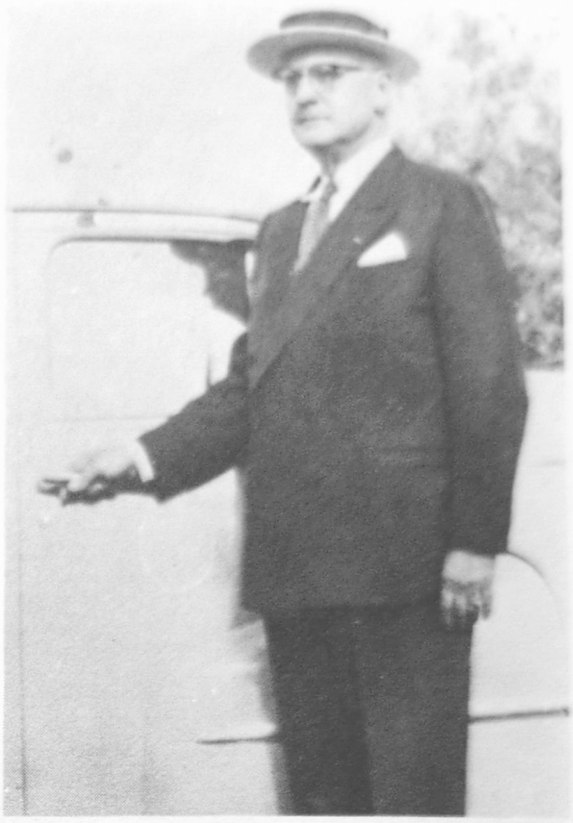
Cumberland's Dormitory (Fullback's huge plantation home).
(Photo from the Phoenix, *Cumberland yearbook)*

Battlefront for Cumberland University Students (Caruthers Hall)
(Photo taken from the Phoenix, *Cumberland yearbook).*

George E. Allen, Coach/ Manager of Cumberland team. *(Photo taken from the* Phoenix, *the Cumberland yearbook).*

David Harsh, former Cumberland player in later years. *(Photo courtesy of Jane Harsh Cecil).*

Porter Hamblen, former Cumberland player, pictured by his drugstore in Mt. Juliet, Tennessee. *(Photo courtesy of Marguerite H. Bell).*

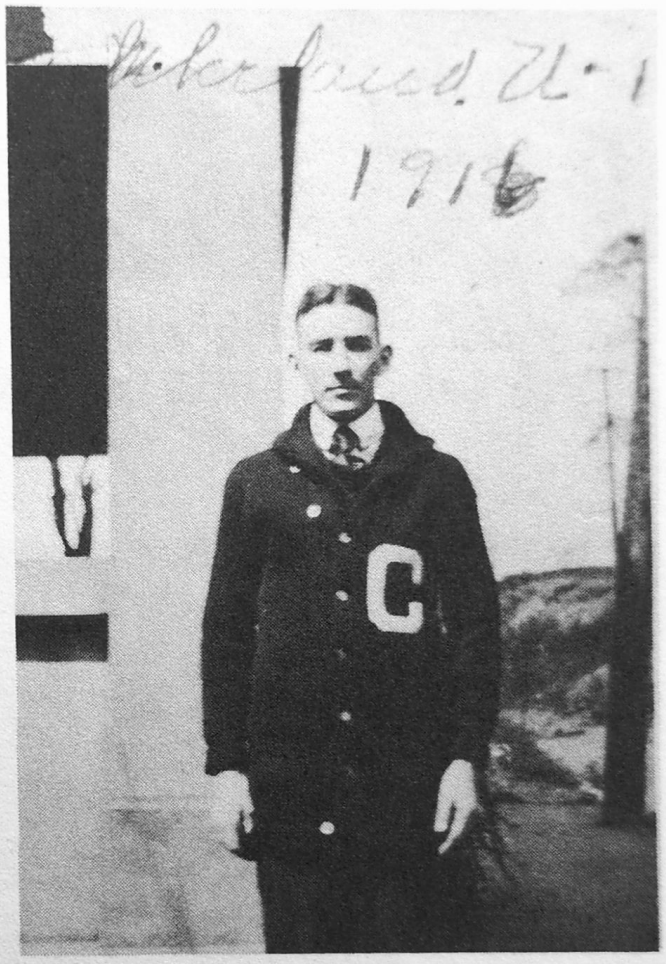


Gentry Dugat—Cumberland left guard. *(Photo courtesy of Mrs. Lena Dugat.)*

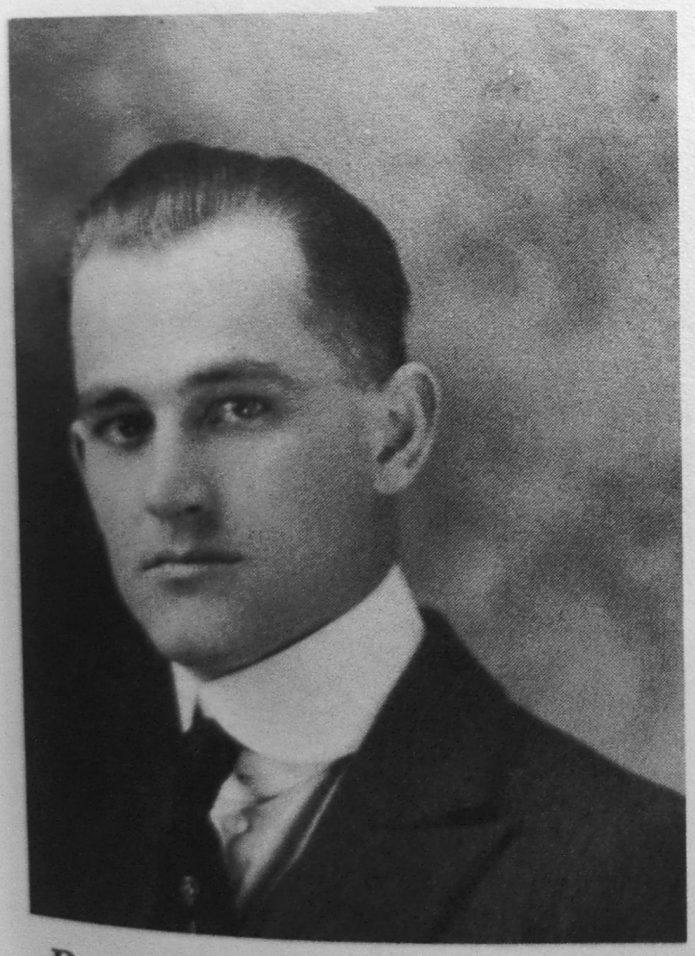
John M. Nelson former Cumberland player. *(Photo courtesy of* The Eagle Democrat, *Warren Arkansas).*

Gentry Dugat—years later. *(Photo courtesy of Mrs. Lena Dugat).*

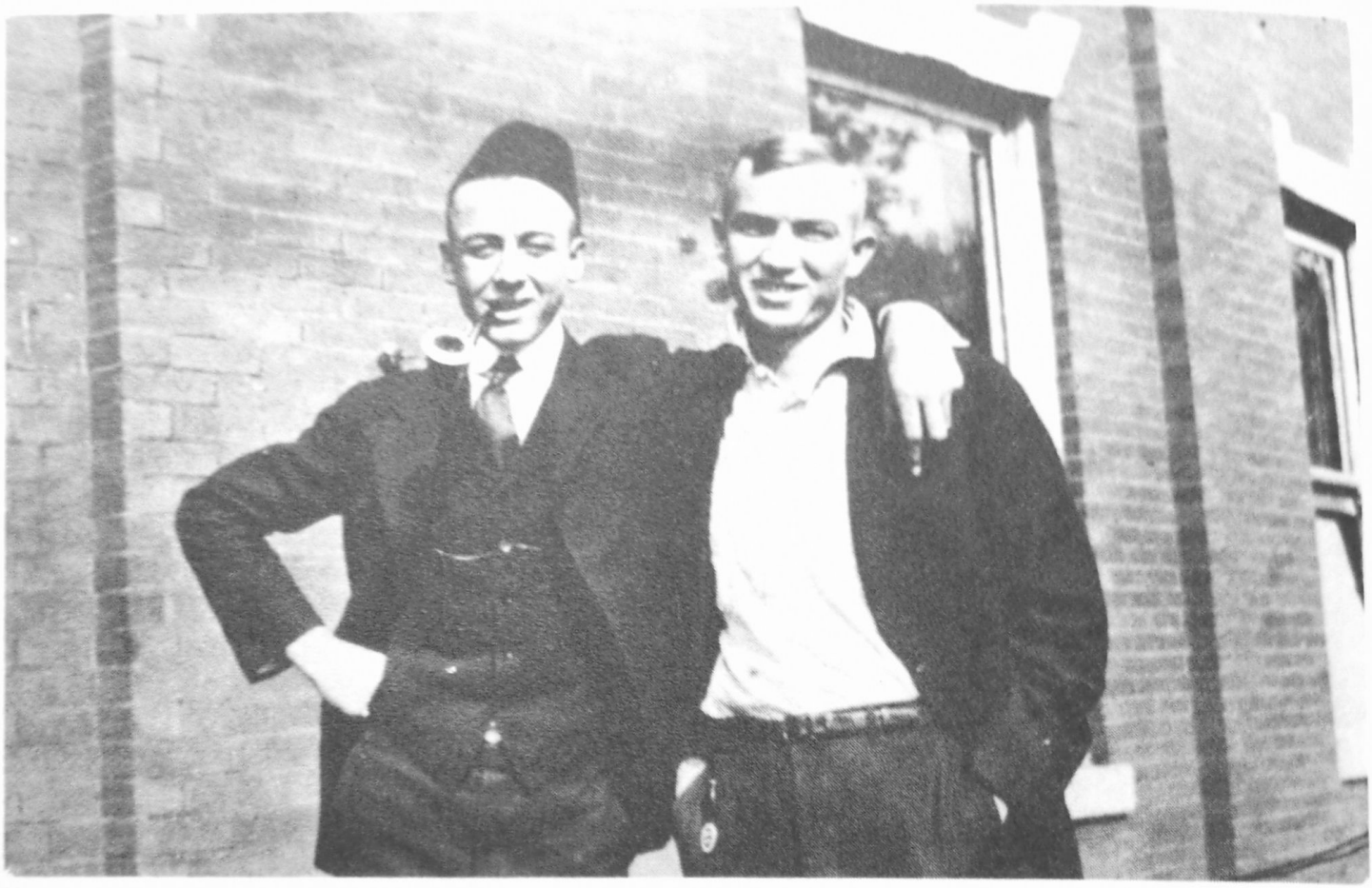
J. Dean Gauldin, former Cumberland player. *(Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ralph H. Shaw, Jr.).*



Earl Hennessee, former Cumberland player *(Photo courtesy of Earl Hennessee).*

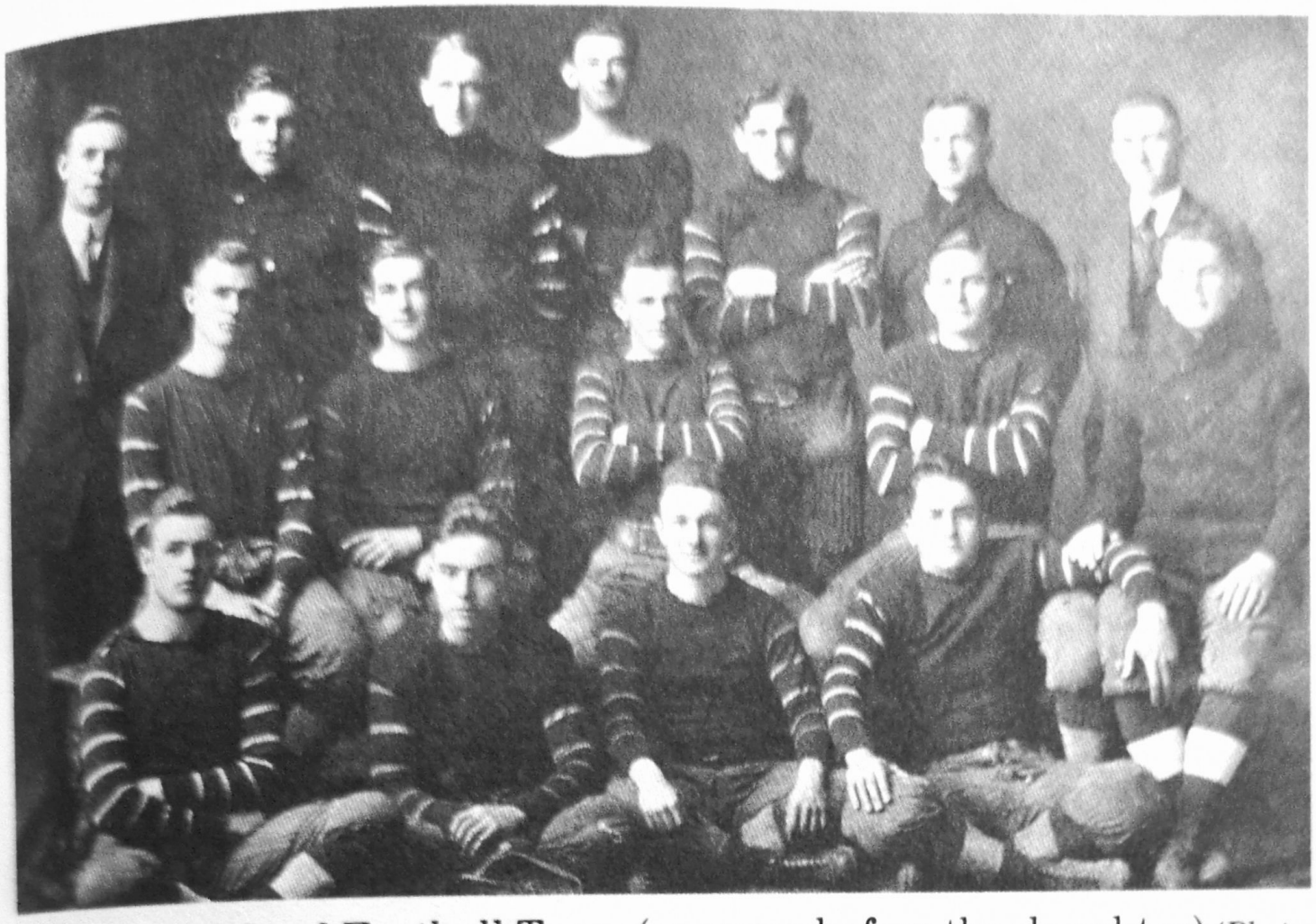


Roy Sullivan, former Cumberland player. *(Photo courtesy of Roy Sullivan, Jr.).*



Poague *(left)* posing with the "good-looking" **Vichy Woods** *(right)* shortly before the 1916 game with Tech. *(Photo courtesy of Haysler Poague).*

The "good-looking" **Vichy Wood** *(left)* after the Tech massacre. *(Photo courtesy of Haysler Poague).*



1915 Cumberland Football Team (one year before the slaughter) *(Photo taken from the* Phoenix, *Cumberland yearbook).*

Cumberland students show school spirit in a skit during 1914. (Oh, where did the spirit go?) *(Photo taken from the* Phoenix, *Cumberland yearbook).*

Cumberland Players

R. E. Gray

Dow R. Cope

Charles Warwick, Jr.

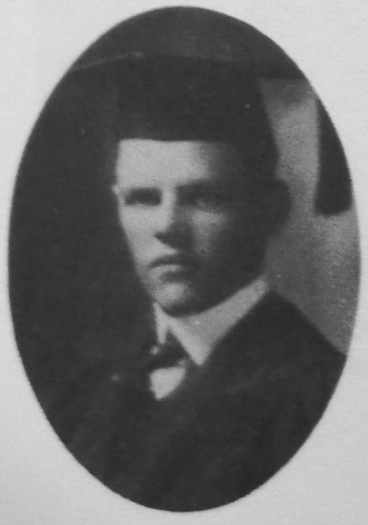
H. A. Poague

R. V. Woods

H. J. Carney

Charles Edwards

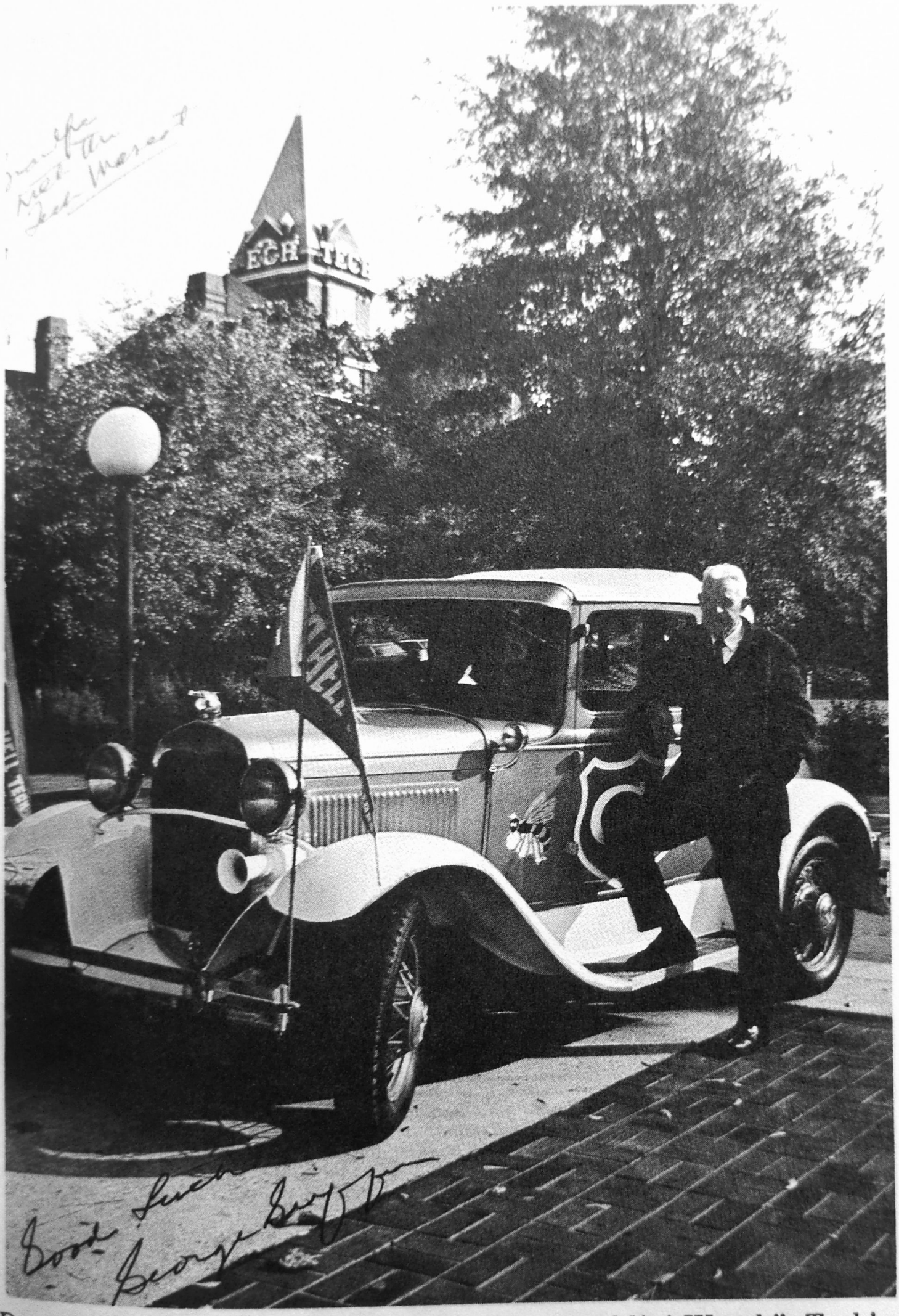
Gentry Dugat



Esker L. McDonald

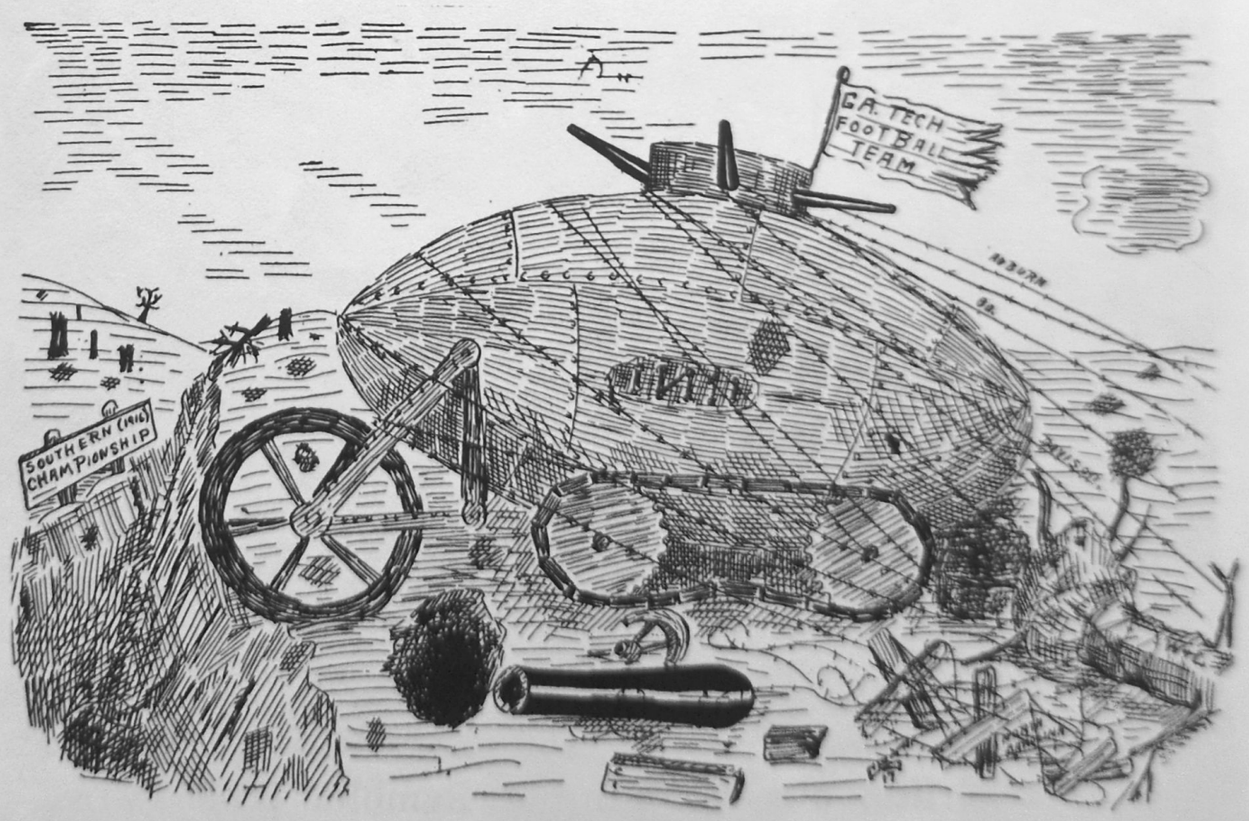
T. M. Gouger

J. D. Gauldin



Dean George Griffin, pictured with the "Ramblin' Wreck", Tech's mascot, is shown above. The Georgia Tech tower is seen in the background. *(Photo, courtesy of Bryan Griffin, grandson of Dean Griffin).*

A page from the 1916 Georgia Tech yearbook *The Blue Print.*



A SOUTHERN "TANK"

Cartoon reveals Tech's awesomeness. *(Taken from* The Blue Print).

CONTRACT between J. W. HEISMAN and THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

of The GEORGIA SCHOOL of TECHNOLOGY

The Atletic Association of the Georgia School of Technology does hereby agree to pay J. W. Heisman the sum of Two Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars ($2250.00) and 30% of the net gate receipts for Baseball and Football games played by the Varsity teams as salary; in return for which J. W. Heisman agrees to give his entire services for year 1904 as Coach for Baseball and Football teams of this organization. The Two Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars ($2250.00) is to be paid in twelve equal installments, payable at the end of each calendar month.

By net gate receipts is meant the net sum after the Two Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars ($2250.00) as Coach's salary expenses of uniforms, and other incidental expenses of the teams are paid. This 30% is to be reckoned at the end of the year and paid over to the Coach at that time.

Witnesses

J. W. Heisman ---------- Coach.

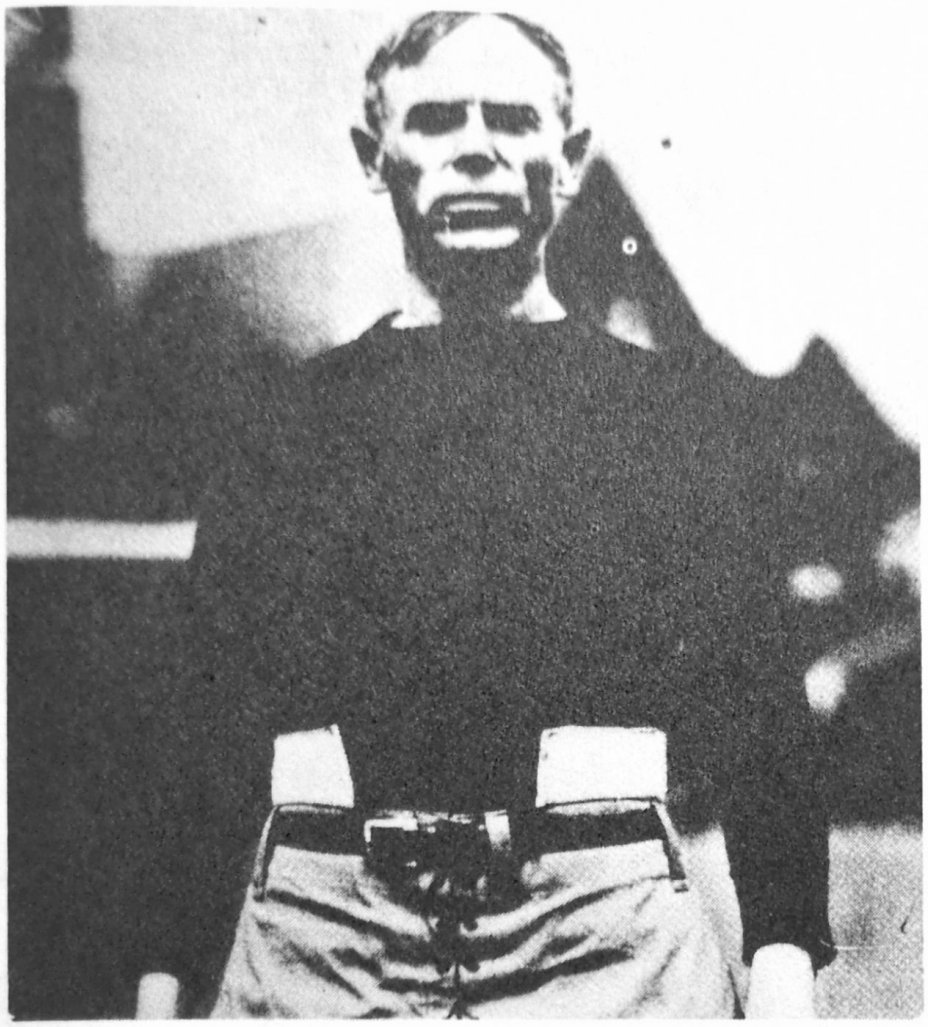
Frank C. Dismer ---------- for the Athletic Association of the Georgia School of Technology.

Signed in duplicate this --- day of --------- , 1903, at Atlanta , Ga.

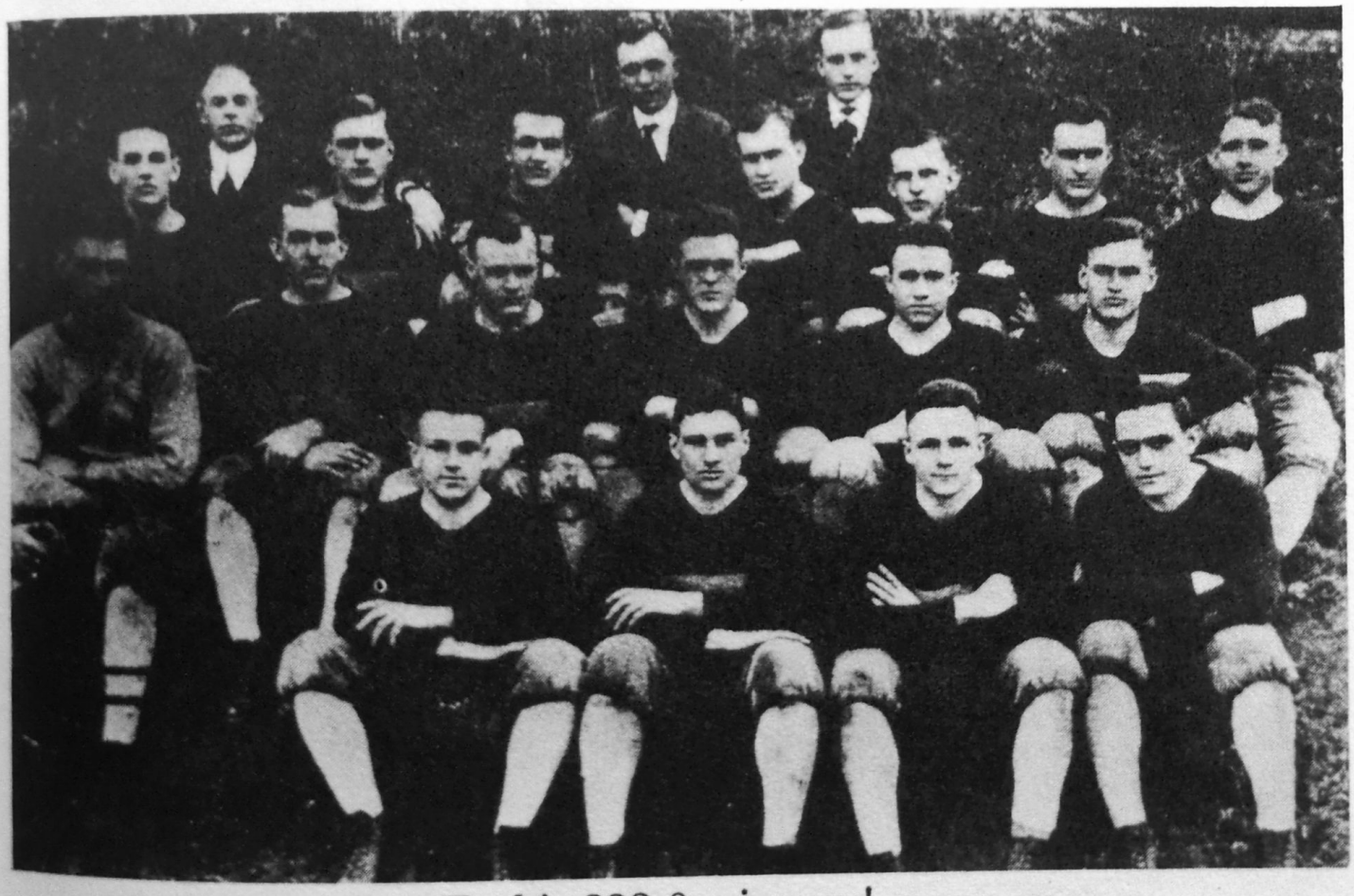
Original contract between Heisman and Georgia Tech, 1903. *(Courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives).*

Georgia Tech offense under the watchful eye of Heisman. *(Photo courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives).*

The 1916-17 version of the I-formation at Tech. *Right to left:* Judy Harlan, Strup Strupper, and Albert Hill lead the way for Joe Guyon. *(Photo courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives).*



The stern-faced **Coach Heisman** *(Photo courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives).*



Tech's 222-0 winners!

First Row—*Left to Right:* Albert Hill, Tommy Spence, Everett Strupper, Marshall Guill. **Second Row**—Hugh Mauck, Talley Johnson, Captain Froggie Morrison, Jim Preas, Pup Phillips, Bob Glover. **Third Row**—Canty Alexander, Walker Carpenter, Bill Fincher, H. R. Dunwoody, Hip West, Si Bell, Bob Lang. **Fourth Row**—Coach John Heisman, Assistant Coach W. A. Alexander, Manager Francis Scott. *(Photo courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives).*

Ripley's — Believe It or Not!®

Jim Preas

(Reprinted by permission of Ripley International Ltd. © 1930.)

Alton R. Colcord, Jr.

William C. Mathes

J. H. Preas, Jr.

George C. Griffin

Julian T. Hightower

Chesney Funkhouser

George E. Ansley

Wally Smith

J. W. Brown

Ralph A. Puckett

Charles E. Turner

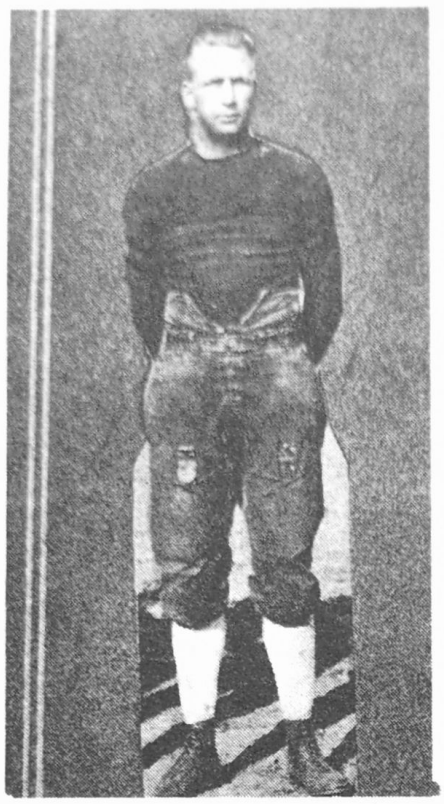
Hugh M. Mauck

Frank O. Pruitt

John W. Mangham

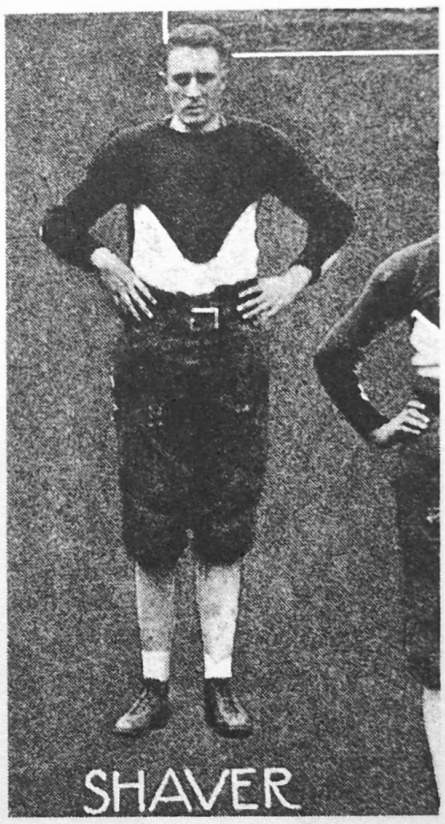
Some of Georgia Tech Players

Tech Players

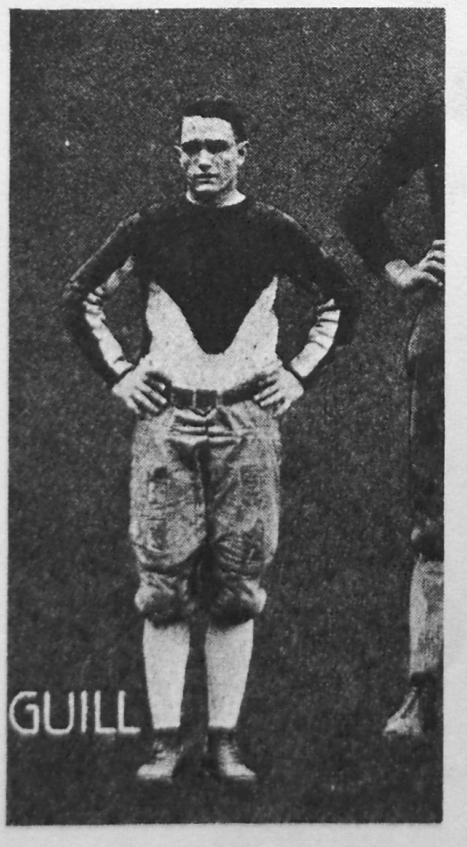


W. F. Simpson

J. H. Dowling



Buz Shaver



Marshall Guill

W. F. Thweatt

Former Cumberland and Georgia Tech players posed for this photo during a reunion in Atlanta, Georgia on October 12, 1956. *(Photo courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives).*

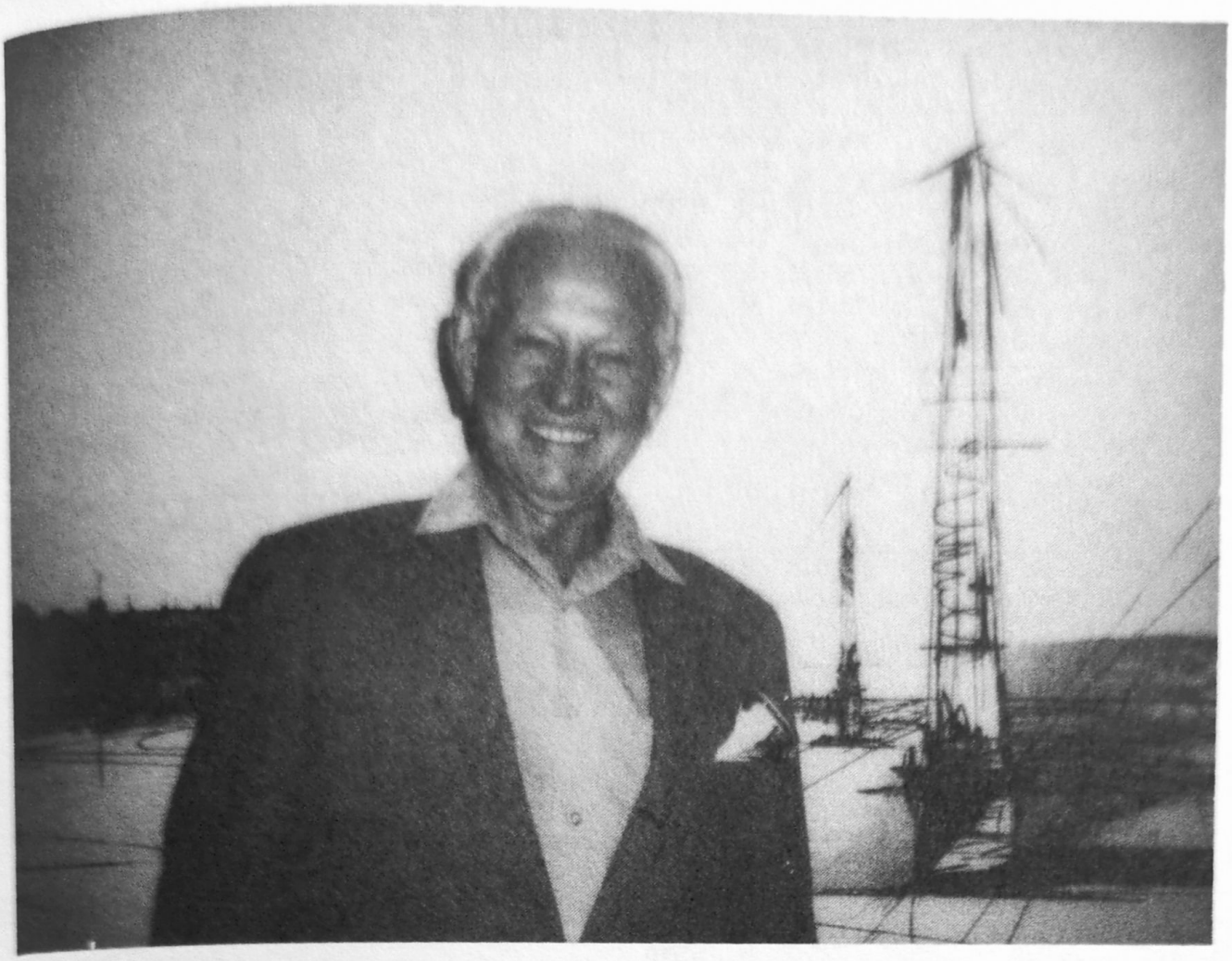
Cumberland Captain **Leon McDonald**, many years after the game. *(Photo courtesy of the McDonald family).*

Reunion of Cumberland and Georgia Tech players in 1959. *(Photo courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives).*

Surviving players of the wonderful game got together for a hilarious reunion in Atlanta in 1959. Here are, left to right: Cumberland's McDonald, Poague, Gouger, Gray, Warwick, Dugat. And Tech's Smith, Mangham, Malcolm, Johnston, Teague, Griffin, Bryant.

Reunion of Cumberland and Georgia Tech players in 1956. *(Photo courtesy of Georgia Tech archives).*

Pictured above are six members of the Cumberland University team of 1916 attending a reunion with Georgia Tech players in Atlanta, Ga., on October 12, 1956. Front row, left to right, are Morris Gouger, Gentry Dugat, and A. L. (Leon) McDonald. Top row: Charles Warwick, Haysler Poague, and R. E. "Pete" Gray.



Rob Engler—Cumberland's right half back in 1916. *(Photo courtesy of Robert H. Engler).*

George C. Griffin—one of Tech's quarterbacks. *(Photo courtesy of Dean George Griffin).*

GEORGIA TECH 222, CUMBERLAND 0, 1916 -- GAME STATISTICS
(COMPILED FROM PLAY-BY-PLAY OF GAME)

GEORGIA TECH

RUSHING	NO. ATT'S	*NET YARDS	AVG. YARDS	FOR TDS	LG
STRUP STRUPPER..	8	165	20.6	6	60TD
TOMMY SPENCE....	3	80	26.7	3	35TD
JIM SENTER.....	3	62	20.7	2	40
GEORGE GRIFFIN..	4	56	14.0	2	35TD
BUZZ SHAVER.....	2	50	25.0	0	25
BOB GLOVER.....	2	32	16.0	1	28
JIM PREAS.....	2	20	10.0	2	15TD
STAN FELLERS....	1	15	15.0	1	15TD
SIX CARPENTER...	1	8	8.0	1	8TD
CANTY ALEXANDER	2	8	4.0	1	7
RALPH PUCKETT...	1	5	5.0	0	5
TOTALS.....	29	501	17.3	19	60TD

*TECH HAD NO LOST YARDS IN GAME.

PASSING (TECH DID NOT ATTEMPT A PASS).

PUNT RETURNS	NO. RET'D	NET YARDS	AVG. YARDS	FOR TDS	LONG GAIN
STRUP STRUPPER..	2	100	50.0	2	55TD
STAN FELLERS....	2	73	36.5	2	40TD
CHARLIE TURNER..	1	45	45.0	0	45
MARSHALL GUILL..	2	27	13.5	0	17
BUZZ SHAVER.....	1	25	25.0	1	25TD
JIM PREAS.....	1	18	18.0	0	18
TOTALS.....	9	288	32.0	5	55TD

KICKOFF RETURNS	NO. RET'D	NET YARDS	AVG. YARDS	FOR TDS	LONG GAIN
TOMMY SPENCE....	1	90	90.0	1	90TD
BUZZ SHAVER.....	1	70	70.0	0	70
SI BELL.....	1	45	45.0	0	45
SIX CARPENTER...	2	15	7.5	0	10
TOTALS.....	5	220	44.0	1	90TD

PASS INTERCEPTIONS	NO.	YARDS RET'D	AVG. YARDS	FOR TDS	LONG GAIN
STAN FELLERS....	2	57	28.5	2	40TD
JIM SENTER.....	2	45	22.5	1	30TD
MARSHALL GUILL..	1	25	25.0	1	25TD
TOMMY SPENCE....	1	20	20.0	1	20TD
TOTALS.....	6	147	24.5	5	40TD

FUMBLE INTERCEPTIONS	NO.	YARDS RET'D	AVG. YARDS	FOR TDS	LONG GAIN
JIM PREAS.....	1	10	10.0	1	10TD
MARSHALL GUILL	1	10	10.0	1	10TD
JIM SENTER.....	1	3	3.0	0	3
TOTALS.....	3	23	7.7	2	10TD

SOME TEAM TOTALS	GA. TECH	CUMBERLAND
FIRST DOWNS	20	0
NET YARDS RUSHING.....	501	-42
NET YARDS PASSING.....	0	14
NET YARDS PUNT RETURNS.....	288	0
ON FUMBLE INTERC'N RETURNS	23	0
ON PASS INTERCEPTION RETURNS	147	0
TOTAL YARDS.....	1179	180
TOTALS LESS KICKOFF RETURNS	959	-28

CUMBERLAND

RUSHING	NO. ATT'S	GROSS YARDS	YARDS LOST	NET YARDS	LG
MORRIS GOUGER...	5	8	10	-2	5
C.E. EDWARDS....	10	16	13	-3	5
GEORGE MURPHY...	8	0	10	-10	0
LEON MCDONALD...	11	3	30	-27	3
TOTALS	34	21	63	-42	5

PASSING	NO. ATT'S	COMP-LETED	HAD INTC.	NET YARDS	LG
LEON MCDONALD...	11	2	4	14	10
GEORGE MURPHY...	4	0	2	0	--
TOTALS	15	2	6	14	10

PASSES RECEIVED	NO. REC'D	NET YARDS	AVG. YARDS	LONG GAIN
GEORGE MURPHY...	1	10	10.0	10
CHARLIE WARWICK	1	4	4.0	4
TOTALS	2	14	7.0	10

KICKOFF RETURNS	NO. RET'D	NET YARDS	AVG. YARDS	LONG GAIN
GEORGE MURPHY...	14	108	7.7	15
MORRIS GOUGER...	6	55	9.2	20
EDDIE EDWARDS...	2	20	10.0	10
DOW COPE.....	1	10	10.0	10
LEON MCDONALD...	3	10	3.3	10
CHARLIE WARWICK	1	5	5.0	5
H.F. CARNEY.....	1	0	---	0
TOTALS.....	28	208	7.4	20

PUNTS	NO. PUNTS	TOTAL YARDS	AVG. YARDS	HAD BLKD	LG
LEON MCDONALD...	10	254	25.4	0	50
GEORGE MURPHY...	1	10	10.0	0	10
TOTALS.....	11	264	24.0	0	50

GEORGIA TECH SCORING	CONVERSIONS ATT'D	CONVERSIONS SCORED	TDS	TOTAL POINTS
STRUP STRUPPER..	1	1	8	49
JIM PREAS.....	18	18	3	36
TOMMY SPENCE....	7	5	5	35
STAN FELLERS....	0	0	5	30
JIM SENTER.....	0	0	3	18
GEORGE GRIFFIN..	0	0	2	12
MARSHALL GUILL..	0	0	2	12
SIX CARPENTER...	0	0	1	6
BOB GLOVER.....	0	0	1	6
CANTY ALEXANDER	0	0	1	6
BUZZ SHAVER.....	0	0	1	6
BILL FINCHER....	6	6	0	6
TOTALS....	32	30	32	222

INFORMATION COMPILED BY NED WEST WITH THE HELP OF THE ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION RECORDS AND REFERENCE DEPARTMENT, OF GEORGIA TECH'S DEAN GEORGE GRIFFIN (WHO PLAYED IN THE GAME), OF CUMBERLAND'S DEAN ARTHUR WEEKS AND OF THE NASHVILLE BANNER'S FRED RUSSELL AND EDGAR ALLEN.

Georgia Tech vs. Cumberland Game Statistics

(Courtesy of Georgia Tech Archives)

CHAPTER VI

Chapter VI

COUNTRY GOES CITY

"Good afternoon, suh. Ah'm George Allen, manager of the Cumberland football team. Ah believe Coach Heisman has made arrangements for our a-com-o-da-shuns."

"Oh, yes," replied the middle-aged man in wire-rim glasses. He twisted his moustache as he checked the register. "I have reservations for a party of twenty-four."

"Well, due to uh . . . certain . . . uh . . . circumstances, our party has been reduced to twenty-one . . ."

"Uh huh—I see," the clerk said, closing the book. "Well, now, I have six rooms on the second floor reserved for your group."

"Fine."

"Mr. Heisman has already paid the bill for the rooms and an extra allowance for anything else you or your men might need."

"Thank ya very much, suh. Ah believe my men and Ah will take our belongin's up to our rooms now. Thanks again."

"Oh, just a minute, Mr. Allen. There's something else I must inform you of."

"What's that, suh?"

"We are in the process of installing hot running water in all the hotel rooms. However, only two of your rooms are completed—rooms 2C and 2D."

Standing in the lobby with their old, worn suitcases, the exhausted Cumberland men overheard the hotel clerk's remark. Immediately, they sprang to life and stampeded up the carpeted stairs towards rooms 2C and 2D.

George followed calmly, making his way slowly up the stairs and into one of the rooms now crowded with men

gawking at the misty steam rising from the hot water pouring out of the bathroom faucets.

George threw his gear onto the bed. "This room is off limits. Everybody out!"

"Oh, no, I was here first."

"No you weren't. I was," one of the men argued, while pushing against the others.

"Naw, I bet all of y'all," Earl drawled, trying to push everybody out of the room.

"Calm down, guys. Ah think Ah have the solution to our problem. Everybody out of the room and into the hall. Right now!" George shouted.

"Aw, come on, Fullback. What's the big idea?" a fellow grumbled as the mob nudged one another into the hallway.

"The only fair way to settle this is for ya to earn the right to use one of these rooms. Now, let's see. Since Butch and Ah are the coaches, it's only fittin' that we should sleep in one of these beds."

"Boo . . . oo . . ."

"Okay. Calm down. Ah have a plan. We'll stage a three-mile race. Of the first six to finish, two will get to sleep in the other bed in this room, and the rest will get to share the beds in 2D."

"A three-mile race?" they asked incredulously.

"Ah believe a three-mile race will get the old legs and lungs in top-notch shape for the game tomorrow. Ah got this idea from stories Ah've heard about Coach Heisman's three-mile warmups."

"Three miles, a warmup?!?"

"That's right. Ah've heard it said that every day Coach Heisman drops his players off at a spot three miles down the road behind the practice field. Then, from there they would run back to the field—as a warmup before practice."

"Are you crazy? I ain't runnin' no three miles."

"Well, then ya won't be one of the first six to finish and get to sleep in a room with . . ." George crossed over to the bathroom and turned on one of the faucets. That was all the incentive they needed.

No one knew if the legend of the Heisman three-mile warmup was true or not. But Fullback believed. He figured that if a team of city slickers could run three miles, then his

tough Tennessee country boys shouldn't have any trouble doing the same. Wanting to keep the race a secret from any prying eyes, Allen rented a horse and wagon to carry his team to the thickly wooded area on the outskirts of Atlanta. When he felt that they were out of the town folks' view, George drove the wagon off the main road down an abandoned dirt path eroded with deep ruts, which hardly seemed fit to run on.

Twenty minutes later, George stopped the wagon at a spot he guessed to be three miles from the main road. Since he didn't have any way of measuring the distance, Allen made his own three-mile marker—five miles down the road.

"Okay, men. Get set . . . go!" George shouted from atop the wagon to the anxious players dressed in old faded pants and undershirts gathered in a tight little group at the starting line. As Allen and McQueen drove away, they left a rising cloud of dust in their wake.

Now, this wasn't going to be an ordinary, everyday three-mile run, or even five-mile run, for that matter. A good many of the men were backwoods country boys from the hills of Tennessee. And they knew good and well that following some long, winding road was not the fastest way to travel in the wilderness. Therefore, quite a few of them decided to make their own route—straight through the woods.

After surging forward with the crowd, Dow pulled his old buddy Earl aside and led him down a narrow path into a thickly wooded area he thought had to be a shortcut. A few others veered off, cutting a path of their own through the woods, leaving slightly less than a dozen or so runners remaining on the road.

Meanwhile, back at the starting line, Ed "Q.B." Edwards stood in the middle of the road behind Pete Gray and Johnny Dog Nelson, holding their shirttails as they appeared to be running in place.

"Pete, did you ever have the feeling that no matter how hard you ran, you still weren't getting anywhere?"

"Yeh. I've got that feeling right now."

Edwards suddenly let go of their shirttails, sending them sprawling face down in the dusty road. Strolling to the nearest tree, Edwards reclined in its shade.

"Q.B., look at the head start those guys have on us. Why'd you hold us back?"

"Because I've got a plan."

"Not again."

"Look, do you two want to finish first with me, or not?"

"Okay," they said reluctantly. "What's the plan?"

Edwards got up and walked to the edge of the road. After scratching his jaw, he pointed into the distance. "See that cloud of dust over there coming down the hill behind you?"

"Yeh."

"Do you see what's making that cloud of dust?"

"It looks like a horse pulling a wagon." Pete squinted, putting a hand to his forehead to shield his eyes from the sun's glare.

"Exactly. And isn't that wagon going a whole lot faster than those guys are running?"

"You mean . . ."

"Right. Y'all step aside when it gets here and I'll try to flag it down."

Minutes later, as the wagon loaded with hay drew near, Edwards stepped out into the middle of the road and tried to wave it to a halt. The driver, an ancient, nearsighted farmer wearing a straw hat and patched overalls, almost drove the horse and wagon over Edwards' body. And he would have if Ed hadn't dived out of its path just in time.

"That wrinkle-eyed old fool never even saw me."

"Hurry, Q.B., get up! Maybe he's so blind he won't notice if we jump on the back of his hay wagon."

The three men sprinted to catch up with the wagon. Q.B. and Johnny Dog grabbed hold of either side of the wagon and hopped aboard. Pete, on the other hand, wasn't quite fast enough. As Edwards and Johnny Dog each grabbed one of Gray's extended hands, his feet got tangled up and all three of them fell into the road. Quickly they jumped up for a second try, which proved equally dramatic but successful.

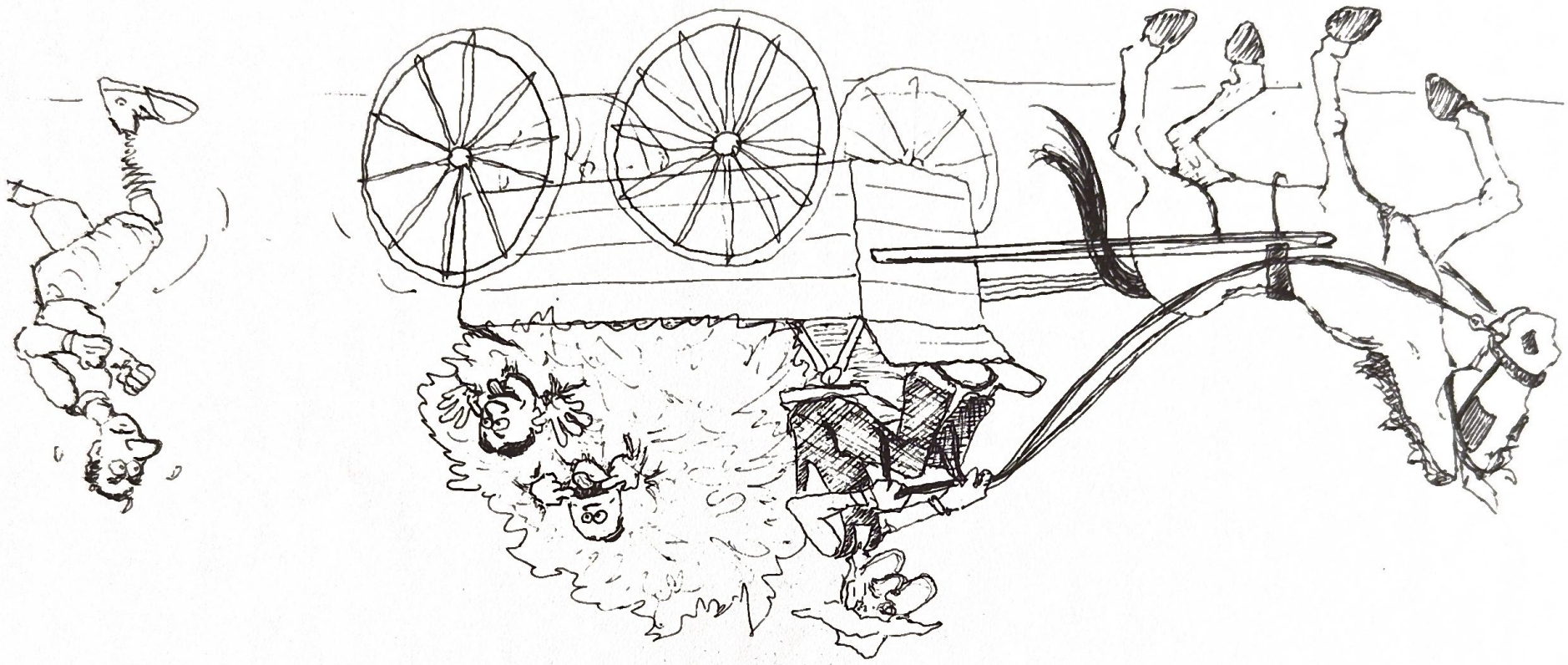
Meanwhile, way back in the woods, Dow and Earl's path had come to an abrupt end.

"Dad burn ya, Dow. Ya brought us all the way out here to the middle of nowhere."

"This path has to be a shortcut."

"But, the durn thang's ended."

"No, look over there. On the other side of that stream. I'll bet it continues."



"How do you reckon we're gonna get across?"

"Look down there," Dow said, pointing to a fallen tree lying across the creek. "We can walk on that."

"Oh brother!"

Twice Earl slipped, but each time he grabbed hold of a limb, hanging on until Dow could pull him up. Eventually, they made it to the other side of the stream.

"I don't know how ya got me into this, but ya'd better get me out of it," Earl shouted from his resting place atop a log, while Dow, thrashing about in the tall grass and weeds, combed the area for the elusive path.

"Earl! Come here quick!" Dow called.

"What is it this time? 'Nother one of yur great shortcuts?"

"No. Come here and look at this."

Unable to see Dow in the thick underbrush, Earl walked toward the sound of his voice when suddenly he came to a railroad track. Twenty feet to his right, Earl spotted Dow standing on top of an old abandoned handcart checking it over.

"This thing may be hard to work, but it's a heck of a lot faster than running," Dow declared.

The two Cumberland linemen pushed the handcart onto the main track, climbed aboard, and started pumping. Since the handcart was badly rusted, it was not only hard to operate, it also made a loud, squeaking noise, which punished their eardrums.

By now, the trio riding in the back of the old farmer's hay wagon were drawing near the remaining runners strung out along the road. But Ed had come up with another plan. And what a plan it was.

As the wagon drew closer, the runners courteously moved aside to let it pass by. But, much to their surprise, when the wagon had drawn several yards past them, three grinning faces popped up from beneath the hay load. They shouted and laughed at the runners who didn't take too kindly their teammates' childish antics. One runner set sail a rock which whistled dangerously close by the trio. It flew past them to strike a tender spot on the horse's rear, sending the horse bucking and running aimlessly. Eventually, the wagon, the nearsighted farmer, and the three hitchhikers ended up in the middle of Castor's Pond.

When the runners passed by, they called out insulting

remarks to the three men struggling to pull the wagon out of the muck.

In the meantime, Earl and Dow's handcart idea had met with an unexpected turn of events. They were nonchalantly pumping their way down the railroad track when a loud whistle echoed in the background.

"Earl. . . is that what I think it is? I'm afraid to look," Dow stammered through chattering teeth.

"This was yur dumb idea. So ya gotta look."

While Earl covered his eyes with both hands, Dow slowly turned his head and glanced behind him. Sure enough, a huge black cloud of smoke appeared on the horizon, through which big, shiny-white metal teeth were just barely visible. Panicking, Dow hurriedly pushed down harder on his end of the pumping arm, giving the blindfolded Earl an uppercut with the other end.

Staggering back, Earl yelled, "What did ya do that fur?"

By the time Earl had recovered a little from the blow, he focused on the rapidly approaching train. Quickly, he grabbed the handle of the handcart and joined in with Dow's fast pumping rhythm. Streams of sweat poured down their faces as faster and faster they pumped, but to no avail. Drawing closer, the train screamed. Its whistle reflected its impatience, blowing loudly, while the frantic engineer leaned out the cab window, yelling for the helpless handcart to clear the tracks. Then, there suddenly appeared a kind of physical violence, or so it seemed, in the way the quivering tracks began to shake the handcart and its passengers.

"I don't think we're gonna make it 'cross this bridge," Earl shouted in a tremulous voice.

"I don't think so either. Well, here goes nothing."

"Hey, wait for me!"

Splash! Splash! The boys landed feet first into the river below. Unable to stop, the train hit the handcart and knocked it flying off the trestle, and into the river, also. The train continued on its way as the engineer leaned out the cab, looking back to see if the boys had landed safely. He was greatly relieved when he spotted their heads popping up from beneath the water.

After several attempts, the dripping wet duo finally scrambled up to the top of the steep and slippery mud-bank.

"Dow, yur dad-burn shortcuts are gonna git us killed yet."

"Shh-hh. I think I heard something."

"Yeah. It's probably jest my ole' heart a beatin' too fast."

"No. It's coming from over there."

Earl and Dow staggered a short way out of the woods and stood in the middle of a road—facing the group of oncoming runners. Their shortcut had paid off. They were out ahead of the pack. Unfortunately, their exhausting experiences had been too much for their weary, worn-out bodies. After they had run about two hundred feet, Earl and Dow collapsed face down from their gallant attempt to stay ahead of the crowd.

"Earl, (gasp) we (gasp) . . . we've got to get up and keep running."

"I thought I was runnin'."

Needless to say, the pooped pair remained stretched out on their stomachs while the other Cumberland runners jogged past them.

After resting several minutes, the heartbroken young men helped each other up.

"Well, Earl, we gave it a good try, ole' buddy."

"Yep. I reckon we did. It's a shame we're not gonna have nice hot tubs to go back to."

"Don't give up yet. I think I see a wagon coming," Dow said, pointing down the road toward an approaching cloud of dust.

"Hey, mister. Could you give us a ride?" Dow shouted to the driver of the wagon when it drew near.

Ed, who was handling the reins, slowly tipped up the brim of the farmer's straw hat he had borrowed, revealing his face.

"If you promise to marry my two ugly daughters in the back," Ed commented as Johnny Dog and Pete's smiling faces shot up from the back of the hay wagon.

"How did y'all git . . .?"

"Hop in back. We'll explain later." Ed handed the reins to the farmer and joined his buddies in the back of the wagon. "Look, we're not too far from the rest of the runners. So, I figure we better start making plans because, once we catch up with 'em, they're gonna climb aboard and throw us out."

"Then, how are we gonna get past 'em?"

"If y'all will listen, I'll tell you. Now, as I was about to say, I've got a plan. The farmer told me this road comes to a

fork about a quarter of a mile before we get to the main road that we came in on. He said we need to go left, but his farm is to the right. So, we'll have to get off there."

"But how's that gonna get us past the others? They're mad as hell at us for the first time we passed 'em."

"I know and that's why this plan is gonna work. We're gonna jump out and hide just before the wagon gets to them. Once they climb aboard, they'll be so busy digging in the hay trying to find us, they won't notice they're going in the wrong direction. Then all we have to do is walk a quarter of a mile down the other road and those wonderful rooms are ours."

The plan couldn't have worked better. While the angry players who had climbed aboard the wagon were puzzling over why they were sitting atop the load of hay in front of farmer Jenkin's chicken coop, Pete, Q.B., Johnny Dog, Earl and Dow were arriving at the main road. Wet, muddy, and covered with hay! Coach Allen was waiting for them.

"Well, Fullback, we made it," they said in unison.

Minutes later Allen's lucky sixth man, the wild Texan, Gentry Dugat, came crashing through the weeds atop an angry bull. "Yee haa! I made it!"

Once the remaining players had straggled in, Allen drove his football team to an open pasture nearby for a practice. There he kept his team out in the field practicing until late in the pitch-black night. Teeth and eyes were the only things visible, but barely. The center's snaps and the quarterback's passes and pitchouts were hitting the men squarely in their noses.

"Hike one. . . hike two . . . hike . . ."

Boink! "Outch. Who hit me in the head with the football?"

"Uh . . . sorry, coach."

"Is that you, Earl Hennessee?"

"Yep, Fullback. Sounded like the signals were comin' from that direction."

"Okay, everybody, crawl around and see if ya'll can find that football."

"Hey, Fullback, I think I found it."

"Let go of my foot."

"Nevermind. . . "

"Dad-gum. We lost another football. Now, where is that confounded manager when ya need him?"

"Standing right here in front of you, coach."

"Well, don't just stand there. Get me another football."

When the team finally arrived back at the hotel, they ate in silence the cold meal that had been waiting for them since 6:30. Before retiring, Fullback gave his players a few uplifting remarks. "Okay, men. We have a big game tomorrow. So, Ah want ya to get a good night's rest. Remember, this is for good ole' Cumberland U' . . ."

"Boo-o-o!"

". . . and $500."

"Yea!"

*****

The next morning it took five buckets of cold water thrown into the faces of the Cumberland men to resurrect the obstinate slumberers. After Coach Allen had finally gathered the team together, he led them into the dining room for a well-prepared breakfast and a poorly-prepared pep talk. The former was easy to digest, but the latter gave heartburn.

Cumberland's team spent the rest of the morning going over the plays and planning various strategies. (All this took place between poker games, of course.)

At two o'clock that afternoon, the boys were sitting around the visitors' dressing room at Grant Field. Fullback climbed up on a bench to give his pre-game instructions.

"Ah'm as excited as y'all are. We've practiced long and hard for this game, so Ah think we deserve to win."

"Yea!" cheered the players.

"Okay, Poague. Where are the uniforms?"

"In that box—over there in the corner."

George jumped down from the bench and walked over to the box.

Taking the knife from his pocket, he cut the binding rope. "Okay, when Ah call yuh name, come get yuh uniform."

As George opened the box, however, a huge cloud of obnoxious odors rose, knocking him back several feet. The mud-spattered uniforms were soggy with mildewed perspiration. Allen coughed. "What's that smell? Is there a skunk in here?" After a closer look, he shouted, "Poague! Why didn't ya get these uniforms washed?"

"Well, you know how I was going to get my girlfriend Sally and some of her friends to wash them?"

"Yeh. So. . ."

"So, during the barnyard dance the other night, she caught me behind the barn with the Cuddler twins and . . ."

"That's not half as bad as it's gonna be when Ah catch ya." George reached out for Poague. "Just wait 'til Ah get my hands on yuh neck."

George and a few of the players chased Poague around the dressing room until they had him trapped in a corner. The threatened Poague, in sheer desperation, managed to crawl between Dow's legs and escape out the back door.

Later, the brave Cumberland warriors performed perhaps their greatest feat of the day by putting on those smelly, dirty uniforms.

"Okay, men, let's use this to our advantage," George said.

"How can these awful uniforms be an advantage?"

"Think of it as a secret weapon."

"Fullback, it would be impossible to keep these stinky uniforms a secret from anyone."

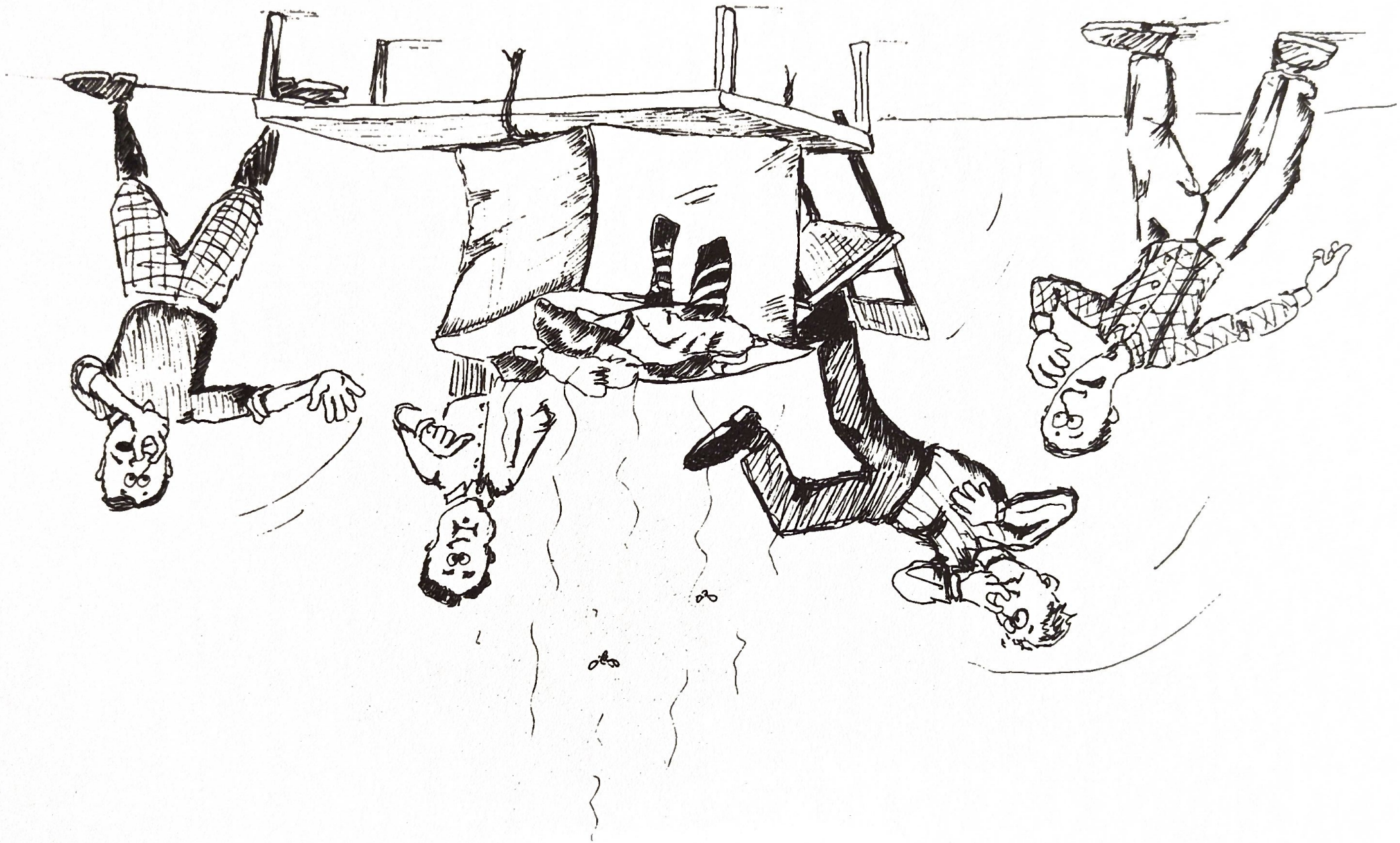
"Let's not worry about the uniforms. We have to get out on the field to do our warmups. After that, Ah want everyone back here in the dressin' room for some last-minute instructions."

"Fullback, once they get a whiff of these uniforms, they'll chase us back to the dressing room," Edwards commented.

"Okay, guys, let's go."

Here was Cumberland in full albeit smelly regalia warming up to one of its most historic moments. Yes, here was the maroon and white charging onto this legendary field as if they had seriously come to play ball (or to have one). Exhilarated by the gorgeous weather, the well-prepared turf, and the crowd in the stands, the gang from Lebanon exhibited pride and enthusiasm as they performed the ritual warmup exercises. Little Cumberland was going through its paces and thinking about glory with every exercise. Emotion sat on their shoulder pads, tugged at their necks. Here was Cumberland enjoying the spotlight, stealing the football show, dreaming of becoming the victors, not the victims.

Suddenly the crowd's subdued murmurs turned into



enormous cheers. Coach Heisman had unleashed his vicious man-eating Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets. Not until this moment did the Cumberland team fully realize exactly what George had gotten them into. In fact, Tech was more awesome than even George had expected.

The Tech players formed a single line as they ran out on the playing field. First, they swarmed in a circle around the Cumberland team, forcing George and the rest of the players to cling closely together in a tight little group, which grew rapidly smaller.

As the Tech players drew their circle tighter and tighter, they growled and snarled at the Cumberland players, who were by now gathered so closely that they looked like little chicks nestled against their mother hen for protection. (No one, however, wanted to be the protective mother hen.) After the terrifying war dance, the Tech team gathered at its end of the playing field to perform crisp, military-style warmups.

The Tech men were giants in comparison to their opponents. Each man on Georgia-Tech's team was taller and heavier than two Cumberland players piggyback. And mean—why, there were still traces of blood on their teeth from the raw meat they had eaten for lunch.

When George saw this, he decided not to have his players return to the dressing room for fear they might not come back out on the field. Gathering his team together on the sideline, a nervous, very frightened George tried to impart a few words of encouragement.

"Okay, men. Be brave. They can only play eleven men at a time. Show the old Cumberland courage and pride. Don't worry. There are substitutes if you get tired. And please remember the $500."

The jokes and the fun and games were over. The only thing on their minds was the thought of survival. It was easy for George Allen to talk of gold and glory because he had the safety of the sideline. But for the rest of the Cumberland players, there wasn't even a security blanket—only a crying towel. There was no place for them to hide on the playing field.

George began calling out the starting lineup.

"Left end—Charles Warwick. . ."

"Oh, my God!"

. . . left tackle—Dow Cope . . ."

"No, please, anything but this."

". . . center—Earl Hennessee . . ."

Aw, heck."

". . . left guard—Gentry Dugat . . ."

"Bu. . .bu. . .but, Fullback!"

". . . right guard—David Harsh, right tackle—Roy Sullivan, right end—H.T. Carney, quarterback—Ed Edwards, right halfback—Pete Gray, left halfback—George Murphy. . ."

"Whew! That was close. I thought you were gonna call my name."

"This is you, Johnny Dog. You're gonna be playin' under the name of George Murphy. And at fullback—Captain Leon McDonald."

Wood, Hamblen, Geiger and the others whose names were not called let out a big sigh of relief. While George went over the game plans once more, the Cumberland men tried to control the butterflies doing flips in their stomachs.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the field, Coach Heisman was giving a pre-game pep talk to his Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets. Calling Jim Senter, Froggie Morrison and a few others aside, Heisman simply remarked, "Remember that baseball game?"

They nodded.

The fuse was lit!

*****

PART TWO

CHAPTER VII

Chapter VII

"WE'RE HEADED FOR LEBANON."

A slight breeze nicked the rugged face of Georgia Tech's captain, Tally Johnston, as he strode boldly to the center of Grant Field. There he impatiently awaited Cumberland's captain, Leon McDonald. It seemed that Leon was having a little difficulty placing one foot in front of the other. So, eventually, with the aid of a tailwind, Coach Allen and Manager Poague each grabbed Leon under one of his arms, lifted then carried him to the undesired destination. Once more Leon was placed back upon the ground, standing a half-yard in front of and facing the taller, heavier, and much broader Captain Johnston.

Leon's head rose endlessly upward to find the top of this huge mass of muscles which completely shielded his view of the opposing sideline. Moments later, the bottom of the chin Leon had been staring at turned downward, revealing a scowling face. A face strong and sturdy looking enough to scare the chest-high Tennessean into a backwards timber toward the turf, his eyes rolling frantically back into his head. By chance Coach Allen was standing in position to halt his earthbound course.

Always the optimist, Allen whispered in Leon's ear as he steadied him vertically. "You must convince him that, although we're small, we're instilled with that old Tennessee toughness."

"But, Fullback. . ."

"It's our only hope . . ."

Allen's last words before departing back to the sideline unleashed a fierce, relentless pride Leon had for his alma mater. Quickly, he pulled himself together, convincing himself

that he was a rugged Tennessean that no one was going to push around and, whether he believed it or not, he was going to try to convince Johnston of it.

While Mr.Ellis, the dark-haired referee, clothed in black baggy trousers, white buttoned-up shirt, and narrow black bow tie, reviewed the rules of the game, the mentally mean man from the mountains of Tennessee raised upon tiptoe to press his sneering face against that of a surprised Captain Johnston. Johnston had already been leaning downward somewhat to catch the measure of his smaller opponent.

Leon completely tuned out the referee's question, "Which do you choose? Heads or tails?" Instead, his thoughts were on trying to bluff his opponent.

"First, we're gonna bash in your *heads. . .*," Leon grumbled through his teeth, but only the last word was audible to the referee.

The referee announced: "Cumberland calls heads!"

Still standing on tiptoes with fists clenched by his sides, Leon put his chest forward exaggeratedly. He pressed his nose determinedly against that of the forward-leaning Captain Johnston. Leon continued growling and mumbled further, "Then, we're gonna kick your *tails . . .*"

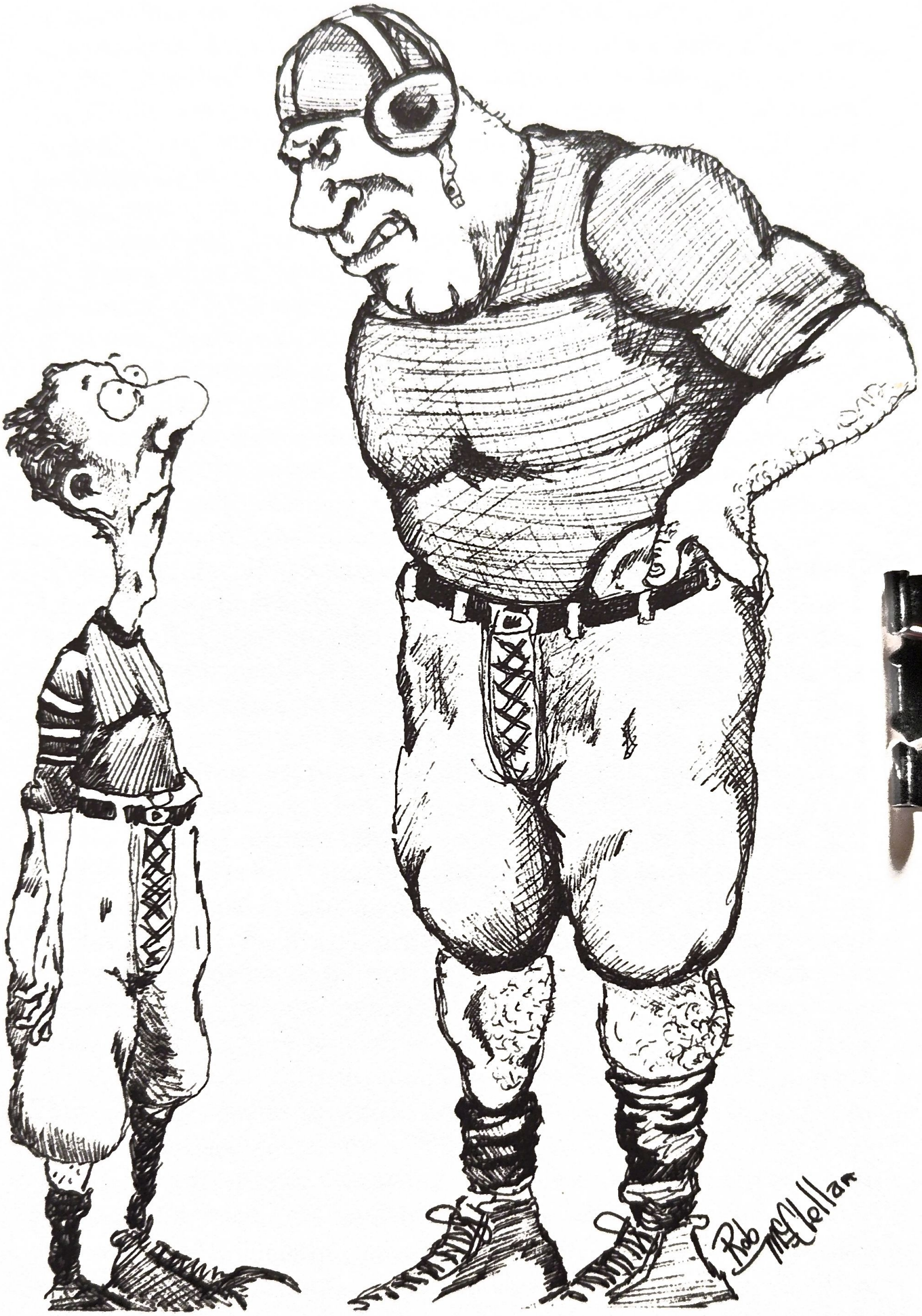
Catching only the last word again, the referee called out, "Cumberland decides to choose tails instead."

"By the time y'all recover, we'll be so far *ahead. . .*"

Once more, the bewildered referee called out, "Cumberland chooses heads again." Then he hurriedly flipped the coin before any further changes in the call could be made.

"Tails!" shouted the referee after the coin had been caught, then flipped over on the back of his left hand. Having the option, the Georgia Tech captain chose to kick off, while Cumberland chose to defend the south goal. (Unknown to Leon was the reason George Allen had told him to pick the south goal to defend. Allen felt that if his team was defending the north goal, they might just turn around and make a break for it—heading back toward the Tennessee hills. But, with his team starting in the south and heading north, Allen thought the men might have a good incentive to go forward toward Lebanon.)

The captains shook hands just before departing to their respective sidelines. Leon, determined to show his strength, grasped Captain Johnston's huge hand and squeezed as hard as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he could. Amused by Leon's attempted bravery, the grinning Captain Johnston proceeded to tighten his own grip, squeezing so hard that the temporarily courageous Cumberland spokesman was brought to his knees. Tears streamed from Leon's eyes as he finally pulled his nearly broken hand from Johnston's grasp.

While the smiling Tech captain peered down at Leon through an opening in his hands, which he held out horizontally, one on top of the other, Leon curiously asked him, "What are you doing?"

"Measuring you for a sandwich."

That remark sent Leon running back to the sideline screaming, "Fullback, you've gotta stop this game!"

Allen meanwhile had taken up the habit of pacing the sideline, chewing his nails and watching the minutes tick off on his shiny silver pocket watch. He was feeling quite helpless, knowing there was nothing he could do to stop or to delay the game. Once, he even tried turning back the hands on his watch, but soon realized the futility of this and advanced the hands to show the correct time.

Finally, deciding that something had to be done, and fast, Allen strode hurriedly across the field to talk with Coach Heisman. But the legendary Georgia Tech coach turned a deaf ear to his opponent's plea to shorten or postpone the game. He did, however, agree to waive the substitution rule—stating that, when a player enters a game and then returns to the bench, he's not allowed to return to the game that quarter—because Cumberland had so few players.

Both teams began taking their positions on the field. The Tech Yellow Jackets sparkled in their gold longsleeve jerseys, dark-yellow knee-length pants and knee socks. They lined up for the kickoff in a well-organized fashion. Their Cumberland counterparts, dressed in the Castle Height's maroon longsleeve jerseys and grimy white knee-length pants, lined up haphazardly in such a way as to position themselves away from the direct paths of the much larger Yellow Jacket players. Thin leather helmets and flimsy padding made the visitors from Tennessee look even smaller in comparison.

At Grant Field, awaiting the kickoff on this beautiful autumn afternoon, sat approximately a thousand spectators. It was a crowd consisting mostly of older men attired in dark woolen three-piece suits and college boys wearing dark or

light-colored trousers and pullover sweaters. A few ladies scattered among the crowd were wearing long woolen dresses, using lace-trimmed parasols to shield their fair complexions. Occupying the far north corner of the stands sat the high-spirited Georgia Tech Band, its trumpets blaring while its tubas belched. Below the music pranced the home team's cheerleaders, their gold and white uniforms dazzling in the sun. Their megaphones made intimidatingly loud cheers—whooping and spiriting the Tech partisans—as if they already knew what was to befall the men of Lebanon.

Allen continued pacing nervously up and down the Cumberland sideline, shouting encouragement to his players, hoping they would at least stay out on the field. Coach Heisman, on the other hand, stood smiling confidently, for he was out to show Cumberland and the sportswriters a thing or two.

With heartbeats sounding loudly in their ears, causing a fluttery feeling in their chests, the Cumberland players knew that the game was about to begin and there was no way out of it. Suddenly a hush fell over the crowd as the men stood poised, awaiting the signal for the kickoff. It was now 3 p.m.

Twee . . . ee . . . et!! The official's whistle blew, sending the anxious onlookers rising to their feet. All eyes gazed downward upon the vertically placed football. Finally, after taking several deep breaths, Preas, Tech's big, strong kicker, shrugged his shoulders and rushed forward to begin his task. He sped toward the ball without breaking stride. His approach was smooth; his kick, superb. Preas continued to sprint down the field toward the intended kickoff receiver. Following him charged a trampling horde of Greek gods, stomping the ground forcefully enough to shake the earth beneath them.

On the other end of the game board stood a frail and fragile Carney, teeth chattering, knees knocking. Sooner than expected, the kickoff reached him. He grabbed it out of the air around the 25-yard line.

After positioning the ball under his left arm, Carney took a step upfield. Just at that moment, however, he noticed a swarm of Yellow Jacket defenders descending on him from the right. Pointing in that direction, Carney yelled to Ed Edwards, "Get 'em!" Edwards responded with a nice, rolling, bowling-ball type block, which brought three Tech defenders down on top of him.

Carney then spotted two hard-pursuing Tech defenders to his left, so he shouted to the other halfback, "Take care of 'em, Johnny Dog." After seeing the nice results of Edwards' block, Johnny Dog decided he wasn't going to be outdone. Quickly, he closed his eyes, dived forward toward the oncoming Yellow Jacket defenders, and began rolling. The amused Tech players merely stepped over him to continue their pursuit of Carney. An angry Johnny Dog, still determined to block someone, got up and tripped the next bypasser with an outstretched foot.

Instead of following his blockers, Carney stood there, gesturing wildly and calling out more blocking instructions. Consequently, those Tech players who had been blocked and were now back on their feet, along with the ones Johnny Dog had missed, and the men charging from the middle of the playing field smothered Carney at almost exactly the same spot where he had received the kickoff.

Unable to watch, George Allen had shielded his eyes behind his hands. Now, he slowly opened his fingers to peek out, watching his players getting up, one by one, from their horizontal positions on the ground where the Tech players had dropped them.

"Come on, Yellow Jackets!" came shouts from the Tech fans.

The worried Cumberland coach started counting his players. Only ten were standing. Then he spotted his eleventh man, Ed "Q.B." Edwards, the quarterback, stretched out flat on the turf. He had been knocked out cold. "What a way to start the game!" groaned Allen.

After Edwards had been carried from the field, Morris Gouger came off the bench to take over for him. Morris was a hyperactive, very energetic little guy who honestly believed Cumberland had a chance of pulling off an upset. He was probably the only one who felt this way and was undoubtedly the only one eager to go out on the field.

"What play are we gonna run, Fullback? What play are we gonna run?" Morris asked excitedly as he headed toward Coach Allen standing on the Cumberland sideline.

"Calm down, Morris. Gimme time to think."

After a few seconds, the substitute quarterback asked, "Well?"

"Maybe we should try 'radish over lima bean.' "

Morris dashed out on the field to relay the instructions to his teammates.

Soon the Cumbies took their predetermined positions on the line of scrimmage. The linemen squatted down in a three-point stance, while the fullback and the halfbacks did the same four to five yards behind the line. Their new quarterback stood several yards behind the center in a slightly bent-forward position with his hands resting firmly on his knees as he hollered the snap-count cadence. When Morris finally yelled "Hike!" the center, Earl Hennessee, snapped the ball directly to him. After tucking the ball and lowering his head, Morris charged upfield behind the blocking of Dow Cope for a good three-yard gain. It wasn't long before the entire Cumberland team rushed over to the brave little guy, virtually smothering him in their enthusiasm.

"We're headed for Lebanon!" Morris shouted, holding the ball high in the air. Allen's idea of having his team go from the south end of the field headed north proved to be a great plan. Following that three-yard gain, George Allen became extremely excited—maybe even visions of an upset flashing through his mind.

"Come on, you flaming jackasses!" shouted the outraged Heisman because his defense had disappointed him.

The Georgia Tech defensive right tackle was tapped on the shoulder by his teammate, Buz Shavers. "Hey! You could've tackled that guy. Why didn't you?"

"Did you get a whiff of the awful odors coming from their uniforms? Phew-wee! I just couldn't wrap my arms around that."

Buz pointed toward Coach Heisman yelling and stomping his foot on the sideline. "Would you rather the wrath of Ole Heis?"

"I guess I could get used to the smell."

Wanting to keep the momentum going, the Bulldog signal caller shouted to his coach, "Pick another good one."

"Cucumber over potato," Fullback called out confidently, as if a salad item over a starch was the remedy for a clumsy Cumberland bunch. What Cumberland really needed was steak over potatoes, fresh bodies to throw against those potato-fed behemoths from Atlanta. The rest of the Cumberland troops, happy with a few yards of success and eager to perform the

next play, gathered around their quarterback to encourage him.

Once again taking their positions on the line of scrimmage, the Cumberland Bulldogs waited impatiently as Morris called the signals. Meanwhile, Leon, the beloved Cumberland captain, happened to glance up from his position in the backfield and see Johnston, the Georgia Tech captain, staring at him again through that treacherous opening in his hands yelling "Sandwich." Leon was so unnerved by this that he became deaf to the signals being called. In fact, it wasn't until Morris placed the ball in his hands that Leon faced the reality of the situation (reality came in the form of the Georgia Tech front-five defensive linemen). Loud grunts issued forth from the players underneath the pile with the addition of each man who jumped on top because of the added weight pushing ever downward.

"What the heck happened to Leon? I had the dad-burned hole opened fur him but he never came through," Earl grumbled.

"I think he's somewhere under that huge pile," Gentry said, pointing to the mountain of men.

Slowly the Tech defensive players got to their feet, leaving a mangled McDonald embedded in the earth. Leon then sat up. His face revealed a dazed expression; it was covered with muddy-colored beads of sweat created by a mixture of his perspiration and the dust from the playing field.

"Are you okay, Leon?"

"Sure. Let's hurry or we'll be late for class," Leon mumbled as he jumped up and staggered toward the sideline.

Johnny Dog and Morris each grabbed an arm. "Come on, Leon. Snap out of it. We're at Grant Field in Atlanta, playing Georgia Tech in a football game."

The badly shaken Leon shook his head to clear it, then focused his glazed eyes on the Tech team.

"You mean, we're playing those giants?"

"Afraid so."

"Well, I'll see you guys later," Leon said as once again he turned and started off the field.

"Heck no! You're gonna stay out here with the rest of us."

Just then, Cumberland's manager, Poague, elected to his position because of an injured leg, shuffled out on the field with some Allen strategy. "Fullback says to go ahead and punt

the ball on third down so we can keep it as far away as possible from our end of the playing field."

Johnny Dog's baffled face turned toward Leon, "You know something. We never did practice our punting."

"Nothing to it," Leon stated confidently. "Just center it back deep to me, Earl."

"I hope you know what you're doing."

Leon took his position to await the center snap, standing ten yards back. However, the more he glanced around, eyeing the huge Tech lineman eager to rush in, the more he unconsciously moved backwards. In fact, he gradually inched back another seven yards. When Earl finally snapped the ball, it fell short and rolled several feet before reaching the punter. Leon hurriedly scooped up the ball and got off a low wobbling punt. which bounced up the field to Preas, the Tech punt returner. He picked it up around Cumberland's 48-yard line. After making a cut to the left, Preas raced down the field, leaving behind many would-be tacklers stretched out on the ground holding pieces of his torn jersey. Finally, around the Cumberland 20-yard line, Morris brought him down with a body-block to the runner's knees.

"Come on, men. We lost eight yards on the exchange," a disappointed Allen shouted to his players who were scattered face down in various places on the gridiron.

The spectators rose to their feet, roaring for a Georgia Tech touchdown. Things certainly seemed to be going in favor of the home team. Those banged-up Bulldogs who were able to get on their feet helped up their teammates who weren't quite so fortunate. Eventually, they positioned themselves on the line in preparation to stop Tech's first play from scrimmage.

"We've gotta get the ball back, men. All we have to do is hold 'em for four plays," Allen hollered from the sideline.

Back calling the signals for Tech was their quarterback, Froggie Morrison. Froggie was also the catcher on the baseball team, which had taken that awful licking from Cumberland. He and several other players on the team were determined to avenge that loss any way they could—before, during and after every play.

". . . Hut . . . hut, " shouted the Tech quarterback. Froggie took the snap from Phillips, then handed it off to Tech's All-American Strupper, who rounded right end to score Tech's first

touchdown. During the last five yards of the run, a determined Cumberland player held onto the back of Strupper's shirt tail as the bullish-type runner drug him across the goal line.

"Yea, Yellow Jackets!" screamed the fans when Preas kicked the extra point, giving Tech a 7-0 lead.

"We're seven points down, but we're gonna be $500 richer. So, hang on, men," a persistent Allen yelled.

With their heads down, the Bulldogs strolled to their positions to await Spence's kickoff. As if muscle soreness from the five-mile hike, weariness from lack of sleep, and fatigue from improper training were not enough to persuade the men from Lebanon to abandon ship, then the bruising Heisman herd stampeding toward them should have been. The kickoff was caught by the over-eager, anxiously waiting Gouger, who bobbled the ball a bit but was able to make the catch. Lowering his head, as was his style, Morris plowed his way up the field to the Cumberland 10-yard line before several Tech defenders brought him down.

"I think it's time we scored," Morris said, returning to his teammates. "Let's go with 'turnip around carrot'."

Once more they lined up for the play. Taking the snap, the quarterback pitched the ball to Johnny Dog, who swept around right end according to plan. As the frightened Johnny Dog squirmed and sidestepped his way upfield, he managed to out-maneuver some of his Tech pursuers in the backfield. With this successful maneuvering, his overconfidence sent him charging head-on into the huge defensive tackle, W. G. Carpenter. The ball was advanced several yards past the line of scrimmage—without the ballcarrier. He lay flat on his back, staring skyward.

Tech's Guill scooped up the loose football on a dead run. This caused him to carry it a little off balance due to an awkward forward lean. Eventually, a Cumberland player, in a diving attempt to tackle the ballcarrier, bumped Guill in the rear, helping the runner rebalance himself erectly so he could run it in for a touchdown. With Preas' extra point added, Tech now lead 14-0. The excited Tech fans shouted "Hurrahs!" while Tech's band struck up a round of the "Ramblin' 'Reck" song.

On the opposite side of the field, Allen shouted encouragement to his troops, but got back only a few openly hostile stares. "You can do it, men. Remember the $500." The

latter was his only hope to keep them going.

"Puffst!" echoed across the field as Preas' foot sank into the ball, sending it skyward. Without looking up, the Tech kick-off team charged down the field. Cumberland's return-team, staring upwards to watch the floating ball, was plowed under by swarming Yellow Jackets en route to tackle Morris near the Cumberland 10-yard line. Morris weaved in and out and finally hit the middle of the field for a remarkable twenty-yard return to the Cumberland 30-yard line.

This was just the spark Cumberland needed to give it new hope and make the Bulldogs forget their badly bruised bodies and spirits.

"We're headed for Lebanon!" they shouted.

Awaiting instructions, Morris stood near the Cumberland bench, while Coach Allen paced the sideline trying to think up some new strategy. Allen's seesaw emotions were on the upswing and his creative mind began to function.

"Morris, let's try a 'radish around cucumber,' then give it to turnip with a 'cucumber comeback over squash.' "

Morris' look of excitement changed to one of confusion. In fact, he became too baffled even to ask Allen to repeat his instructions, for he was being pushed toward the playing field.

"What's the next play gonna be?" a few of the Cumberland players asked when Morris made it back on the field.

"I, uh, I'm not really sure. I think Fullback said 'radish to carrot' over 'turnip' with a 'cucumber comeback to squash.' "

"What!"

"Don't ask what it means. Just try to figure it out while I call the signals."

Earl stared hard into the eyes of the Tech middle linebacker. The Cumberland center was bent over, feet spread wide, tail high, head up, and hands resting on the ball. Unconsciously chewing his tongue, he impatiently awaited the call so he could snap the ball to Morris. Once the command "Hike!" came, Earl quickly surged forward simultaneously with the ball being spiralled to the quarterback.

This time, Morris turned and pitched the ball to Johnny Dog, who ran left straight into the other Cumbie halfback, Pete Gray, who was running right. Impact from the collision squirted the ball high into the air. It fell into the hands of Tech's George West, who was tackled immediately.

Tech's fans were jubilant. Their cheers and the rumbling of their band rang out in ear-splitting crescendo. The "Ramblin' 'Reck" song said the band as well as the fans were hungry for more points. Tech's band members gave out with their hoopla as if each were doing a solo. They were definitely enjoying themselves, blowing their notes in rhythm with the jump-shift timing of Tech's formations on the field.

When West raised himself off the ball, it rested only 20 yards from Cumberland's goal. That fumble was only one means Tech had of claiming ownership of the ball. It seemed as if it was always finding its way—whether kicked, passed, or fumbled—to the Cumbie's 20-yard line or closer. It was beginning to look as though the game were being played on only half a field—Cumberland's half. It further appeared as if Tech were always attacking and the Cumbies resisting, or making a vain attempt at resistance.

On first down, Tech's All-American Strupper took the pitchout and went fifteen yards around right end to the Cumberland 5-yard line before he was tripped up by the extended foot of Johnny Dog Nelson.

On the next play, the middle of the Georgia Tech line sprang forward like huge powerful springs being uncoiled as they attacked their Tennessee visitors. After the dust had settled, Preas could be seen lying across the goal line, clutching the ball which lay just beyond the line of the goal. Touchdown, Georgia Tech! Preas' conversion attempt was good and Tech now led 21-0.

One of the Cumberland players staggered over to the sideline, begging to be replaced.

"All right," Allen said, "Ah'll replace ya. But ya look okay to me."

In went a new player, but not before George Allen had whispered in his ear, "Remember the $500."

From his standing position eight yards behind the ball, Preas began his approach to the kickoff. All along the 40-yard line stood ten anxious Tech players ready to race down the field. Once Preas reached his desired kicking spot, he cocked his right leg back, then sent it whipping forward. His toes indented themselves into the soft leather ball as his mouth shot out a loud grunt. Contact with the ball echoed a loud slapping noise just before it rose into the air, travelling fifty yards

downfield to Leon McDonald. He returned it to Cumberland's 20-yard line.

"Come on, fellas, we can beat those guys. We'll try 'radish over cabbage,' " Morris cried excitedly.

The others snickered at his enthusiasm while dragging their badly bruised and beat-up bodies to the line of scrimmage. Unable to bend down into a good three-point stance, the Cumberland linemen leaned over in a half-standing position.

"Hike!" yelled Morris.

Tech's defense had no trouble shoving back the Cumberland blockers to capture their quarterback for a five-yard loss. To make matters even worse, yardage wasn't the only thing lost, for another Cumberland player had "bitten the dust." The silver-tongued Allen really had to do some fast-talking to convince the two fellows who carried the injured player off the field to return to the game.

Allen scanned the Cumberland bench, seeking a replacement for the injured player. Everyone grabbed a shoulder or a leg and started moaning about his real or imagined injuries.

"Patey, you look like the least severely injured. So, Ah guess Ah'll have to send you in."

"But, how can I go in with this shoulder I hurt during practice?"

"You told me earlier it was your leg."

"Oh, what the heck. You win. I'll go in."

"Let's try to catch them offguard with a pass." Then, George leaned over and whispered in Patey's ear, "Tell Morris to use the 'cucumber to squash' pass."

Cumberland's players on the field agreed with Allen's strategy of passing. It had to be safer than running. This time, Hennessee centered the ball to Leon McDonald, who shut his eyes and threw the ball hard as he could downfield. The football flew well over Charlie Warwick's head and out of bounds. However, the unsuccessful passing attempt by Cumberland had caught Tech unprepared, for Warwick had been unguarded near midfield.

"You flaming jackasses! How did that man get into the open?" the outraged Heisman yelled.

Meanwhile, the Cumberland players gathered in a group to

decide on the next play. "Charlie was open that time, so, let's try 'cucumber to squash' again," Morris told them.

Leon's next pass came closer, landing within the playing field, but it, too, was incomplete. Since this last pass had nearly been intercepted, the Cumberland coach decided not to take such chances with the ball deep in their own territory. Returning from the sideline after a chat with coaches Allen and McQueen, Morris trotted up to McDonald, "Well, Leon, I hope you can punt better than you can pass."

"I just didn't get a chance to warm up the old arm."

"Let's hope the old leg is warmed up then."

Earl snapped the ball a little higher this time, but Leon was able to leap high enough to make the catch. Once his feet hit back upon the ground, he hurriedly dropped the ball downward in front of him, then swung his leg at it. The ball struck the punter's shin, instead of his foot, and only went to the Cumberland 35-yard line before it rolled out of bounds.

"Go, Yellow Jackets! We want a score!" yelled the greedy crowd in the stands. They were ravenous for more points on the scoreboard.

Morris gathered the Cumberland team together near the 35-yard line for a little regrouping. "We've gotta hold 'em this time," he pleaded with his teammates. "We've gotta get that ball back so we can score."

A few of his teammates chuckled at that remark. Needless to say, Morris' enthusiasm was not shared by everybody.

The command of "Hut!" by Froggie Morrison on first down was followed by a huge cloud of dust arising from the scrimmage line as the Tech linemen charged forward, thrashing and tearing a path through the forest of Cumberland defenders. Sounds of leather popping echoed loudly through the stadium, accompanied by grunts and groans because of the men's tortured anatomies. The Tech ballcarrier, still on his feet, quickly cut to the left and went all the way to the 20-yard line before being brought down by a piggyback-riding Bulldog.

"Come on, men. You can stop 'em," yelled a frantic Allen.

Allen's pleas were of little use, for on the next play, Strupper went wide around left end, stiff-arming and jumping over would-be tacklers all the way past the goal line. Once again, Preas converted the extra point. Tech now led 28-0.

Cumberland called a timeout, and in went Haysler Poague

carrying water to the boys from Tennessee. He dipped a sponge into the bucket of water and handed it to each player to squeeze moisture into his mouth for refreshment.

Moments later, Poague ran off the field with his water bucket, only to be sent right back out again as a substitute.

During the time out, while both teams refreshed themselves, great strategy was taking place on the Cumberland sideline. A plan to prevent Georgia Tech from always starting their plays on the Cumberland end of the field had been decided upon. It was simple. Henceforth, after all Georgia Tech touchdowns, Cumberland would kick off to Georgia Tech. Allen sent in the plans with Morris Gouger.

"Leon, I hope you can kick off better than you can punt and pass the ball."

"Kick off? But *they* just scored."

"That's what our coach said to do."

Standing on the sideline, George Allen grinned widely because of his latest strategy.

As hoped, Leon got off a nice forty-yard kick that went deep into Georgia Tech territory. Shavers received the ball and, leaving a trail of fallen Cumberland players, returned it seventy yards to the Cumberland 10-yard line before being kicked hard in the shins by Cumberland's ringer, Johnny Dog Nelson.

"You durn little dog. I'll get ya for that," Shavers cried as he hopped back to his teammates, slumped forward, rubbing his injured leg.

While returning to the Cumberland half of the field—where they seemed destined to remain—the dismal chapel choir crew unfortunately had to pass the obnoxiously over-optimistic Allen shouting for an increase in their efforts and patience. He was answered appropriately with a chorus of hostile glares. Undoubtedly, the fragile Cumberland spirit had snapped during the previous play.

Georgia Tech was now first and goal to go near Cumberland's 10-yard line.

On the first play, the big bruising fullback, Strupper, frolicked his way upfield for an easy nine-yard pickup. Although not a man had touched him, or even tried to, he stopped and downed the ball on Cumberland's 1-yard line.

The crowd laughed, thinking Strupper was only toying with the Cumberland team, but he had a reason for doing this.

Canty Alexander, a senior tackle who had played on the team for four years, had never scored a touchdown. Upset over this fact, Canty wanted desperately to score at least one touchdown, since this was his final year. So, Strupper took the ball and, instead of scoring, placed it on the 1-yard line to let Canty try to score his first touchdown.

On the previous Saturday, during the Mercer game, Strupper had done the same. En route to a forty-yard scoring romp, Strupper surprised the spectators by stopping on the 1-yard line and casually placing the ball on the ground as he knelt down. They were then ready to set their plan into action. Canty Alexander was sent into the backfield. The ball was snapped directly to him, but the Mercer players came through like a pack of hungry wolves and just about devoured him. Unknown to Canty, the Tech linemen had merely moved aside, letting the defense through. This went on for several hilarious downs; then, on the last down, they let someone else score the touchdown. By that time, Alexander was really upset with his teammates.

Before the Cumberland game, they decided to use the same plan again.

The ball now rested on Cumberland's 1-yard line, and it was once again time for Canty Alexander's attempt to score his first touchdown. Canty was shifted to halfback and the ball was snapped straight to him. Suddenly, all his Tech teammates dropped to the ground, leaving Canty to the mercy of the Bulldogs. Much to Tech's surprise, however, most of the Cumberland linemen had voluntarily joined them on the ground. Canty's only concern this time was recovering the centered ball, which had jammed his right thumb causing him to fumble it. He dashed frantically for the rolling ball, but each time he tried to pick it up, his foot accidentally kicked it—just out of his reach. This happened several times until the ball crossed over the goal line, leaving Canty to jump on it and score his first touchdown.

Preas' kick was good for the extra point, as Tech controlled the game 35-0.

While Canty's face sported a big smile, his teammates cheered him.

On the opposite side of the field, Allen decided to stick with the strategy of kicking off. "This time, Leon, tell 'em whoever makes the tackle gets to stay in one of the rooms with hot runnin' water tonight."

Leon, trying to appear professional, arrogantly licked his right index finger and stuck it into the air so he could determine exactly which way the wind was blowing. Though the information would be of little significance to him, he hoped it might impress those around him. Next, Leon bent down on one knee near the spot where he would place the ball for the kickoff. Closing one eye, he stared forward and upward through his cupped right hand, pretending to search for the correct angle of flight. After a while, he began positioning the ball, trying to align it at just the right angle. With the impatient spectators looking on, Leon held his head high while proudly marking off steps for his approach to the ball. Finally, Leon's face broke out in a big grin just before he started charging toward the ball, yelling, "Hot water!"

The rest of the Cumberland players began yelling it, too, while running up the field.

Soon after receiving the ball, Tech's Carpenter felt a slight sting on his left leg. Looking down, he noticed a Cumberland player wrapped securely around it. Immediately afterwards, someone grabbed his right leg, shortly followed by two more Cumberland players climbing upon his back. Eventually, another pair was added. Carpenter couldn't help laughing because he now carried half the Cumberland team with him. The added weight of the last player quickly became too much, and he was finally brought down. Once again, the Cumberland team felt a spark of hope.

"Now, you're playin' ball, men! Keep it up," Coach Allen shouted.

One of the sidelined Georgia Tech players happened to remember the steak bet their assistant coach, Bill Alexander, had made before the game. Coach Alexander had requested that the team be divided into two complete squads, each squad alternating by quarters. He promised steak dinners to the squad scoring the most points. The only catch was that the entire team had to score at least two hundred points. (Only Preas would be allowed to stay in the game so he could be given the opportunity to break the most-extra-points-scored-in-a-game record.)

A few of the Tech players standing along the sideline started yelling "Steak! Steak! Steak!" Though reaching two hundred points seemed ridiculous at the time, soon the rest of the sidelined players began yelling "Steak! Steak! Steak!" to motivate the team on the field.

While Tech's quarterback Morrison called the signals, Strupper stood in the backfield licking his lips and mumbling, "I can taste that steak already."

Froggie Morrison took the snap and pitched the ball to Strupper, who was headed around right end. With the strains of "Steak! Steak! Steak!" echoing in his head, he turned the corner and travelled sixty yards for another Georgia Tech touchdown.

In the endzone, Strupper placed the ball on the ground; and, kneeling beside it, he pantomimed cutting it with a knife and fork. Next, he brought the ball toward his mouth, as if taking a bite. The "Steak! Steak! Steak!" chant on the Tech sideline rose above the "Go, Yellow Jackets" cheers of the crowd in the stands.

Preas' accurate toe put Tech out ahead 42-0.

In hobbled manager Poague, carrying his water bucket and sponge. He was now the envy of his Cumberland teammates since he could no longer play because of his injured leg. His message from Fullback was simple: "Kick off again and stop 'em."

"What a sense of humor he has," a player griped.

Sticking with Allen's strategy, Captain McDonald kicked off for Cumberland. Tech's Carpenter was standing back on his own 25-yard line when he noticed the ball falling just short of the 35. Quickly, he rushed forward to catch it, staring skyward, unable to see the Cumberland player he had just stumbled over.

"Hey, watch where you're going," Johnny Dog growled at the stocky, hairy-legged kickoff returnee who had just tripped over his lounging body. "I wasn't bothering anyone down here."

While a surprised Carpenter trotted back to join his Tech teammates, a bruised-hipped Johnny Dog was helped to his feet by Dow Cope and a few others. "Good tackle, J. D.," Dow said.

"What? Why—why it was nothing. All in a day's work."

The Yellow Jackets from Georgia Tech wasted little time in moving the football. For on the next play, Shavers rounded right end to pick up 25 yards before being bumped out of bounds by a Cumberland player who was in turn shoved by a teammate.

"Why in the heck did you push me into that guy?" A ground-embedded Johnny Dog asked, looking up at Dow.

"Thought I'd help you out, J.D."

"Well, next time, do me a favor and help somebody else

instead."

On the next play, Tech's Puckett drilled his way over the center line for a five-yard gain. Shortly following the play, Coach Allen went out on the field to help up one of his fallen Cumberland players. He used this opportunity to offer some words of encouragement to his troops.

"We can do it, men. Don't let up. Remember the $500."

As Allen headed back to the sideline, one of the players yelled, "Fullback, when are you gonna come into the game?"

"Soon. Real soon," he replied.

Battle-weary Bulldogs positioned themselves along the line of scrimmage, kneeling with their heads back and gasping for air. Their dry throats were quenched only with dust. To add to their misery, the awful odors rising from their uniforms had turned their stomachs queasy, causing many to turn noticeably pale.

Back on the Cumberland sideline, Allen slumped forward on the edge of the team bench, with his elbows dug into his knees, his head buried in his hands. Out of the corner of his eye, the worried Allen studied his little group of battered and immobilized law student buddies seated on the bench. They were being fed the "It's for the good of the school" routine by their appointed coach, Butch McQueen.

Out on the field facing Allen stood eleven bruised and bleeding combatants, having to lean against one another just to remain standing. Their lifeless expressions revealed a weariness, a sort of "Let's get it over with." Enthusiasm was definitely lacking and Allen felt it was his responsiblity to restore it—but how? His players were hurting and their opponents weren't letting up.

"The administration will never allow us to continue the football program once they hear about this," Allen thought out loud.

Upon hearing a roar from the crowd, the saddened Cumberland coach glanced up and caught the tail end of a Georgia Tech 35-yard touchdown run. Again his players were strung out all over the playing field. Allen tearfully watched the Bulldogs helping one another struggle to their feet. The Cumberland crew pooled all their energy so they could return to the line of scrimmage in time to watch Preas kick the ball over their heads and through the uprights for the extra point.

Though the cheers from the Tech fans had died down somewhat, they were quickly replaced with laughter. Tech's players on the sideline continued joyously jumping up and down shouting "Steak! Steak! Steak!" It seemed that everyone was enjoying the game at Cumberland's expense.

"What do we do now, Fullback?" a desperate Morris asked upon reaching the Cumberland sideline.

"Let's try receivin' the kickoff this time. Maybe our luck will change."

So the Cumberland quarterback dashed back out on the field and relayed Fullback's decision to the referees. Meanwhile, Preas had left the game for repairs to his kicking shoe. As Tech's other kicker, Spence, backed up to kick off, he heard a few scattered "Go, Cumberland Bulldogs!" coming from the crowd in the stands. "Probably just some show-offs," he thought.

Spence's kick went high, going end-over-end, falling into the unappreciative arms of Leon McDonald. Captain McDonald closed his eyes and tightened his muscles in anticipation of the collision that shortly followed. After this tragedy, Dow and Gentry helped Leon to his feet.

"Good run. You only lost a yard on the return," Gentry joked.

In thoughtful search of an idea, the clever Allen's face lit up as he snapped his fingers. He shouted for Leon to come to the sideline. The cheerful captain hurried off the field and sat on the bench. "Thanks, Fullback, I needed the rest."

"What are you doin', Leon? Ah called ya over here to tell ya to try passin' the ball."

"Sure thing, Fullback. Next play."

Allen marched over to the bench, grabbed the front of Leon's jersey, and jerked him back onto the field. "No. This play."

Allen was so angry, he was trembling. He began pacing the sideline, unconsciously biting the edge of a towel wrapped around his neck. This nervous habit muffled his shouting voice, so his words were hard to hear and impossible to understand—the perfect situation for his players who weren't listening anyway.

"These two passin' plays have gotta work," Allen said to himself as he crossed his fingers behind his back.

However, the jinx was still upon Cumberland, for the first passing attempt never got under way because of a heavy rush, and the second landed nowhere within sight of a Cumberland player.

"Come on, Leon. I was open to the left. Can't you aim any better than that?" Warwick shouted.

"Aim nothing. If I took the time to do that, I'd get killed."

Once more, Poague limped in, interrupting their discussion. "Fullback says to punt the ball deep and out of bounds so they won't be able to return it." He then whirled around and hobbled back off the field.

"Do you think you can do that, Leon?"

"Just wait and see. This ball's going fifty yards and nick the sideline."

McDonald received the deep snap from Earl and punted a short, shaky line drive straight down the middle of the field. It appeared at times that the ball might roll out of bounds and head for a sideline. But a cruel, inevitable fate would cause a bad bounce, directing it instead toward the awesome punt-returner, Strupper. This time, he tucked the ball away and raced toward the goal line.

Johnny Dog, who had been knocked down by the Tech linemen rushing the punt, was slowly getting up when he noticed a mob of gold jerseys and maroon jerseys racing back toward him. Trying to avoid the crowd, the quick-thinking ringer dashed to the nearest sideline, unknowingly placing himself in position as the only Cumberland player between Strupper and the goal line. Johnny Dog looked around desperately, hoping a Tech player would block him and put him out of the play. But no such luck. Seeing no way out, he stared up toward the sky and began to pray. Just then, the huge Strupper ducked and rammed his head directly into Johnny Dog's chest, sending the courageous non-attempting tackler bouncing out of bounds on the Georgia Tech sideline.

A gorgeous, blonde Tech cheerleader standing on the sideline quickly rushed to Johnny's aid. Kneeling beside him, she sat back on her heels and placed his head in her lap. For several seconds, she knelt, mothering the motionless Tennessee lad, delicately stroking his face with her fingertips. As he slowly regained full vision, Johnny Dog gazed up into the cheerleader's caring blue eyes. Before long, the badly shaken

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halfback raised his head a little and glanced out at the field where the players were gathering for the extra-point attempt. Then, turning his head to look up again, he saw the profound concern reflected on the girl's attractive face. So, he hurriedly rolled his eyes back and laid his head down, pretending to be knocked out. (And why shouldn't he? It sure beat taking part in that vicious battle going on out on the field.)

After Preas had kicked the extra point, Gentry Dugat and Morris Gouger rushed over to help Johnny Dog—much to his misfortune—as each one grabbed an ankle and began dragging him across the field on his back.

"What are you idiots doing? Couldn't you see I was getting medical attention?" Johnny Dog barked angrily.

Staring openmouthed at each other, the surprised pair simultaneously let go of Johnny Dog's ankles.

"Well, just looky here. It seems Lazarus has come back from the dead."

"That was some fast recovery, Johnny Dog."

"Cut it out, fellas," George Allen yelled to the trio. "Remember, we've got a football game to play."

Once again, coach Allen's strategy was to kick off to Tech. While Cumberland was setting up the ball for the kickoff, Leon McDonald suddenly turned to the referee and called for a timeout. He then trotted over to his coach on the sideline. "Fullback, you've gotta let me sit out a while. My legs are so tired, see—my knees keep wobbling."

Allen knelt down, took the towel from his shoulders, and tied it around Leon's right knee. "Now, how's that?"

"Not a bit better. Besides, now I'm seeing stars."

"Ah'd like to give ya a rest, Leon. But Ah've gotta keep my best men in there. It's the only way if we're ever gonna come from behind and beat those guys."

"Come from behind?"

"That's the spirit. Now, get out there and kick it deep," Allen said as he shoved Leon toward the field. Then, cupping his hands, George yelled to the rest of the players, "Remember the $500! Stay in there, even if ya get killed!"[13]

As McDonald stepped back, preparing to kick off, he heard the Tech players chanting "Steak! Steak! Steak!" He thought they probably had developed a huge appetite from all the scoring they had done.

The kickoff brought Allen to his feet as the ball became a breath-takingly beautiful, deep, high floater. Nonetheless, Leon's display of talent proved costly as his teammates drew toward him, supporting his proud grin with words of praise. Some of his teammates seemed to have forgotten that a kickoff can be returned and returned it was, for Spence raced ninety yards for another Tech touchdown. Adding the extra point, the score now read 63-0.

In limped Poague with his water bucket and sponge, but thankfully without advice from their coach except to "Let them kick to us."

The heat of the game coupled with the warm afternoon sun had increased the odors in the dirty, smelly uniforms the Cumberland men wore, and thus hastened Poague's exit from the field, bad leg and all.

Worried and feeling helpless, Allen kept busy shuffling his players in and out of the game, hoping no one would notice that he hadn't yet played a down. He figured he was more valuable to the team directing strategy from the sideline. To prove it, he immediately began pondering a new scheme of strategy. Suddenly, a loud crunching noise broke up his train of thought. Looking toward the field, Allen watched the Tech players unpile from atop the kickoff returnee they had just smothered. After the pileup had been disbanded, a flattened Morris remained, laid out with one arm bent above his head and the other lying close to his side.

"That's it?" Allen shouted to McQueen before running out to his quarterback. Once upon the field, he yanked Morris to his feet and whispered in his ear, "Statue-of-Liberty play."

The battered quarterback's face lit up. "Great idea, Fullback."

While the excited coach exited the field, Morris turned to the other players and repeated, "Statue of Liberty."

They all nodded okay. This presented a great opportunity for Cumberland to catch the Yellow Jacket defense off guard.

"Hike . . . hike . . . hike. . . hike!" Gouger called before taking the snap from Earl. Dropping back five yards, the Cumberland quarterback held the football aloft as if he were going to throw a pass. But instead of passing, he remained in that position—waiting for one of the halfbacks to come around from behind, grab the ball out of his hand, then run with it

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around the end. Getting a little impatient due to the heavy rush by the Tech linemen, Morris glanced to either side and noticed that both backs remained stationary, each one waiting for the other to go and get the ball. When Morris realized that neither player intended to make a move, he decided to run the ball himself. But, before he could take a step, he was nailed for a five-yard loss.

Laughter emanating from the spectators in the stands replaced the "Go, Yellow Jackets" cheers. In fact, some of the fans started cheering for Cumberland between their bursts of laughter.

Looking disgusted, Morris grumbled as he went back to call the next play. "We're going to run the Statue-of-Liberty play again, and this time I want someone to come around and get this dad-gum ball."

While the Cumberland team was setting up on the line of scrimmage, Johnny Dog looked across the backfield at McDonald and motioned for him to go and get the ball when the time came. Shaking his head "no," Captain McDonald motioned for Johnny Dog to get the ball himself. Back and forth, they kept this up until Morris called the final "hike!"

Repeating the procedure, Morris went back, setting up as if to pass. Realizing that Johnny Dog wasn't going to budge, Leon quickly decided it was his duty to execute the play. As the reluctant Cumberland captain headed toward Morris, he was concentrating intently on the Tech linemen rushing toward him. Due to his inattention, Leon not only grabbed the football, but the quarterback's arm, as well. He dragged Morris several feet before realizing he had a passenger. By then, it was too late, for five Tech linemen came crushing down on them. Laughter poured from the stands like water.

"Can't we do anythin' right?" George Allen mumbled as he tucked his head down between his knees. The disgusted Allen was sitting, bent over, on the edge of the Cumberland bench, with his hands over his face, hoping no one would notice he was their coach. He felt it wasn't his fault they were losing so badly. After all, he believed he had performed his strategy and decision-making with utmost perfection.

"Ah guess Ah'll have to go out there and show them how to play this game," Allen said to himself. He rose to his feet and stomped out on the field with a determined glare in his

beady eyes. Luckily for Allen, one glance at the gigantic Tech defensive linemen erased his determination just as he reached his team on the field. He simply leaned toward Morris and whispered, "Try 'cucumber to broccoli.' Keep it up, fellas. You're doin' fine, just fine." Quickly, he retreated to the safety of the sideline. Upon arrival, he took a towel and wiped his sweaty brow, saying to himself, "Boy, that was close."

It was third down and twenty yards to go for the Cumberland Bulldogs on their own 15-yard line.

Earl snapped the ball to McDonald, who was chased immediately by an eight-man blitz. Running backwards, Leon weaved from side to side, trying to find a receiver—even one who was guarded. But, as luck would have it, most of the Cumberland team were already spread out all over the ground near the scrimmage line. Realizing he was in big trouble, the panicky passer turned and started running away from the Tech rushers, racing toward his own goal line. In one last-ditch effort, using both hands, Leon blindly tossed the ball backwards over his head in hopes of it falling, by chance, into the arms of a Cumberland teammate. Just as the ball was about to hit the ground, two Cumberland players dived forward in an attempt to catch it, but bumped heads instead. Thus, the first quarter ended with two Cumberland players being dragged off the field, while sidesplitting laughter replaced the hometown's chuckles.

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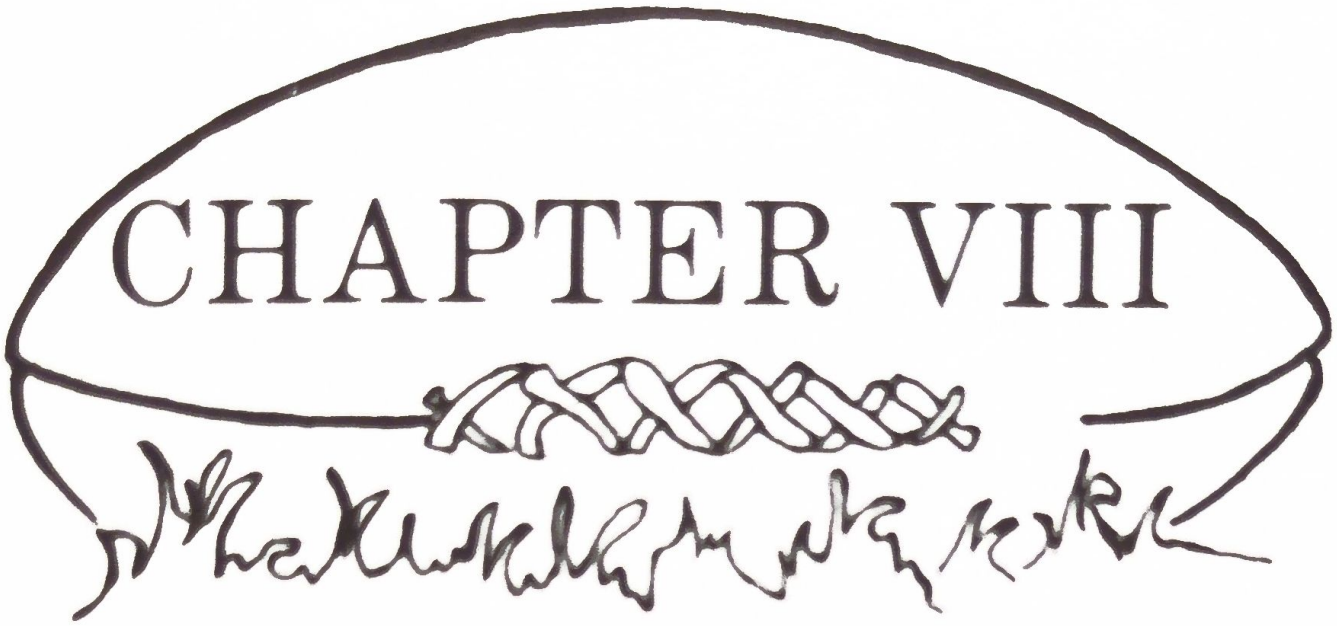
CHAPTER VIII



Chapter VIII

"GIVE 'EM THE AX . . ."

"Pathetic! Pathetic!" joked Tech's assistant coach, Bill Alexander, speaking to his second squad. "That first team sashayed a mere sixty-three points. I hope you guys can tighten up your girdles and really play some rugged football this quarter."

Suddenly, the commanding voice of his superior interrupted Alexander's brilliant speech. "Gentlemen, 'tis your responsibility to expand the point margin between ourselves and the enemy," a determined Heisman declared. "Now, charge upon that battlefield and do your utmost to execute the plays properly."

The anxious Yellow Jackets swarmed out on the field, cheering as they abandoned the Heisman hive. Passing by the returning first squad, they greeted them with much back slappings, pats on the butt, and handshakings, accompanied by a full chorus of "Steak" chants.

Among the new faces appearing on the gridiron for the Yellow Jackets were Senter, Rogers, Fellers, and at quarterback—George Griffin.

Meanwhile, across the field, Coach Allen was busy appointing a few non-volunteers to the positions left vacant by the two Cumberland receivers injured on the final play of the first quarter. The unorthodox coach strode over to the bench and began pacing up and down the row, pointing to each of the men consecutively, as he chanted, "Eeney, meeney, miney, mo. Into . . . this . . . game . . . you . . . gotta . . . go."

"Just my luck," groaned the player Allen pointed to as he said "go."

Again, the hard-nosed coach repeated his unusual method of

player selection and found another replacement victim. Allen's glance through the reserves, however, had caused him acute concern. The more the substitutes dwindled in number, the greater the chance he, himself, would have to enter the game.

While the Cumberland Bulldogs were gathered together waiting for the second quarter to begin, Morris turned toward the sideline and shouted to the great Cumberland strategymaker, "What do we do now, Fullback?"

"Punt it deep—very, very deep," came his reply.

A few more shouts of "Go, Cumberland Bulldogs!" arose from the stands as the Lebanon Eleven prepared to punt. It was becoming apparent that more and more of the fans were rooting for the underdog. (But could this unexpected show of support rally the Bulldogs? It was their ball, fourth down and twenty yards to go from their own 15-yard line, down by a 63-point deficit.)

Leon stood back in punting position. He carefully counted his blockers to make certain there were at least ten to start with. Next, he began counting his lives; two down, seven to go. Once both tallies were mentally recorded, he signalled for the snap from Earl. As usual, Earl sent back a fairly decent one. Surprisingly, the snap was thus far his best—only rolling two yards before reaching the punter. Coolhand Leon picked it up, dropped it, then kicked it. Up, up, and away, thirty yards downfield. Then, bounce, bounce, and roll for an additional ten.

After fielding Leon's punt, Tech's punt returner, Turner, made a remarkable discovery. He found that when he ran to his left with the ball, the Cumberland team veered to his right. And, when he cut to the right, they turned to his left. Consequently, Turner went untouched all the way to the Cumberland 20-yard line before an angry Gentry Dugat slammed him to the ground. Maybe it could have been a turning point for Cumberland. Gentry had proven that Tech could be stopped.

This time, the Cumberland Bulldogs dug in with fire in their eyes. Impatiently they took their positions for the next play. The second quarter belonged to them—no more pushing Cumberland around the field.

When the Tech center snapped the ball, the Cumberland crew charged in, and for the first time in the game they pushed the Georgia Tech line backwards. Unfortunately, Senter

had taken the ball around right end for another Tech touchdown. But the boys from Tennessee still felt a sense of accomplishment.

In spite of the lopsided score, no one was leaving the stadium. The fans realized they were being treated to possibly the funniest football game they had ever witnessed. Besides, it had become fashionable to pull for the underdog.

Preas' sore toe once again kicked off for Tech. After making contact with the football, the tired kicker flopped down, removed his right shoe, and massaged his aching foot. All the kicking he'd done had dulled his concentration, thus causing him to kick the ball on the wrong part of his foot. Nevertheless, the football did travel a good distance, reaching Cumberland's ringer, Johnny Dog Nelson, who fielded it around his own 10-yard line. Determined to prove his worth to the team, Nelson fought his way fifteen yards upfield to the 35-yard line before he was tackled. It was first and ten for Cumberland.

"Radish over cabbage," Morris told his colleagues before lining up for the next play.

"Don't worry, Morris. There'll be plenty of room to run through, this time," replied Gentry Dugat, Cumberland's strongest player. He, too, was tired of being humiliated.

A spark of pride began to show in the Cumberland team because the brief break between quarters had rallied them, allowing them time to gather their wits.

The spectators' laughter had died down, and only a few scattered shouts of "Go, Cumberland" came from the stands.

"Hike!" shouted the Bulldogs' quarterback.

The instant Morris Gouger received the snap he bit down hard on his tongue, while he surged forward behind the blocking of Dugat for a nice five-yard gain.

"You flaming Jackasses!" Heisman yelled from the sideline. Immediately, the angry Tech coach sent in Meadors to replace Bell at left tackle. Glover went in for Spence.

An excited group of Lebanonites simultaneously converged on their quarterback, virtually smothering him in their enthusiasm. Morris ecstatically held the ball high in the air as he, himself, was lifted up high on the shoulders of his teammates. All the injured Cumberland players lining the bench began jumping up and down as they joined Coaches

Allen and McQueen in screaming, "Five Hundred Dollars! Five Hundred Dollars!" Even more surprising, the home crowd stood clapping and cheering for the visitors.

Meanwhile, the Tech players couldn't believe all this pandemonium taking place over a five-yard gain.

"Durn! You'd think they had just won the championship or something," one stunned Yellow Jacket player scoffed to a teammate while gazing toward the stands.

The vegetable gang quickly gathered in their huddle.

"Since they're putting a lot of players on the line, maybe we should try a 'cucumber to squash' pass," Morris plotted with the others.

It was second down and five yards to go for a Cumberland first down. Morris received the snap from Earl; then he handed it off to McDonald coming around behind him. After taking a few steps, McDonald stopped and lofted the ball over the rushers' heads to Charlie Warwick, who was in the open four yards upfield, for a completed pass. Warwick was tackled immediately, but that four-yard gain caused the fans to cheer even louder for the visiting team.

Heisman was furious. Although he was too much of a gentleman to use foul language, he really was overexercising the expression "flaming Jackasses."

On the sideline, Fullback, McQueen, and the other Cumberland players again began jumping up and down with excitement. The stage was now set for one of Coach Fullback's most brilliant plays. Allen figured that, with a third down and one yard to go for the first down, the Tech defense would be looking for either the run or the pass-play. So he came up with a plan that would completely fool them. Allen sent Poague out with the instructions.

Poague hobbled up to the excited players on the field. He could barely speak because he was trying so hard to keep from laughing. "Fellas, you ain't gonna believe this, but Fullback said to ah. . . he said to. . ."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said to catch them off-guard and . . . and punt the ball."

"Punt?"

The whole Cumberland team fell on the ground laughing.

"Morris, we're not really gonna punt, are we?" a snickering

player blubbered.

"With only one yard to go for a first down? No sir! I figure they'll probably crowd the middle of the line, so we better go wide with a 'cucumber around squash.' "

A proud, determined group of Cumberland Bulldogs went to their positions, their eyes focused firmly on a spot one-yard beyond the scrimmage line. To them, that one yard for a first down was just as necessary as a yard needed to score a touchdown. All the scheming, all the hard work that went into producing their team would have been in vain if they couldn't, at least, make this one first down. The momentum was surely in the Bulldogs' favor, but the thought of embarrassment and the shouting from Coach Heisman sparked the Yellow Jackets with a vengeance.

While both teams on the field awaited Morris' signals to begin the crucial play, Leon looked up and saw Tech's Captain Johnston returning to the game. Johnston was replacing the player responsible for Warwick having been open on the last play. The huge Tech star didn't seem too happy about having to return to the dusty field, leaving his shady place on the bench next to the water bucket. Instinctively, Leon perceived Johnston's disappointment. The Cumberland fullback also realized from the frowning captain's face that Johnston planned to take his frustrations out on him. He was flashing his "I'm gonna get ya" look in Leon's direction. To make matters worse, Johnston also added a "sandwich threat."

After receiving a spiralling snap from Earl, Morris pitched the ball to Leon, who was supposed to run around right end. Instead, the Cumberland captain stood trembling, watching Johnston and his confederates headed in his direction with angry looks blazing in their eyes. In his desperate situation, Leon dropped back and punted. The ball went nearly straight up. When it came down, it bounced, then rolled out of bounds eleven yards upfield.

"Why didn't you run the ball? We might've made the first down," a Cumberland player wailed.

Wanting to put the blame elsewhere, Leon pointed toward George Allen sulking on the sideline. "He said to punt, so I felt it my duty as captain to follow my coach's order, no matter how wrong I thought it was."

The Cumberland players turned to one another and shook

their heads in disbelief over the dumb play called by their coach.

Once more, the crowd's cheers turned into eye-watering laughter. Though fans had been hoping to see Cumberland make a first down, they found the senseless punt much more entertaining.

The ball now rested on Tech's 45-yard line.

"Remember the $500!" Allen shouted, in hopes of revitalizing his players who were, by now, no longer speaking to him. His encouraging words did little good, however, for on the next play Tech went fifty-five yards for another touchdown.

Humiliated and exhausted, the Cumbies called time out and waved to Manager Poague for refreshment. So, in limped Haysler Poague with his sponge and a dented water bucket, the result of Coach Allen's frustrations.

"Hey, there's no water in this bucket," griped Dow.

"What? We're dying of thirst and you bring us an empty water bucket," added another.

"Look, fellas, I can't help it. Fullback got mad and kicked over the. . ."

"So Fullback did this."

"But he didn't mean to. It's just that. . ."

"Well, tell him—no water—no players."

"Okay, I'll go get some water from the dressing room." Poague then hobbled back off the field. The thirsty men gave Allen dirty looks as they stood with their arms folded.

"Five hundred dollars will buy a whole lot of water," Allen yelled out to them.

A rather bored Preas stepped back to perform still another kickoff. Booting an extra point or a kickoff, usually a rare and exciting occasion, soon became a dull routine due to its frequency. Across the game board stood the excited Morris Gouger. He was still hoping to put numbers on the scoreboard, even if he had to paint them on there, himself. One would imagine a person can be humiliated just so often before a defeatist attitude develops. If a 77-0 deficit couldn't destroy Morris' hope and determination, what could?

Morris dashed for the descending ball, stepping in front of a teammate who wasn't too hepped on catching it anyway. After the catch, he turned upfield in full stride. In fact, it was this kickoff return which provided the best hit by a

Cumberland player all day. A swiftly retreating Cumbie, trying to avoid the hefty Guill, collided head on with an even swifter Morris. The result was an impact so loud and so devastating that a bird flying overhead thought he had been shot and fell to the ground.

In their huddle, each of the Cumberland players was eagerly suggesting plays to run—all of which were to the side opposite of where he played, of course.

"Let's try 'turnip over lettuce.' "

"How about 'cucumber over carrot'?"

"Maybe 'turnip around squash.' "

"Hold it a minute. I'll call the plays," quarterback Gouger cut in. "I want us to try. . ."

"Cucumber to cauliflower!" shouted Coach Allen from the sideline.

Those fans standing near the Cumberland bench couldn't help but chuckle when they overheard the Cumberland coach calling plays.

Suddenly, a concerned Allen motioned to Leon to call "Time out." Then he waved one of his players off the field. As the slightly pale fellow headed for the sideline, he held his right hand pressed gently against his stomach. Still, the distance was quickly covered. After a brief conference with Allen, the player joined some of his teammates roosting on the bench.

"What's the matter with you?" one of his bench buddies asked.

Sitting down, the player answered, "Fullback said earlier that, if we got sick, he'd replace us. Well, after I threw up a couple of times, he called me out of the game. Now, I won't have to go back in for the next ten plays." Unable to conceal his grin any longer, he added, "By the way, what are you doing on the bench?"

"My nose started bleeding several plays ago, so Fullback told me to sit out the rest of this half."

After scratching his head a bit, the puzzled fellow looked around cautiously, then whispered, "How do you make a nosebleed?"

Meanwhile, Heisman continued stalking the sideline, deeply engrossed in studying the game, constantly searching for his opponent's strengths in order to conquer them. However, searching for Cumberland's strengths had become very

frustrating for the Georgia Tech coach. Even more so, after watching Guill easily intercept Leon's pass and run it all the way back for a T.D. Preas followed with a P.A.T. Score, 84-0.

In preparation for the kickoff, Tech's Preas knelt down and aligned the ball vertically on the ground. Once the ball stood upright, he then began marking off the steps for his approach. On his fifth step back, the Tech kicker stared up angrily at a group in the stands who were yelling, "Let's score this time, Cumberland Bulldogs!" Preas had noticed that it was his girlfriend leading the cheers.

Allen also heard the fans' cheers for his team. So, he, too, turned and looked up over his shoulder toward the stands behind him. Much to Allen's surprise, as he turned to face them, the fans started cheering him. A ham at heart, he bowed to his audience, and the crowd cheered all the more. The clowning coach in the limelight then jumped up on the bench and, raising his fist in the air, began leading cheers.

"Go. . . Cum—ber—land!"

"Go. . . Cum—ber—land!" the fans responded.

Allen found that, no matter what he yelled, the fans would repeat it.

"Do da. . .de. . .lop-pop. . .za!" George screamed, cupping his hands around his mouth.

"Do da. . .de. . .lop-pop. . .za!" the crowd answered.

Then, remembering a favorite Cumberland cheer, he began shouting.

"Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax,
Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax,
Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
There!"[14]

Being in a zany mood, Allen led them in a cheer he invented as he went along. The crowd echoed his every line. He even went a few steps further by adding a cartwheel along with some ridiculous stunts he himself had created. The fans cheered and laughed harder and louder. In fact, Allen got so carried away that he even performed the patty-cake drill. Reverend Andrews would have been so proud.

After he had calmed down a bit, Allen realized that he had a captive audience. So, he decided to take advantage of the

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situation to perk up the spirits of his team on the field. "Five Hundred Dollars! Five Hundred Dollars! Don't forget the $500!" Allen cheered, being echoed by the crowd.

Out on the field, Johnny Dog took a dim view of his coach's carrying on. He halfheartedly caught Preas' kickoff and, pausing, stared in disbelieving dismay at the antics of his mentor.

"Haven't we embarrassed ourselves enough out here on the field?" Johnny Dog grumbled to himself as he bravely stood with the ball tucked under his arm. "Is he trying to make us look like buffoons?" Nelson shook his head disgustedly, looked once more in the direction of his clowning coach, then attempted to head upfield.

Morris noticed that Johnny Dog's intriguement with Allen's temporary sideline insanity had delayed his departure with the football just long enough to allow the hungry pack of Yellow Jackets to swarm around him. Realizing he had to act fast, Morris executed a nice body-block, creating a good-sized hole in the charging Georgia Tech line. A surprised Johnny Dog was too stunned to react to the opening, so Leon McDonald gave him a shove from behind, thus sending the ballcarrier in the right direction. Once Nelson regained his senses, he realized the Tech team had overrun him, leaving it a footrace to the goal line. Quickly, he responded with a short burst of speed which was abruptly halted when he tripped over a Cumberland teammate crawling around on the turf searching for his glasses.

"I could have scored. What in tarnation were you doing blocking me?" a disappointed Nelson demanded of the squinty-eyed fellow who was feeling around on his hands and knees. The unintentional blocker looked down on a jarred Johnny Dog lying flat on the field.

"I can't find my specs," the fellow whined.

Feeling a sharp pain in his mid-lower back, Johnny Dog reached beneath his back and pulled out a pair of badly cracked and misshapen glasses. He held them out toward the fellow. "Is this what you're looking for?"

"Now, look what you've done. You've ruined my specs."

After a little twisting and reshaping, which did more harm than good, Johnny placed the cracked-lensed glasses on the face of the Cumberland left tackle and led him back to join the

others.

The poor lad's glasses weren't the only casualty incurred by the Cumberland team on that play, for the quarterback, Morris Gouger, was down on the ground, holding his left shoulder and moaning in pain.

"What are we gonna do now, Fullback?" a worried Poague asked.

Allen glanced behind him and pointed to the semiconscious Ed "Q.B." Edwards. "Looks like he's goin' back in."

"But he can't even remember his own name, much less the plays."

"We have no choice," Allen sighed. He then walked over and helped Edwards to his feet. "Well, Ah believe you're gonna get to play after all."

Due to the slight concussion Edwards had suffered on the opening kickoff, his only reply was a senseless grin.

Still without all his wits, Edwards was guided to his position on the field by some of his teammates. They struggled to get him to face the line of scrimmage. Once there he stood with his arms akimbo, unable to remember the signals. Edwards had forgotten what to say when he was ready to receive the ball. Eventually Earl got tired of waiting for his call and centered a hard, spiralling snap, which hit Edwards squarely on his forehead. The dazed Edwards' eyes crossed and he slowly fell backwards to the ground. Tech's Glover recovered the fumbled ball as it bounced forward into his hands. Glover was tackled immediately by a gang of Cumberland players. The spectators really enjoyed this one. Back in at quarterback for Cumberland shuffled a bandaged Morris Gouger and out came Edwards, being carried off the field—unconscious.

On first down, Georgia Tech's quarterback, George Griffin, took the football and circled his right end. Sprinting toward the goal line, he held the ball high in the air as he yelled "Steak! Steak! Steak!" Preas seasoned Griffin's Porterhouse run with a complementary extra point.

Coach Allen, himself, wanted to run—not with the football but away and hide. He hadn't that unbridled courage, the kind which would have prompted him to lower his head and charge into the Georgia Tech line. But he did want to lower his head and hide—from his players who kept wanting to know when he would cease being a coach and start being a player.

Another reason Coach Allen wanted to hide was the Tech fans. No longer were they cheering the Cumbies. Their cheers had turned to jeers and howls of laughter. When Tech scored still another touchdown on a pass interception, Allen wanted to play ostrich. The humiliating 98-0 score, the ridiculing laughter coming from the stands, and the shrieks of "Steak" from across the field had caused Allen to more than halfheartedly consider calling the game off. He was just about to call an end to the slaughter when a surge of hope struck him between the eyes: maybe the benevolent Mr. Heisman would take pity on the Tennessee mountain boys and call it a game at the half. Maybe, just maybe. . .

Feeling a little remorseful, Coach Allen once more started running out on the field to put himself into the game and relieve one of his comrades. But common sense again grabbed him by the seat of the pants, sending him jogging back to the Cumberland sideline before his intentions were known.

It's a wonder Preas didn't develop toeitis. Here he was kicking off again, this time booming the ball 50 yards downfield where Johnny Dog wanted to do anything but catch it. In his desperation to catch the ball and fall into a safe prone position simultaneously, Johnny Dog got caught in his own feet and fell to the ground. As he fell, he watched the ball skim his fingertips and roll out of bounds. All Johnny Dog got out of his desperation attempt was a bloody nose and a resounding laugh from the crowd.

Cumberland's captain started off the series of downs by getting back to the line of scrimmage, where he was heartily congratulated by his teammates for his achievement. On the next play, Leon decided to punt the ball. He knew that as long as they were on offense those mean Tech linemen would be after the ballcarrier, which in most cases was himself. But Captain McDonald also knew that, when he was playing defense, only a couple of Tech linemen would be after his hide.

Leon wasn't nearly as lucky as Preas. The Cumberland punter could only get off a dying swan that went fifteen yards and no more. With punts such as these, Cumberland wasn't presenting Tech with much of a test. A fifteen-yard punt was like waving a big red flag in front of the Tech offensive, which was becoming more punishingly effective as the afternoon wore on. Leon could have breathed on the ball and sent it farther

than he booted it. Tech's Guill took the little chipshot and legged it back to the Cumberland 15.

Gentry Dugat, thoroughly appalled with the way things were going for Cumberland, called Dow Cope, Earl Hennessee, Pete Gray, and Bob Engler together for a discussion. "It's time we stopped making fools of ourselves."

"I agree. Let's get off the field, immediately," Bob joked, pretending to walk off.

"No. I have an idea. We'll try to guess which way they're gonna run and then pile up everybody we have in that area."

"Okay, Gentry. They're lining up now. Which way do you think they will run?"

"Since they're on our 15-yard line, I guess they would probably go up the middle."

So, as planned, when Tech's quarterback called the final "hut," the entire Cumberland defense converged in the middle of the line. Remarkably, the Cumbie's paper curtain prevented Georgia Tech's mass-producing touchdown factory from rolling out another six points on its first two thrusts from scrimmage. The crowd sprang to its feet cheering for the visitors. But their roars of "Go, Bulldogs!" weren't quite loud enough to drown out Heisman yelling "Flaming Jackasses!"

A spark of life was also evident in the sidelined Cumberland players. They once more began jumping around with excitement, bad limbs and all. Allen, especially, was excited since his team had proven they could stop the mighty Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets, even if it was for only two plays.

Rather than put up with Heisman's yelling, the Georgia Tech offense decided to go wide, away from the Cumberlanders grouped in the center of the field. So on the next play, Glover went wide around left end to score.

By this time, the law-student players were so tired and beaten up that they were just plain disgusted with the whole thing. That touchdown had proved that, no matter how hard they played on defense, a Georgia Tech touchdown was inevitable. Slowly they began to view their hopeless predicament with mirth and would, at times, actually burst out laughing; but, oh! did that hurt their bruised and bleeding faces.

Preas positioned the ball on the tee, preparing for his fourteenth kickoff of the day. Bending down, he grabbed a handful of grass and lightly tossed it into the air. A healthy

breeze blew the blades of grass from between his fingers and into the face of Tech's quarterback, George Griffin.

"Pffst. Pffst. No thanks, Preas. I'll just wait 'til we get our steak dinners before I eat."

"Sorry, Grif. Just trying to find out which way the wind is blowing."

"Looks like it's gonna be workin' in your favor."

"Sure does. I ought to be able to kick it pretty far."

"Ya think so, huh? Well, I'm willin' to bet ya my steak dinner against yours that ya can't kick it between the goalposts."

(The goalposts were situated on the goal line.)

"Well, Grif, I'll not only kick it between the goalposts, I'll even run down there and catch it before it hits the ground."

"We'll see."

Preas went back about eight yards farther than usual on his kickoff approach. Staring at the spot on the ball he would kick, he began to sprint toward it. As his foot followed through on the kickoff, he went charging up the field without breaking stride. The ball went high, carrying into the wind, before it started to descend somewhere near the Cumberland goal line. Meanwhile, Morris Gouger was running back to catch it. But, because he was looking up at the ball spinning toward him, Morris ran smack into the right goalpost. The ball came down, hitting the injured quarterback on top of his head, then bouncing into the arms of a hard-running Preas for another Tech touchdown. This incident provided the spectators with their longest and loudest laugh of the day.

After Preas had once again kicked the extra point, he trotted up to George Griffin. "Well, Grif, when do I get my steak?"

"Ya mean, when do ya get me my steak?" Griffin drawled. "What?"

"The ball never made it between the goalposts. Better luck next time."

Things were really looking bad for the Cumberland Bulldogs. Turning to McCall, George Allen said, "Ernest, Ah'm sendin' you in."

"Why me, Fullback?"

" 'Cause we need ya. So, go in there and 'turn the tide.' "[15]

"But you promised I wouldn't have to play," Ernest

protested.

With a reassuring pat on the back from George and another "turn the tide," McCall finally went in.

Preas seemed to relish each kickoff. He smiled proudly as he backed up to ready himself for another. He imagined his kickoffs signalled the start of something for Tech rather than an opportunity for Cumberland to get on the scoreboard. He toed the ball, sending it end-over-end down to the 15-yard line where a reluctant Johnny Dog figured his chances for survival and frowned. After fielding the kickoff, he dove for the ground, seeking safety before the swarm of Yellow Jackets hit.

Early in the second quarter, the Cumberland Bulldogs had begun gathering in a small circular group before each play. This was done not only for rest and emotional support but in some cases to actually hold one another up, physically. Also, since they were so disorganized, they usually decided which play to run next while gathered together in the circle. (Possibly, the huddle system, as we know it today, was born with this game.)

"Only a few more minutes to the half," a Cumberland player informed the other men standing in the huddle.

"I just hope we can make it. I've got more sore places on my body than I *have* places on my body."

"If ya think that's bad, jest take a look at this," Earl moaned. He grinned and stuck out his tongue, showing them a tooth clinging to the end of it.

"You better give that tooth to Fullback to keep before you lose it."

"What do I wanna keep this tooth fur?"

"As a memento of the game."

Earl took the tooth and threw it over the fence. "Why in the world would I wanna remember this dad-burn game?"

Surprised by the strong arm Earl had displayed in throwing the tooth such a long distance, Warwick came up with a quick plan.

"Earl," he said, "Have you ever thrown a football before?"

"Nope, but I threw a baseball once."

"You did?"

"Yep. A spell back I was battin' fur my team and the otha team's pitcher whopped me with the ball. So I picked it up and chunked it back at 'im."

"Did you hit him with it?"

"Naw, I missed. But the ball sure put a bruise on that centa fielda's chest."

Warwick's grinning face turned toward a beaming Leon. "You think we can get him to throw me a long pass? I believe I can maneuver myself into the open," Warwick said confidently to his friend. The two then focused their attention on the quarterback, Morris Gouger.

"How about it?" they asked him.

"It wouldn't hurt to try. 'Potato to cauliflower.' "

As planned, Earl was sent into the backfield in the quarterback position, while the quietly agreeable Johnny Dog was elected to center the ball.

McQueen and Allen, along with the others on the Cumberland sideline, were shocked to see their center placed in the backfield. Even more shocking was seeing their prize ringer playing at center.

"Have they gone crazy?" Allen called out to McQueen.

"Maybe they have a good reason for it," McQueen replied with a gulp, not too sure if he believed his own statement.

Earl seemed to enjoy his new position. Not only did he not have to bend down in the awkward center's stance, but he also didn't have to worry about the Tech defensive linebackers who kept punishing him at the start of every play. Besides, the kindhearted country boy felt a sense of power, controlling the ball from the position of quarterback. Professionally, Earl called out the signals to start the play. Soon after receiving the snap, Earl glanced up and noticed the new Cumberland center, Johnny Dog, flying back in his direction. Tech's huge, strong linebacker was stampeding his way in. Knowing what kind of damage the rugged Tech player was capable of, Earl quickly released the ball, throwing it as hard as he could. Meanwhile, Charles Warwick had done a fine job of maneuvering into the open field. Once he spotted Earl's pass heading his way, his adrenaline enabled him to put on an extra burst of speed. To everybody in the stands, it appeared that Cumberland would score or, at least, make a tremendous gain. The crowd rose to its feet, gasping, as a hushed silence fell over the stadium. Both sidelines were still; everyone drew closer to watch the phenomenon. Apparently the ball was going to fall into Warwick's hands, thirty-seven yards upfield.

Could this be the miracle of Grant Field? Could Cumberland score? Would Tech just fall apart under this seemingly mild threat or would Cumberland suddenly develop muscles from all those vegetables? Had Heisman failed to plug what might have been a chink in the Tech armor? Cumberland was behaving as if it would net an additional $500 for simply scoring.

Just as Warwick reached up to make the catch, one of the two Tech defensive backs closing in on him stuck out a foot and tripped the Cumberland left end, sending him sprawling face down on the grassy field. Somehow, the clever Techster was able to cover up the illegal incident from the referee's view. Fellers, the other defensive back, made the interception only a split second before the ball could hit the ground; then he turned and raced all the way down the field for another Tech touchdown. No one on Cumberland's team even attempted to tackle Fellers, because they felt sure the referee would penalize the Tech defender who tripped Warwick. When it became obvious that a flag would not be thrown, an angry Warwick stomped over to the referee standing nearby. "Didn't you see that guy trip me?"

Cumberland's other griping players gathered around the referee and Warwick. Allen and McQueen hurried from the sideline to join them.

The referee, believing that the two players' feet had accidentally gotten tangled up—as it had appeared to him—refused to call a penalty; and he threatened to throw anyone out of the game who didn't go back where he belonged.

Preas' conversion attempt was good and the scoreboard read Tech 119, Cumberland 0.

Once again, Poague hobbled out with his bucket and sponge. The Cumberland players seemed to forget their aches, pains, and anger while they refreshed themselves with the water. Then, as he departed for the sideline, Poague merely turned toward his teammates and grinned. "Keep up the good work, fellas."

Earl started after the sarcastic Poague, but Dow held him back. "Come on, Earl, we've got a game to play."

It seemed that Cumberland's faithful black cloud continued to loom overhead. Unfortunately, the durn thing wouldn't conjure up a strong game-ending storm. Not even a sprinkle to

help the vegetable offense produce eleven fold. All it did was rain down misery and bad luck on the weary Cumberlandites. And being cheated out of that 37-yard gain wasn't easy to digest on an already queasy stomach. So why shouldn't they acquire a "what in the hell's the use in trying" attitude. Ego and self-esteem had gone the way of their quasi-offense.

Preas' next kickoff went a good forty-five yards downfield. Using a hand to shield his eyes from the sun, Johnny Dog watched the ball barrelling towards him from out of the sky. Straight ahead of Johnny raced a platoon of Techsters, chasing his colleagues in his direction. Quickly, Johnny tucked the ball under his arm and skedaddled to the nearest sideline. Around the Cumberland 25-yard line, he was knocked out-of-bounds.

"Go, Bulldogs!" cried the crowd. The fans were really enjoying themselves. Some even yelled the "Give 'em the Ax" cheer Allen had taught them earlier.

Morris rounded up the herd of discouraged lawmen, corralling them into a tight little huddle ten yards behind the line of scrimmage. He was about to harvest two veggies from the playbook garden when an unhappy player plowed his way into the conversation. "Now, hold it for just a gosh darn minute, Morris, before you go sacrificing another teammate. The $3,000 the school will be losing and the $500 we'll be losing isn't worth all this misery."

Another player quickly butted in. "He's right. A mere $3,500 for this million-dollar licking we're taking doesn't add up. It's bad business."

"Then, how do you suggest we get the money?" a curious Morris asked.

"How about holding up a bank? Or better yet—a train!"

"That's it!" Gentry cried. "A steam engine has got to be easier to stop than that durn Tech fullback."

"As I see it," Warwick piped up, "we'll either spend the rest of our lives in prison or in a wheel chair."

"Okay, it's settled then. I'll find out about the next big money shipment, while Gentry buys some dynamite," Leon joked.

Leaving the huddle to line up for the next play, the smirking crew of Cumbies toyed with their imaginations as each fancied his own version of the great train robbery. Most forgot their immediate plight, while images rolled rapidly

through their minds. As a consequence, they became easy targets for the Tech line, which crashed through and tackled Johnny Dog for a loss.

After the play, Leon and Gentry rushed over to their halfback who was still sitting on the ground, shoulders slumped and head down.

"Is anything wrong, Johnny Dog?" the worried pair asked.

Johnny slightly nodded "Yes." Coaches Allen and McQueen came running from the sideline to see what had happened.

"What is it?" Leon asked the motionless ringer.

"We've got to find the break," Johnny mumbled loudly.

"Break! What do ya think is broken? Ah hope it isn't yuh leg," a panicky Allen wailed.

"No," Johnny Dog replied, rising to his feet. Staring intently into Allen's eyes, he continued, "We've got to find a break in the tracks."

"Tracks?" the baffled Allen questioned.

"Yeah. The tracks of the train we're gonna rob."

Allen quickly put an arm around his halfback and helped him off the field. "Poor fella, he's been knocked senseless!" Allen muttered to himself.

Their teammates began laughing uncontrollably. After calming down, they assured Allen that Johnny wasn't any crazier than the rest of them.

"Now, what's all this talk about a break in the tracks?" Leon asked Johnny Dog.

The other players crowded closer to hear more of the amusing, fictitious train-heist scheme. Fantasy was indeed the cure for a broken spirit.

"If we can find a break in the railroad, we can reroute the train down a sidetrack into the wilderness."

Johnny Dog's plan got a quick response from fellow Bulldog, Dow Cope, who turned toward his buddy Earl and proclaimed, "We don't want anything more to do with trains in the wilderness, do we?"

Earl heartily agreed.

In the midst of their wild imaginings, Warwick suddenly snapped his fingers loudly, indicating that an idea had just popped into his helmet rack.

"I've got it!" he shouted.

Surprised by the crazed look in Warwick's eyes, Johnny

Dog sprang warily away, saying, "Well, stay back before I catch it, whatever it is."

"Speaking of trains," Warwick reminded them, "I just remembered that my great grandpappy, the railroad tycoon, left me about a thousand dollars in stocks and bonds. I'd much rather cash in my bonds than stay here and cash in my chips."

A look of seriousness crossed their faces, blending with their lunacy. They began considering a new strategy.

"My folks have a couple of hundred dollars stashed away in case of an emergency," Dow added.

"And, what could be more of an emergency than our present situation?" Leon asked, tallying up the total.

"But, what about our next play?" an annoyed Morris demanded. He had grown tired of their shenanigans.

"Earl, just center the ball to me. I'll run around like a tarred and feathered possum trying to let time run out. The rest of y'all try to think of some way we can collect enough money before the second half begins."

They broke for the line of scrimmage where the impatient Yellow Jackets lounged, awaiting Cumberland's return from the lengthy huddle session.

"What were they doing back there? Having a tea party?" an irritated Techster griped.

Following the plan, Leon pranced aimlessly around in the Bulldog backfield to allow the evaporation of as many seemingly endless seconds as possible. And, as usual during a play, Leon's teammates slyly sought shelter on the ground until the "wild goose chase" was over. Once more the clowning clan gleefully rehuddled.

"Fellas, I've been thinkin'," Earl began the session. "I have 'bout three hundred greenbacks tucked away fur my future."

"So, that's what it should be used for. To make sure you have a future," Leon interrupted.

A very serious Pete Gray topped them all with a likelier but still impossible idea.

"I don't know about the rest of y'all, but I'd be willing to pledge the school $100 a year if it would get us off the field."

"Just think, Pete, in about thirty years, you'd have paid off the debt."

"Well, until Pete makes the first payment, let's run a

'tarred and feathered possum' over a 'jump to the ground to survive,' " said Leon.

The slick Leon got tarred, while the chicken lineman got feathered. Quickly they rehuddled.

"Well, we've stopped them from scoring this whole offensive series," chuckled Dow.

"Let's punt and go with Gray," Morris whispered.

"You mean Pete Gray?"

"That's right."

"But, he's never punted a football."

"Yes, but he's also the only one without a hurt leg." Turning to Pete, Morris said, "All right, Gray, back to punt."

Fellers took in Pete's punt and departed from his usual punt-return routine. He didn't zig to his right or zag to his left. There was no trickery in his step. He didn't fake or veer. What he did, in simple somnambulistic style, was nonchalantly trot up the middle of the field for a touchdown, as if there were no other players on the field.

It seemed as if phantom blockers were cutting down the Cumberland defenders. Cumberland players were scattered all over the field, but not one Tech player had so much as thrown a block.

Preas' overworked foot tallied another extra point and the score stood at 126-0.

Into the contest came a Cumberland Bulldog substitute, without a helmet. Asked whom he was replacing, the hapless recruit shrugged his shoulders in complete bafflement and replied, "Nobody told me." To add to his distress, all eleven players yanked off their helmets to hand him, ready to head for the sideline. Finally, he chose one lucky player and the others put their helmets back on to continue the game.

Things had quieted down in the stadium; the only noise was a mixture of low-key murmurs created by various private conversations. Tech's band members stood idle, and the cheerleaders had stopped to rest and to quench their thirst with refreshments. The Tech sideline's "Steak!" cries had temporarily disappeared, while the Cumberland sideline remained its usually quiet self, not having much to cheer about anyway. A small train of clouds had eventually inched across the sky, shadowing the field by eclipsing the sun's harsh rays. Accompanying the shadow was a strong, cool breeze, which

blended beautifully with the atmospheric stillness and silence, casting a lazy-like spell upon the football participants. Preas couldn't help yawning as he stepped back, preparing to kick off. He slapped himself gently on the side of his face, in hopes of becoming more alert and aware of his responsibility. Finally, after pulling himself together, Preas was able to kick the ball. It travelled all the way down the field to Johnny Dog Nelson standing near the Cumberland goal line.

The determined halfback scrambled around with the ball, trying to let time run out. Finally, Nelson was chased out of bounds at the Cumberland 15-yard line, just as the whistle blew to end the first half.

Tech's disciplined players trotted back single file to their dressing room. In contrast, across the field, the battered, bedraggled sons of Tennessee slowly limped, hobbled, and shuffled back to their dressing room. They appeared to be casualties from a vicious battle, as indeed they were survivors of a full-scale gridiron war. Some of their legitimate injuries were: a sunken shoulder, bedsores from lying on the back, a halfback's trick knee that wasn't so tricky anymore, flat noses, missing teeth, cauliflower ears, and dented pride.

Once inside the dressing room, the Cumberland players dropped to the floor, exhausted and gripped with pain. With just one gaze upon his weary, beaten players, Allen decided he had to ask Coach Heisman to at least shorten the second half, without diminishing the $500 kitty, if he wouldn't end the contest altogether. So, George grabbed McQueen, and off they went to find Coach Heisman.

When they reached the Tech dressing-room door, the two Cumberland men overheard Heisman talking to his team.

"You are doing fine, men. We're ahead for now. But you just can't tell what those Cumberland players might have up their sleeves. They might spring a surprise. So be alert, men. Hit 'em clean, but hit 'em hard!"[16]

Allen and McQueen almost turned and walked away. But they knew their teammates couldn't last another whole thirty minutes of playing time. After entering the dressing room, George pleaded with Heisman to shorten the game because his troops had thinned out and substitutes were almost extinct.

Heisman thought it over for a few moments, then agreed to cut the remaining two quarters to 12 ½ minutes each. Coaches

Allen and McQueen hastened back to the Cumberland dressing room, bringing the good news. But the players weren't overjoyed with what they were told. Perhaps, they had been hoping for five-minute or even two-minute quarters.

The Cumberland coaches and the manager spent the remainder of the halftime patching up their badly battered team so the Tennesseans would be able to continue the game.

Later George Allen, with his zany sense of humor, tried to lift their spirits. "We're behind, but people do get behind, ya know. If Tech can get 100 points in one half, we could certainly get an equal number in the other half.

"It's not that they're that far ahead. Ah mean, ya wouldn't say the game was over, or would ya now? We've been patient with our attack; it looks as if we'll wind up patients somewhere if we don't start doin' somethin' positive with the football. They're not that much better than us, not THAT much better. What we need is the elixir of dedication mixed with the tonic of desire. That certainly ought to produce some points for us. So, let's get out there and give 'em fits."

The laughter hurt, but it came anyway. As always, George Allen had been able to revive their spirits with his keen wit and sparkling way with words. He found that humoring them was all he could do to keep their minds off the pain that pulsated through their bodies.

As they left the dressing room to go back on the field for the second half, one of the Cumberland men asked, "Hey, Fullback, when will we have the pleasure of your company out on the field?"

"Uh . . . soon. Real soon."

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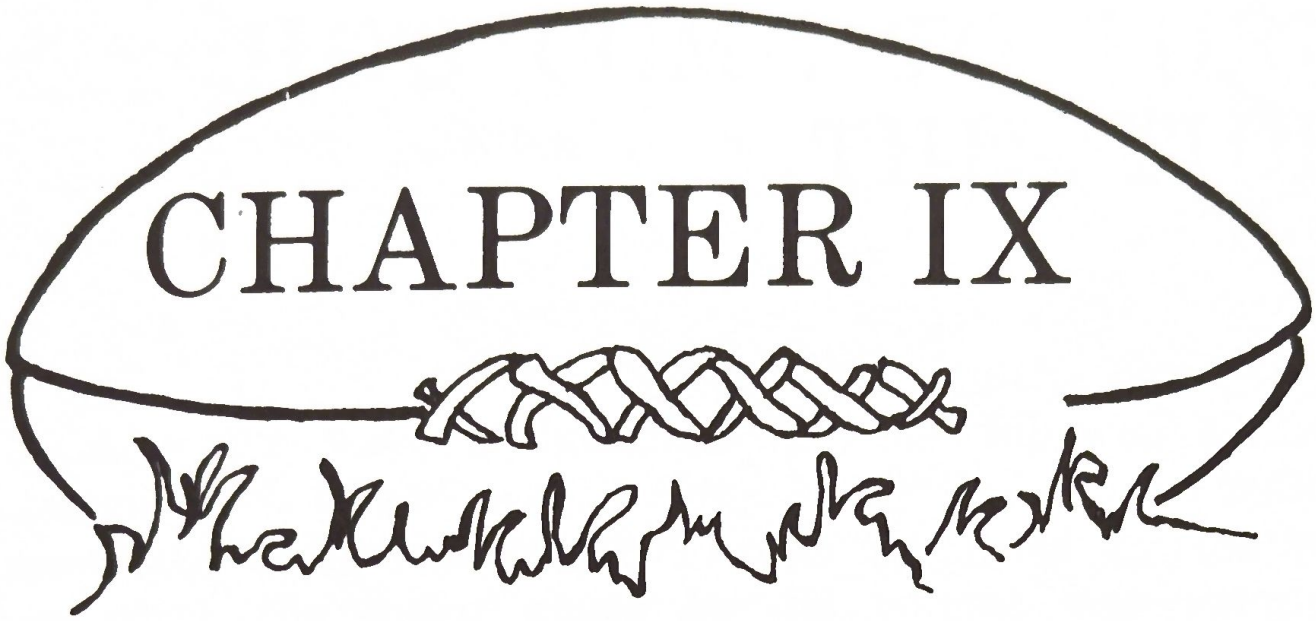
CHAPTER IX



Chapter IX

". . .HE'S COME TO TURN THE TIDE!"

A joyous wave of ludicrous laughter billowed across the Georgia Tech locker room, leaking loudly through the building's seemingly airtight windows. Though amplified by the room's accoustics, the major cause for its volume was simply the unleashing of captive emotions in the stern-faced Heisman's absence. Now that Heisman had gone to arrange the shortening of the remaining quarters, the players' excitement began to rock the place. Their boisterous high jinks consisted mostly of humorous arguments over who did what in a sackful of amazing first-half statistics. Also, their absurd mockings of the backwoods country boys proved most entertaining as some Techsters took to imitating the Bulldogs' lack of playing skills.

"Hey, look, guys. We're Cumberland halfbacks," one of the showoffs shouted as he charged into a teammate, trying to duplicate a first-quarter incident involving Johnny Dog and Pete Gray. The laughter grew louder and louder.

Next, the two copycats reenacted another Cumberland mishap. They dived toward each other, bumped heads, and fell to the floor—pretending to be unconscious.

"Now, they're Cumberland receivers," someone called out.

All sorts of antics prevailed until Coach Heisman returned to the dressing room. The solemn-looking coach raised his hand high, motioning for quiet. Immediately all noise ceased. Breaking the silence, the Shakespearean-actor/coach spoke in a low, but harsh tone. "Get out there and score another 126 points."

Once more their subdued laughter surfaced as the talented

Techsters hurrahed their way to the playing field. Spectators, cheerleaders, and band members all rose to their feet, clapping to show their appreciation of Tech's fine first-half effort. It wasn't long after the Yellow Jacket's appearance on the field that a loose congregation of slow-moving Lebanon boys could be seen migrating to the far south endzone. As the Bulldogs made their way to the sideline benches, the spectators couldn't help but add pitying looks to their cheers and laughter for a team in which about a third of the players carried the remaining two-thirds.

Some of the new faces on the gridiron for Tech were Alexander, Puckett, Bell, Carpenter, and at kicker, Spence, who took over for Preas. Preas was now sitting on the sideline, soaking his swollen foot in a bucket of ice.

Cumberland, lacking manpower, made only one substitution—a revived Ed "Q.B." Edwards—for a player who had disappeared while the teams were returning to the field after the halftime break.

Tech's Spence quickly saw action in his new job as kicker when he was called on to start the second half. Once his foot popped the pigskin, a loud grunt arose from the Tech sideline. It was Jim Preas. Just the thought of kicking the football had brought back painful memories. Anyway, Spence's kick went fifty-five yards downfield where it was received by Johnny Dog Nelson. The Cumberland kick-off returnee clutched the ball protectively to his chest and started upfield, yelling "char. . .rr. . .ge!" Unfortunately for the poor lad, a wall of Yellow Jacket defenders converged on him at the moment he turned and began sounding retreat.

Ironically, an increasing number of fans were picking up the Allen-taught cheer, "Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax. Right in the neck, the neck, the neck." Spectator support grew for the Cumbies.

Tragically for Cumberland, Johnny Dog wasn't the only player laid out on the opening play of the second half. In an attempt to block for him, Pete Gray was surprised with an uppercut from a flying elbow seemingly coming out of nowhere. Pete looked up through hazy eyes in time to catch a glimpse of Buz Shavers running past him.

"Oh, no. Not again," Pete murmured to himself.

All during the first quarter of the game, Tech's Buz

Shavers had been blocking Gray with bone-jarring blows at every opportunity, whether on offense or defense. Gray felt that the husky Tech halfback was singling him out unfairly, since on nearly every play, he was knocked to the ground. The Cumberland halfback had been somewhat relieved during the second quarter when the alternate Tech squad went in and Shavers was replaced. It was the only way Pete had been able to survive the first half. Now Shavers' crew was back on the field and Pete wasn't at all sure if he could make it through the next play or not.

Exactly as had happened in the first half, George Allen took to pacing the sideline. The fidgety coach had chewed his nails down to the quick, and he no longer had even a towel to bite on. To relieve his nervousness, he repeatedly slapped his hands together in front of him. In fact, at times it sounded as if he were clapping. A couple of Cumberland players sitting on the bench became so irritated by this noise their coach was making that, after awhile, they got up, limped over to where Allen was standing, and handed him their leather helmets to hold. They were trying to keep his nervous hands occupied, hoping the continuous banging would cease. But, as luck would have it, Allen eventually took to slapping the helmets together. This proved much more bothersome to the players than did the clapping hands.

"Maybe we should have handed him two sticks of dynamite instead," one of the annoyed players grumbled.

Out on the gridiron, Cumberland's quarterback, Ed Edwards, stood in the backfield, preparing to call the signals to begin play. Glancing back over his left shoulder, Edwards spied a shivering Leon McDonald staring at the rugged Tech Captain Johnston, who was still making his "sandwich" threats. The paranoid McDonald's knees shook while his teeth consistently rattled. He was undoubtedly a marked man, but he was certainly not the only one. Immediately to his left, Edwards spotted a slumped Johnny Dog. Johnny's heart was beating wildly as he eyed the pretty cheerleader who had revived him during his fake injury incident earlier in the game. There to Edwards' right stood an indignant Pete Gray. He was glowering at the very powerful, red-haired, green-eyed Shavers, who was sporting a sly grin. Placed squarely in front of Edwards was Earl Hennessee, in bent position, hands on the

football, ready to center. However, Earl's mind and eyes were focused on the Tech lineman who had been pounding his head after every snapped ball. It seemed that everyone was concentrating on someone else. Edwards had his fears also, except on a much larger scale. His fear was the entire Georgia Tech defensive line.

"Hut. . . one. . .two. . ."

Unable to keep his eyes on the airborne snap and the heavy Tech rush at the same time, Edwards fumbled the centered ball. Luckily he recovered it right before the onrushing Yellow Jackets threw him for a four-yard loss.

As usual, Cumberland's Pete Gray fell victim to a bone-jarring block by the tall, redheaded Shavers. Only, this time Shavers went a step further. He lifted Pete off the ground, turned him upside down, and dropped him on his head. Pete jumped up, furious. This was the final straw. He marched up to the referee standing nearby. "Aren't you gonna penalize him for that?"

"I didn't see anything wrong with that tackle," the official replied.

"But, I wasn't the one carrying the football," Gray protested.

Not wanting to delay the game any further, the referee turned and walked away.

Pete glanced back at the nearly toothless Shavers, who grinned wildly at him.

The next two plays went about the same for Cumberland, Edwards flattened to the ground with the ball and Pete dropped on his head without it. However, this last time, Pete got up from the head-dropping and stalked angrily off the field. On the sideline he was met by a pleading George Allen. "We need our best players in there. Ya gotta stay in if we're ever gonna win this game."

But Pete wouldn't hear of it. He plopped down on the bench, folded his arms, and grumbled to himself.

The worried coach scanned the Cumberland bench for a substitute to replace Pete. Deciding that he and Poague, with his bad leg, were the only ones in good enough condition to go in, he chose Poague. Allen watched as the man with the bum leg limped three steps before falling to the ground.

"Well, Ah've got no choice but to go in myself," Allen

mumbled. He helped Poague to his feet. Then, grabbing the helmet from his manager, Allen jogged out to the center of the field, only to find that he had been chosen to punt the ball in place of the protesting Gray.

"Look, fellas. He's come to turn the tide," a Cumberland player sneered.

"Let me show y'all how it should be done," Allen said confidently.

After taking the snap from the center, Allen positioned the ball in his hands, turning it over and crosswise several times, trying to decide how to go about punting the thing. Meanwhile, the Tech line was rushing in, pushing the Cumberland linemen backwards. Panicking, Allen hurriedly got off a good, hard kick that hit the center, Earl Hennessee, squarely in the back of the neck, bowling him over. A Tech lineman nearby jumped on the loose football, which put the Yellow Jackets in possession on Cumberland's 10-yard line. The Cumberland Bulldogs were stunned. They just stood there, shaking their heads in disbelief as they stared at Allen.

"He showed us how it should be done all right," a player snickered.

Laughter erupted from the stands. Its occupants realized that they were going to be entertained with a humorous second half, as well.

"That's the way to go, Bulldogs!" shouted the crowd, along with a cheer Allen had taught them earlier, but with a minor alteration. "Give 'em the punt, the punt, the punt. . . right in the neck, the neck, the neck. . ."

A very disgusted Pete Gray had been watching this circus from the sideline. In particular he had been watching Shavers, the huge Tech lineman who had been causing him so much misery. Eyeing Shavers returning to his side of the scrimmage line, Pete noticed that the Tech brute gave one of his Georgia Tech teammates the sacred "Sigma Nu" handshake. Pete jumped excitedly to his feet, for he was himself a proud Sigma Nu. Brotherhood was the Sigma Nu motto. Survival was Pete's. Quickly he ran out on the field to put himself back into the game, relieving an embarrassed George Allen.

As was expected, on the next play Shavers came charging after Pete, sending him flying backwards. But this time, when Shavers extended a helping hand, Pete gave the rugged

Techster the Sigma Nu handshake. Shavers looked surprised. "So, you're a brother Nu, huh?"

"That's right," Pete said, smiling up at the broad-shouldered Shavers.

Looking over Pete's thin shoulders at the rest of the Cumberland team, Shavers growled, "Got any other fraternities represented on your team?"

"Sure. That guy over there," Pete said as he pointed to Gentry Dugat. "Why?"

"Since you're a brother Nu, I need a new target. You see, I hate rival fraternities."

Even though he felt relieved, Pete couldn't help feeling sorry for his teammate. "Gentry's such a nice guy, too," he mumbled to himself.

Though things were looking up for Pete Gray, the game predicament for Cumberland still looked gloomy. Strupper scored easily on the next play, putting Tech out ahead 132-0.

"Now it's our turn to score, Bulldogs," Allen shouted from the Cumberland sideline.

"Listen to him. He actually wants us to score a touchdown."

"Well, it's not totally impossible, Leon."

"Come on, Q.B. You'd have to be Merlin the Magician to score on those giants."

"But Q.B. is a magician of sorts," Earl interrupted. "He showed me and Fullback his hat trick in the dinin' hall a spell back."

"Quit it, you guys. You're embarrassing me," Edwards replied coyly. "Besides, I have a tricky idea up my sleeve."

"What is it?" they asked the dreamy-eyed Edwards.

"I'll explain after the kickoff."

With the wind behind him, Tech's Spence booted a high, end-over-end kick, which sailed out of the end zone. The ball was Cumberland's, on its own 20-yard line.

"Now, tell us your plan, Q.B.," the men begged Edwards.

"Listen, and listen close, fellas. I want everyone to run to the right after I receive the snap." Then turning to Johnny Dog, Edwards continued, "I want you to run around behind me from the left, and I'll pretend to hand you the ball."

"But, if everybody's on the right side, and you fake it to me running right, that leaves you all alone to the left without any blockers. You'll get killed!"

"Not if they don't see the ball, and you do a real good job of acting," Edwards said, grinning.

"How are you gonna keep 'em from seein' the ball in your hands?"

"Simple. Once I fake the ball to you, I'll hide it by stuffin' it up the back of my shirt. When my side of the field becomes clear, I'll run for a T.D."

His teammates snickered a bit.

"Well, I hope it works." Johnny Dog sounded doubtful.

Edwards stood back, poised and ready as he called the signals. A proud smirk blended with his signal-calling.

"Hike. . .one. . .two. . .three. . ."

The ball was snapped directly to him. While the entire Cumberland line merged right, Johnny Dog ran behind Edwards, pretending to take the handoff. Edwards quickly tucked the ball up the back of his jersey with one hand and faked the exchange with the other. Once Nelson had passed by, Edwards stood up straight and folded his arms, assuming the roll of a spectator. He remained there, waiting for a clear opening to appear on the field ahead of him.

Surprisingly, the plan started out well, for nearly every tackler went after Johnny Dog, thinking he had the football. Except, one Tech lineman, a huge, not-too-bright fellow, heard a faint sound of someone calling from the Tech sideline "The quarterback has the ball." The confused Yellow Jacket player stood there, several yards in front of Edwards, rubbing his eyes, while he stared at the grinning Cumberland quarterback, who showed no sign of having the football. Soon the baffled Tech players who had tackled the without-the-ball running back rose to their feet and began walking slowly toward a perspiring Edwards. Still grinning, but now it was only to hide his fears.

"What did you do with the football?" growled one of the tall Tech defenders. The giant player placed his hands on his hips and glared down at Edwards.

"I. . .uh. . .I handed it to that gentleman over there," Edwards replied in a shaky voice. He pointed toward Johnny Dog. "It's beyond me what he did with it."

"Old Heis was right. Your team is sneaky. I believe y'all are up to somethin'."

"Honest, we're not. I know better than to try to pull anything on you guys. . ." Edwards continued pleading his case, not realizing that the ball had begun sliding down his back. Gradually, it slipped to the ground and rolled between his feet. Seeing the Tech players flocking his way, Edwards knew his bluff had been uncovered. Looking down, he spied the loose football and quickly jumped on top of it.

"Ha! Ha! That was some plan, Q.B.," chuckled Leon. The laughter from the rest of the Cumberland team now joined with that of the crowd in the stands.

Coach Allen saw that he would have to resume play calling himself. From the Cumberland sideline, he shouted, "Turnip to Broccoli!"

Allen's plan called for Johnny Dog to throw a pass to Warwick on a down-and-out route. But when Johnny went back to pass, he noticed that all of his teammates, including the intended receiver, were facing him with their backs to the line of scrimmage. "Kick that thing, Johnny Dog. We don't want it," they yelled in mirth. Terribly surprised, the little sportswriter from the "Nashville Tennessean" hurriedly punted the ball. It went ten yards upfield to Shavers, who had "touchdown" written in his eyes and a taste of steak in his mouth. Adding the extra point ran the tally to 140 points.

One of the local sportswriters had been calling in to his newspaper after each and every score. When he called in the latest score, an office staff member began to doubt that he was actually there at the game.

"It's what! One hundred forty to nothing!! Hee . . . hee . . . hee . . ." the disbelieving newspaper journalist exclaimed to his roving "on-the-spot" reporter. Cupping his hand over the phone, the middle-aged, dark-haired man screamed above the newsroom clamor to his co-workers. "Now, Martin says the score of the game, which is still in the third quarter by the way, is 140-0!"

The entire newsroom exploded with laughter. It had grown with each of Martin's call-ins.

"I believe the poor boy has had one too many nips of gin," someone quipped.

"Yeh. One hundred forty, to be exact."

But the humor engulfing the newsroom dispersed the moment the editor-in-chief, Bill Johnston, appeared. Some of the

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reporters began tapping away grimly at their typewriters, while others were bending over their work tables, everyone trying to look extremely busy.

"Who are you talking to, Steele?" asked the stern, deep-voiced, stylish gentleman in the dark suit and tie. He brushed off his bowler hat and placed it on the desk.

"It's Martin, sir. He's been calling in every time someone scores in the Tech-Cumberland game. Thus far, according to his latest report, the score is Tech 140, Cumberland 0."

The surprised editor-in-chief gasped, spilling a few drops of very hot coffee from the cup he was holding, scalding his hand, and splashing some of it on his very expensive suit. Quickly, Johnston pulled a handkerchief from his breast pocket and dabbed the spreading stain. He said, "There must be some misunderstanding. Here, let me talk to him." Grabbing the phone from Steele, he spoke brusquely, "Martin."

"Yes, chief."

"Would you repeat that score, please? It seems someone here didn't quite understand what you said."

"The score is 140-0 in Tech's favor."

"Look, Martin, I just spilled coffee all over my brand-new suit and I'm in no mood for one of your silly stories. . ."

"But that is the score, B.J., I swear."

"Okay, let's try again. You *are* at Grant Field, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are watching Georgia Tech play Cumberland in a football game. . ."

"Right."

". . . and the score is 40-0."

"Wrong. It's 140-0."

"Click. . ." The line went dead as the angry chief editor slammed the phone down.

"Steele! Jones! Get out to Grant Field at once and find out the real score of that game!" Johnston shouted above the clattering typewriters and the busy newsroom hum. "Next, that confounded Martin will be calling in again to report seeing a rattlesnake wearing gold earrings and a pair of glasses."

Martin's past history of unusual reporting had done very little to prove his credibility, so this time the newspaper sent out two older, more mature men to verify his incredible story.

Now, more and more, the Cumberland players began treating the game as a big joke. All they wanted to do was stay healthy enough to enjoy the $500, after the game was over.

Allen had also given up hope of their ever coming from behind to beat Tech. His only concern was keeping eleven men on the football field.

Mentally exhausted, Allen casually slouched forward on the Cumberland team bench. From there he glanced up and watched Johnny Dog receive the kickoff on his own goal line. Expecting the worst, Allen then gazed downward.

Starting upfield, Johnny Dog was surprised to find that all his teammates were lying on the ground. So, he went ten safe yards and voluntarily joined them there. Safe, in the sense of staying alive and keeping possession of the ball.

Edwards, responsible for calling the next play, stared toward his coach on the sideline, awaiting instructions.

"Do what ya want," Allen yelled to Edwards. The weary Cumberland coach only shrugged his shoulders. He had decided to give his quarterback another chance at calling the plays, while he gave his own overworked brain a rest.

Those words from Allen made Edwards a very happy man. He knew that, as long as he was calling the plays, he wouldn't have to carry the football. Turning to Nelson, Edwards said, "Turnip around eggplant."

Now Johnny Dog was upset with Edwards for calling a play in which *he* would have to carry the ball. In fact, the Cumberland ringer was so unhappy that, after receiving the pitchout from Edwards, he, in turn, pitched it back to him. The two men continued pitching the ball back and forth to each other.

In the midst of a returning pitch, Tech's Spence came crashing in, slapped down the airborne ball, and jumped on top of it to give his team great field position. Both Cumberland backs were knocked hard to the ground during the incident.

Allen jumped to his feet and dashed out on the field to see about Edwards. It seemed the clever quarterback hadn't completely recovered from the slight concussion he had received earlier in the game. Once again, Ed was lying on the turf—dazed and shaken. Coaches Allen and McQueen helped Edwards off the field. Poague stayed in to replace him.

On first down Spence took the handoff and raced down the

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sideline, headed for another six points. Poague, who just happened to stand in Spence's path, moved aside suddenly, hoping to get out of his way. But the unfortunate Cumberland manager retwisted his bad knee, sending him face down in the tufted grass. The Tech superstar simply hurdled the horizontal Poague for another score. Allen and McQueen went out and helped Poague limp off the field.

Over on the other side of the field, completely opposite the last play, Gentry Dugat had been blindsided by what appeared to have been a powerful steam engine topped with red hair. Shavers had struck again!

After Tech's scoring of the extra point, a semi-recovered Edwards staggered back onto the field. With him, he carried a message from Coach Allen. "Fullback says: 'Let's kick to them and maybe this time we can turn the tide,' " Edwards quoted, imitating Allen's slow Mississippi drawl. He then mocked further by adding, "Fullback also said, 'Ah'll re-turn in the fourth qua-tur, once the score is clo-sur.' "

The Cumberland team, finding his Allen imitation very amusing, laughed uproariously.

That last blow Edwards received had really shaken him up. Now he was demanding to be the kicker. Of course, the other Cumberland players didn't object to that, for none of them wanted the job anyway. However, they didn't take under consideration that Edwards wasn't fully recovered from his last injury. Because of his upset equilibrium, the kicker staggered to the 40-yard line, bent down, and tried to position the ball vertically on the ground so he could kick it. But because his judgment was off, the ball kept falling over.

Johnny Dog kindly offered to hold the ball in place for him, and Edwards graciously accepted his offer.

While Edwards backed up for the kickoff, Johnny Dog knelt down and placed his right hand on top of the football to steady it. Then, with a determined look in his glassy eyes, the goose-stepping Edwards began his approach toward the ball. He swayed back and forth until he reached it, then swung his foot forcefully, completely missing the ball. Oh, how the fans loved it. Those who had started to leave the stadium quickly returned to their seats.

Edwards suddenly leaned over toward Johnny Dog and demanded, "Why'd you move them durn footballs?"

"I didn't. You missed. Besides, there's only one," Johnny chuckled.

"Well, do it again and I'll try to kick the right one this time," the fuzzy-visioned Edwards replied, trying to distinguish between the multiple outlines he was seeing.

Once more Edwards approached the football, swaggering as he went. Upon reaching the oppointed spot, he reared back his leg, rubbed his eyes, and let loose an awesome kick. The ball went bop, bop, bop, rolling across the turf. Johnny Dog cried "Ow—oo—oo!" as his injured hand flew to his mouth. Evidently, Edwards had managed to kick two objects at once. Johnny Dog, however only managed one—a retaliatory blow to Edwards' shin. The football tumbled end-over-end and rolled some twenty-yards upfield. Tech's Bell scooped it up, cut to the right, and raced all the way to the Cumberland 15-yard line before being tackled by Dow Cope and Earl Hennessee. Gentry had also been in hot pursuit of Bell but was put out of the play by a hard, flying block from the Tech Sigma Nu. Gentry was definitely Shavers' new target.

On the next play, Strupper waltzed through a hole in the Cumberland line to score—a hole created by another hard-charging block from Shavers over the top of Gentry Dugat.

With this touchdown, Georgia Tech had tied the all-time record for the greatest number of points scored in a single intercollegiate football game—153. Spence's extra point broke that record. Ecstatic Tech players poured from the sideline to congratulate their teammates on the field. Cheers from the crowd now reverted to the home team.

Cumberland's team, meanwhile, took advantage of the situation to claim a much needed rest by sprawling on the ground. They were on the butt end of this joke, so they said very little.

Tech's history-making football team heartily congratulated one another with bone-crushing hugs and sharp slaps on the back. Others leaped high in the air and yelled "hooray!" Several Tech players raised Spence up high on their shoulders and carried him around in a circle on the field. This brought louder cheers echoing from the crowd in the stands as they, too, joined in the celebration. The Tech band quickly struck up another rousing rendition of the "Ramblin' 'Reck song." In fact, one Cumberland player on the field stood applauding, feeling a

sense of pride in being part of this historical event. The highly emotional charged atmosphere had captured his spirit, sending a chill of excitement quivering through his body.

"You know what, guys? As bad as I'm hurting right now, I can honestly say I'm glad I came here today to take part in this game. We're gonna be legends in our own time," Gentry bragged to his Cumberland teammates, who lounged around him on the grass of Grant Field.

"Yeah, but laughed-at legends," Earl moaned.

Suddenly, the Cumberland Bulldogs gazed at one another, causing another well-deserved spell of laughter, thus relieving the tension.

Once the celebration was over, a handful of excited Georgia Tech players lifted Coach Heisman on their shoulders and carried him to the sideline. A slowly moving Preas had only then reached his teammates on the field when they began to head back toward the sideline. Tech's hero of the first half, the kicker with the sore foot, had hobbled out to join the celebration, slumped over and holding the handle of the ice-filled bucket in which his sore foot rested. This had caused him to arrive well behind the others. Now Preas looked back and realized that he had to recover rapidly the same distance to return to the Tech sideline.

When things had calmed down a little, the referee blew his whistle and called "Time in!"

But wait! Coach Allen stared out at the gridiron in astonishment. He counted only nine Cumberland players on the field. Two had deserted during the celebration. Cumberland's worried coach hurriedly scanned the bench, seeking replacements. Using his clever mind, Allen pointed to Patey, who had a hurt right leg, and Gauldin, who had an injured left leg. Allen sent the disabled pair into the game, each man with an arm wrapped tightly around the other's shoulder, while they hopped in unison on their one good outside leg. This way, Allen figured, the two men together could at least make up one good player. (Patey and Gauldin eventually gained the nickname of "Patga" for their remarkable play as one man.) Once they reached the Cumberland team on the field, they relayed Coach Allen's message: "Let them kick to us."

Up until this time, Tech had been a taker, not a giver. The Yellow Jackets had been receiving kickoffs and not dispensing

them. Perhaps that accounted for the high Tech kickoff that travelled only a short distance. Long or short kickoff, however, Tech didn't appear concerned. Dow Cope and Gentry, though, were concerned. One, because he had the ball and the other, because he had to figure out a way to neutralize Shavers' attack. And neutralizing Shavers was something like trying to neutralize a raging bull. Although Gentry had handled irate bulls before, he still couldn't come up with a fool-proof plan for taming the Tech terror.

Cumberland's left tackle, Cope, really couldn't cope. The ball just came right to him and he had to field it in self-defense. Unaccustomed to carrying the football, since he was a lineman, he ran laterally—first to one side and then to the other—in a bewildered state.

Gentry, meanwhile, played possum. Pretending to be injured, Gentry positioned himself on the ground, tugging at his ankle and moaning. With Gentry out of the play, Shavers eyed Cope gliding laterally like a lost chicken. Once Shavers had passed him by, Gentry sprang up and headed for the Tech assassin. As Shavers prepared to clamp the Cumberland ball-carrier, Gentry smashed into Shavers from the side. The unexpected blow sent Shavers' feet skyward and his body crashing to the ground like the felled trunk of a huge Redwood. Heisman called a time-out so they could carry the unconscious Shavers off the field.

As usual Cumberland also had a player down. This time it was Bob Engler, the reserve halfback, who had to be helped off the field. Hurting but happy.

Coach Allen once again faced the problem of finding a replacement for an injured player. All of his ablebodied, injured players were already out on the field. So, he took a mental inventory of the remaining Cumberland players: three had gotten lost in Nashville, one had disappeared during halftime, and two had vanished while Tech was celebrating their record-breaking score. There were four players on the sideline with serious injuries, including his manager Poague with a hurt leg. The other coach, Butch McQueen, hadn't dressed out to play. Allen had no intention of playing. And finally—Pee Wee, a snobby little guy, who had volunteered for the trip only to impress the head of the Cumberland Law School.

As a very last resort, Allen turned to Pee Wee. "Looks like you're goin' in."

"I hope you weren't referring to me, sir."

"Ah'm afraid so, Pee Wee."

"You guaranteed me I wouldn't have to take part in this deplorable ritual."

"All ya have to do is stand on the field so we'll have eleven men."

"It's immaterial to me whether we have eleven men on the field or not, Mr. Allen. But if it's for the good of the Law School. . ."

"Oh, it is."

". . .and if I don't have to take part in the absurdity of it. . ."

"Oh, you won't."

"And if Judge Green will hear of my bravery."

"Oh, he certainly will."

"Then I'll do it."

Pee Wee strolled out to the rest of the Cumberland team standing on the field. "I shall be joining you gentlemen for a spell."

A few of the players snickered at Pee Wee's unusual manner of speaking.

Edwards, always the jokester, called Earl aside and whispered in his ear. "Center it to Pee Wee."

After instructing Pee Wee where to stand, Edwards yelled "Hike!" Much to the refined scholar's surprise, Earl centered the ball directly to him. When he caught it, Pee Wee looked up and saw what appeared to be the entire Georgia Tech team descending on him. He immediately threw the ball straight up in the air, turned, and ran through the end zone, between the goalposts, all the way to the back of Grant Field. There he climbed over the wooden fence and sat down, struggling to catch his breath. He rested his back against the rough boards while his heart continued beating wildly. Gazing to his right, Pee Wee spied the two players who had disappeared earlier during Tech's celebration for the record-breaking score.

"If they come looking for Pee Wee, they'll be sure to find us," one of the hiding men whispered to his partner. "We've got to get rid of him fast."

Each of the men grasped Pee Wee by an arm and a leg,

then swung and threw him back over the fence.

Meanwhile, out on the field, Tech's Spence had jumped on Pee Wee's abandoned football. The multi-talented Spence scored up the middle on the following play, then kicked the extra point.

Pee Wee, in the meantime, had reluctantly returned to the playing field. Allen had promised him that the previous incident wouldn't be repeated. In fact, Pee Wee made him swear to it.

Once again it was Spence spotlighted where he stood, tense, preparing to kick off for Tech. Spotlighted for Cumberland was their own Johnny Dog Nelson, in position to await the kickoff. Though he was standing in the right place, his inattentive mind and his gaze were, as they had been for most of the game, centered on the blue-eyed blonde leading the cheers from the Tech sideline. More and more he became obsessed with the thought of running into her again. Suddenly an idea popped into his skull, an idea he had to carry out. When the kickoff reached him, the hopeless romantic tucked the ball under his arm and raced down the sideline, headed for his dream girl.

Though Johnny was pushed out of bounds at the Cumberland 10-yard line, he continued running upfield an extra nine yards—near to where the cheerleader was standing. After reaching his desired destination, he slid into the grass, landing flat on his back. Immediately, he pretended to be hurt. The shapely blonde gasped in alarm, dropping her huge gold megaphone, and rushed to his aid once more. But before she could reach him, a frisky wire-haired Fox-Terrier, disturbed by the commotion Johnny had made, jumped from its owner's lap, raced down several rows of steps, and dashed out to the Tech sideline. The canine went directly to where Johnny Dog was laid out and bit him smack on the seat of his pants. A howling Johnny Dog sprang to his feet, which were already in motion before he could even hit the ground.

Johnny shot across the playing field like something out of a cannon. He was closely followed by a loudly barking dog, which was in turn pursued by its owner, a small, elderly lady who was shaking her parasol wildly. The terrified Nelson hurdled the bench lined with his hysterically laughing teammates and continued running up into the stands. By now, the referees and a few of the players had joined a trail of people following

Johnny Dog. Unable to sidetrack the mutt, Johnny ran down the steps and out of the stands. He continued to run up and down the Cumberland sideline, with the dog still chasing him, hoping the mutt would soon wear out. But it didn't slack up for a second. Then using his mind constructively, the chasee shimmied up one leg of the goalpost and sat down on its frail crossbar. "Help! Get that maneater away from me!" Johnny Dog screamed.

Finally the small grey-haired owner retrieved her yipping pooch. Much-relieved, Johnny Dog climbed from his high perch, sliding down the goalpost and hitting the ground. After picking himself up, he surveyed the damage done to his person. It was then he realized he had incurred an injury from the dog's bite, but not to his flesh. Instead, a good-sized piece of material was missing from the backseat of Johnny's pants, revealing a portion of tender white skin. The embarrassed Cumberland halfback decided to stay in the game; since his pride had already been badly trampled, he figured this indignity might as well make it a double funeral. Besides, he wouldn't have been able to sit down on the splintery wooden bench, anyway. Soon the laughter in the stands subsided, and the players resumed their positions on the field.

Allen joined Poague and Coach McQueen on the Cumberland bench. All three men looked on in disappointment as McDonald was sacked during a passing attempt.

"Fullback, can you believe this lickin' we're takin'?"

"No, Poague. No, Ah can't. Ah figured, with the players we recruited, we had a fightin' chance."

"By the way, Fullback, what happened to that prize ringer you bragged so much about?" McQueen asked. "All I've seen him do today is run from a little dog."

"Ah don't know. All those old football stories Johnny Dog kept tellin' me about himself had me convinced he was a great player."

"Ha! Yeah, I've heard 'em all, too. I'll never forget his famous short-yardage play," Poague scoffed.

"That's it!" blurted Fullback, rising to his feet. He ran out on the field and propped up a hurting Johnny Dog, who had just been tackled for no gain. Leaving Johnny to recover on his own, Allen called Leon and Pete Gray over to the side.

"You guys remember that play Johnny Dog bragged so

much about, the one from his high-school days?"

"Which one was that? There were so many," Leon said with a smirk.

After looking around to make sure Johnny Dog wasn't within earshot, Allen went on to say, "The short-yardage play."

Both men smiled and gave Allen an "I gotcha" wink. This time, when the ball was centered to Johnny Dog, he was unexpectedly lifted by strong arms from both sides and tossed forward over several Tech defenders at the line of scrimmage. As Johnny started to descend, he collided head on with a quick-charging linebacker, sending Johnny flipping backwards and the football spinning forward. A fast-reacting defensive tackle dived to recover the ball for Tech, while Johnny Dog kept flipping backwards until his back made a loud thud on the turf. None of the Cumberland players went anywhere near the football; they had cleared out, giving the Techster all the room he needed. The brave Cumberland Bulldogs decided now was the time to switch their thoughts from triumph to survival.

They did, however, pile on top of the fumble-recoverer. All eleven Cumbies! Probably, they didn't even know why they did it. It seemed that, after the first two landed on him, it became the thing to do. Mainly, it was a chance to get a little revenge.

One by one, the Bulldogs slowly unstacked themselves from the pileup.

When the Tech player felt sufficiently recovered from the tackle, he got to his feet. Except that when he tried to walk, he found that he couldn't. It looked as if he had twisted his right ankle badly. He limped back to the sideline, favoring the injured ankle. Alarmed, coaches Heisman and Alexander met the burly Georgian near the boundary line and helped him back to the Tech bench. Noticing his anguished look of pain, the worried coaches quickly removed his right shoe to discover the extent of the injury. As soon as his sock was slowly and carefully pulled down, the diagnosis was obvious. There, as plain as day, appeared the most beautiful set of teeth marks near the player's upper ankle.

On the next play, Tech scored easily. Much to everyone's surprise, though, the surefooted Spence missed on the extra point attempt. His teammate, George Griffin, was the first to congratulate him by saying, "If we lose this game by one point,

it's gonna be all your fault."

The two Tech men continued joking while they walked back to prepare for the kickoff.

Back deep to receive the kickoff for Cumberland was Johnny Dog Nelson, now watching the dog instead of his cheerleader. He was distracted, however, by a disturbance on the Cumberland sideline. Nelson started to look toward his clowning coach, then thought better of it. But curiosity eventually got the best of him. Sure enough, when he turned his head, Johnny caught a glimpse of George Allen doing the bunny hug on top of the team bench.

"Oh, no," Johnny Dog snarled.

Spence's kick, once again, reached Nelson on the goal line. Johnny Dog clutched the ball closely to his chest and ran up the field behind the blocking of the ever-hopping Pat-Ga. Seeing danger heading their way, Patey and Gauldin made a sharp U-Turn in front of Johnny Dog. A surprised Nelson, unable to stop fast enough, crashed into the pair, separating them for the first time since they had come out on the field.

The Cumberland Bulldogs were gradually losing their fans as the cheers of the crowd reverted to "Go, Tech!" since the possibility of their team scoring 200 points loomed in sight. Between the fans' cry of "Go, Tech!" and the Tech sideline's "Steak! Steak! Steak!" chant, Cumberland's spirits sank lower and lower.

Heads down, tired, bruised, and humiliated, the Cumberland players heard a small rhythmic cheer coming from their sideline. "Five Hundred Dollars! Five Hundred Dollars! Don't forget the $500!"

Halfback Nelson glanced to his right and noticed Charles Warwick lying face down near the Cumberland sideline where he had been since the kickoff. Warwick raised his head a little and winked. He was there on orders from Johnny Dog. Quickly Johnny whispered to the other players, "Sleeper play."

This time, when the ball was centered to Johnny Dog, Warwick jumped up from his hiding place on the ground and sprinted to an open spot. The passer, not getting a good grip on the ball, threw it a little too far—completely out of his receiver's reach. Warwick was wide open and nobody on the Tech team had even noticed his presence.

As Johnny walked back to the huddle, he caught a glimpse

of another player, Carney, lying face down on the other sideline. Exactly as before, Johnny Dog whispered "Sleeper play" to his Cumberland teammates. But when Johnny went back to pass, he soon realized that Carney hadn't been waiting for a sleeper play. He had actually been hurt on the preceding play. Since he didn't have a receiver, Johnny quickly threw the ball out of bounds.

Following the play, Manager Poague hobbled out to where Carney lay. He unsparingly dipped his sponge into the water in the rusty metal bucket, slowly wringing it out, squeezing and twisting it lightly over Carney's pale lifeless face. A few drops of water streaked down the sides of Carney's face, running into his nostrils, causing the Cumberland left end to sit up, gasping for air. "What are you trying to do, Poague? Drown me?"

Assured that he could now breathe freely, Carney decided to remain in the game.

Once things had settled down, the Cumberland team gathered together in their huddle. It was Leon, who suggested punting the ball, and everyone agreed. The punter,[17] Pete Gray, eventually picked up the nickname "Grayback" because, during the many times he was called on to punt, the quarterback would say "Gray, back to punt" and Grayback just naturally caught on. Anyway, Gray went back, preparing to receive the snap from Earl. Earl, still a little gun-shy after being kicked in the back of the neck, had made it a habit to center the ball quickly and then flatten himself on the ground immediately afterward. Being more concerned with his own safety than in the actual performance of his job, Earl centered snaps that proved somewhat less than perfect.

This time the snap was much worse than usual. Instead of centering a spiralling football to Gray, the intended punter, the diving Hennessee centered it nearly straight up, causing it to fall directly into the hands of the blocker, halfback Johnny Dog Nelson. Nelson handled it like a hot potato. Unsure what he should do next, but certain he didn't have time to deliberate, Nelson booted the ball himself. It was a good kick though hardly a good response on the part of the Cumbies. They were completely frustrated with the way things were going and with the way points were piling up. This frustration caused them to hardly stir in the direction of the Tech punt returner, who zipped by as if the Cumberland players were practice-field

dummies.

Coach Allen noticed his team's lack of enthusiasm. So he acted by calling off the Cumberland bench a heavily bruised and badly scraped Vichy Woods to do the dirty work.

Vichy, a handsome and refined ladies' man, had, thus far, collected more than his share of surface bodily injuries. Every part of his anatomy was either darkly bruised, slashed, scraped, or swollen. That is, every part except the most prized section, his cute babyface. There wasn't even the slightest nick upon it; he had made durn sure of that.

Allen whispered into Vichy's least injured ear. "Climb-the-ladder. You've got nothin' to lose."

The brave Vichy nodded and trotted out to the field to relay Allen's message.

"Look, here comes Vichy," Leon said to Edwards, pointing toward the slender, yet strongly built Woods nearing the Cumberland huddle. Though his light brown hair danced aimlessly about his head as he scurried along, each strand fell back into place when he came to a halt.

"What's the word from Fullback?" Leon asked Woods.

"He wants us to block that extra point."

"Well, that sounds easy enough," came the sarcastic reply from one of the players.

"And just how are we gonna do that?"

"Fullback wants me to climb-the-ladder."

"Vichy! That's suicide."

"Look at me, Leon. What more could happen to this body?"

"Well, I guess you're right."

The plan called for three men to build a human stairway. One man would kneel on the ground and lean forward to wrap his arms tightly around the back of the second man's knees. The second man, in turn, would be standing, bent at the waist in a 90° angle so he could grasp the waist of a third man who would be standing straight up facing forward. Vichy would first step up on the kneeling player's back, then onto the back of the player bending forward from the waist, and last he would step up on the shoulders of the man who was standing.

A very puzzled Georgia Tech center stood gawking at the unusual formation his adversaries were using to line up in front of him. He thought it was probably some crazy stunt or joke or something. But it wasn't. Behind the human, three-step

ladder, a determined Vichy waited, ready to charge to the top and block that kick.

Once the ball was snapped, a hard-climbing Vichy raced up the steps with speed and accuracy. Upon reaching the top step, Vichy leaped forward, stretching his body to make himself as tall as possible. The ball, on its upward path of flight, smacked Vichy squarely in the nose. A stream of blood spurted from his nostrils, splattering the face of the Cumberland kamikaze as he fell to the ground—hard. Rolling over and over a few times, he came to rest stretched out, flat on his back. Warm red blood blurred his vision so that Vichy caught only a fuzzy glimpse of the wide-cleated shoe which left its impression on his right cheek. Yet another player, chasing after the loose football, accidentally kicked Vichy, now almost in shock, in the forehead.

Poague, Allen, and McQueen hurried out on the field to see about him. Vichy's face was a disaster. Other than putting a few huge bandaids on his worst cuts, there wasn't much they could do for him. When asked if he felt okay, the brave young lad simply replied, "My hair isn't messed up, I hope." He proved the true meaning of the word "courage" that day when he decided to stay in the game.

Someone had asked George Allen "When are you gonna join us?" That was something like asking a disheveled Christian when he would be ready to rejoin the lions. Allen did a mental retread, stalling for time to consider an appropriate answer for why he didn't want to be another human sacrifice to the smoothly operating Tech machine. Allen tried to shove his fear to the back of his mind. But even his subconscious rebelled, murmuring at Tech's awesomeness.

Meanwhile, on the Georgia Tech sideline, Assistant-Coach Alexander was beginning to feel slightly uncomfortable as the scoring climbed higher. He was wishing he hadn't shot off his mouth about setting them up with steak dinners if they scored 200 points. "Steak! Steak! Steak!" was now the rallying cry as the magic number drew closer.

Gouger, Edwards, and Johnny Dog stood down around the Cumberland 5-yard line discussing various ways they might be able to put something on the scoreboard. "If we keep them running those long touchdown plays, they'll eventually tire out . . . ," Johnny Dog explained.

While Nelson was talking, Gouger and Edwards looked up

and noticed that the kickoff was heading in their direction. The two men quickly moved aside, leaving the still-talking Johnny Dog standing right in the path of the football hurtling toward him.

"Hey, where are you guys going? I'm not through talkin' yet. . .et. . ."

When Johnny Dog finally glanced up and spied the spinning ball, he realized he had no choice but to catch it himself. So he put it under his right arm and returned it for a whole ten yards.

Time was running out in the third quarter. It seemed that the quarter would end with Cumberland behind by a score of 173 to 0. With just a few seconds remaining on the clock, Cumberland was determined to change the score. Sure enough, they did.

Leon drifted back and tossed the football toward his tightly covered wide receiver. Carney jumped up high between two Tech defenders in an attempt to nab the ball. However, he only tipped it, sending it ricocheting into the arms of another defensive back. The Yellow Jacket player returned it all the way for a Tech touchdown. Spence's extra point sent Tech's score up to 180 points and the crowd to its feet yelling, "Two hundred! Two hundred!"

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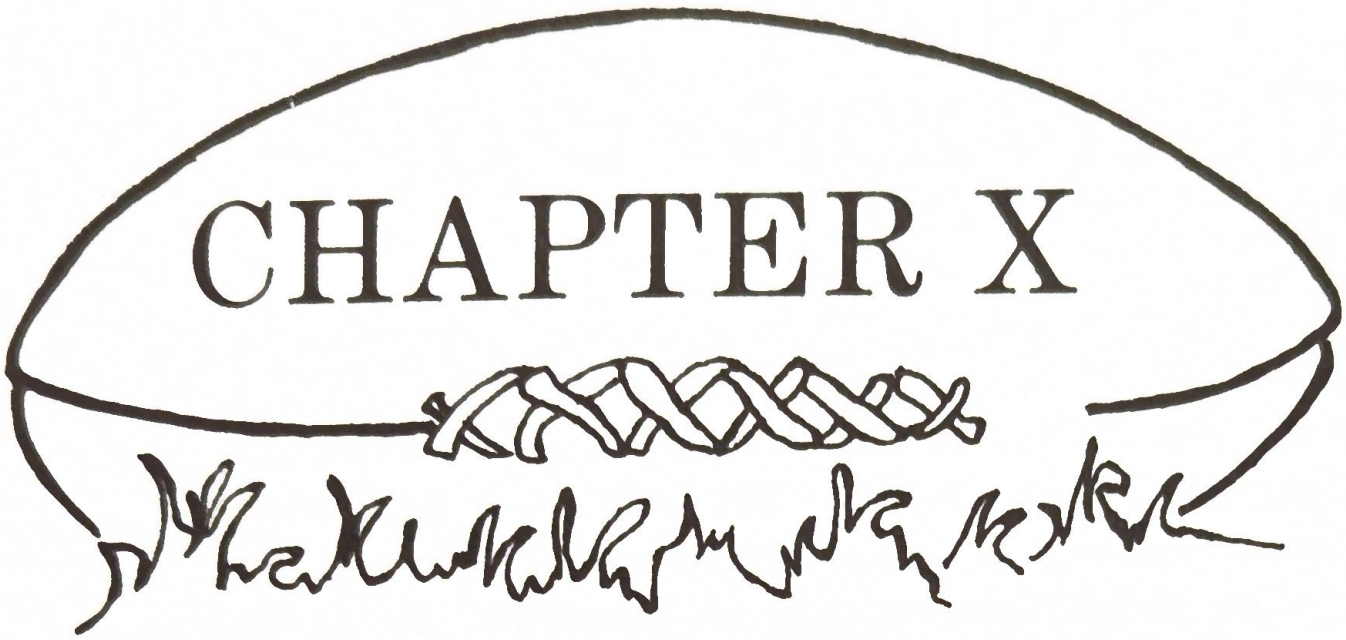
CHAPTER X



Chapter X

"YOU DROPPED IT, YOU PICK IT UP!"

"Ah'll shortly be comin' back in to turn the tide, just as soon as Ah can find a helmet that fits," echoed a Mississippi-accented voice from the Cumberland sideline. Nevertheless, the men gathered in the Bulldogs' huddle weren't naive enough to take Allen at his word.

"Can you believe that? Fullback has no intention of coming back out here," complained an indignant Leon.

"It might be best if he didn't," Earl grumbled, rubbing the back of his neck.

"He's just standing there wearing that confident 'I've-almost-made-it-through-the-game-without-going-back-in' look on his face."

"Well, maybe we ought to give him a good scare."

"What kind of scare, Q.B.?" Gentry asked.

"After the kickoff, we'll all stay laid out on the ground, pretending to be hurt or knocked out."

"Yeh, he'd probably be scared to death of losing the $500."

"Or worse. The thought of having to reenter the game would surely kill him."

They eagerly agreed to carry out the plan.

Cumberland's huddle strategy had become less horticultural and more comical. The players promised they would never mention a vegetable's name again after that day. In fact, each player took a life-long meatatarian oath. Now, that's desperation!

Johnny Dog stood back, searching for a nice plot of ground on which to play possum, once the play was over. He seriously

considered a pleasant section of greenery with a gorgeous blonde, blue-eyed view. Instead, his fear of dogs, one in particular, sent his eyes probing elsewhere. When the high-floating kickoff finally reached him, he carried it straight upfield for ten yards, then ninety degreed it for the nearest sideline. To his surprise, a Tech defender happened to be stationed near the boundary line, making sure the ball didn't go out of bounds. Quickly, Johnny Dog put on his brakes and reversed laterally in the opposite direction. The huge Tech defender made a diving attempt to tackle Johnny but wound up with only a mere handful of torn shirttail. Unfortunately, it was a vital piece of cloth, which had been censoring the public's view of the Nelson tush.

While running down the field, Johnny Dog felt a rather embarrassing draft. He skidded to a stop so he could take care of it. Noticing the shortage of jersey, he immediately took the football and placed it over the canine-made hole in the back of his pants. Eventually, a Tech player sneaked up behind Johnny, grabbed him around the neck in a tight bear hug, and picked him straight up off the ground. Soon after, a swarm of Yellow Jackets came buzzing in, multi-stinging Nelson with rapid helmet blows popping against various parts of his anatomy.

George Allen watched the Georgia Tech players returning to their side of the scrimmage line. But, to his horror, he saw that none of the Cumberland players were standing. Around the 15-yard line, it seemed more like a cemetery than a playing field. Players were laid out everywhere. An alarmed Coach Allen grabbed Poague by the arm and shouted, "We've gotta do somethin' fast!"

Allen impulsively grabbed the water bucket and rushed onto the field. At each spot where a Cumberland player lay, Allen stopped to pour unsparing amounts of water on the player's face to revive him. As the panicky coach went from one player to the next, he mumbled nervously, "My God, you've gotta wake up, or Ah'm gonna have to play."

Behind him, George left a trail of angry and half-drowned Cumberland players. Moments later they were back on their feet, eventually positioning themselves in their huddle.

"Some plan, Q.B.," a player scoffed.

"How was I to know he'd come out here and baptize us?"

Since the crowd's cheers had reverted to "Go, Tech," Coach Allen was feeling rather lonely on the Cumberland sideline. His

watering eyes watched helplessly as his group of fatigued and hurting men struggled to reach the line of scrimmage. The eternally short trip was in vain, however, for Johnny Dog quickly threw an intercepted pass, which was taken all the way for a Georgia Tech touchdown.

Cumberland's embarrassed coach was outraged! In a hostile state Allen's subconscious reflex was usually to kick the water bucket. But, this time, when he rared back to kick, Allen suddenly remembered the players' threat to walk off the field when he had previously knocked over the water bucket. This prevented a recurrence. Still, there was a terrible need to release his growing anger. He wanted an outlet fast. Because he had failed in his search to find a nice, soft, inanimate object on which to unleash a good, swift kick, the desperate coach let loose of his cocked foot on one leg of the team bench. The partially rotted leg of the wooden bench collapsed, sending the wounded occupants sliding down to the fallen end and into a pile on the ground. They glared hostilely up at Allen, revealing their lack of appreciation for the predicament they were in. In fact, one player who had been faking an injury actually sustained one during the pileup.

Coach McQueen and Manager Poague repaired the bench; then they replaced the temporarily disabled men upon it while Allen strolled away. George was determined not to show any sign of the pain he was experiencing from his aching toe.

By this time, the two daring news writers sent by their newspaper to check out Martin's story were arriving at Grant Field. Georgia Tech was just preparing to kick off to Cumberland. Quick to spot his roving reporter standing along the infield fence, Steele called out to him in a sarcastic tone, "Hey, Martin. We've come to see for ourselves your 140 to 0 football game."

An excited Martin hastened over to join his colleagues. "I'm glad you fellas could make it," he said while maneuvering between the pair of new arrivals. Then, placing an arm around each man's shoulder, he hurried them toward the fence. "The score is now 187 to 0, and Tech's just about to kick off."

When Steele looked across and grinned at Smith, the two reporters began to laugh. Both Steele and Smith, being naturally curious, carefully eyed the small, slouching, Cumberland figure who, in desperation, was trying to align himself to receive the kickoff. They knew undoubtedly that Tech must have been beating these unimpressive little opponents; nevertheless, they refused to believe the large score told them by Martin. That is, they refused to believe it until they watched Cumberland receiving the kickoff.

Steele wasted little time in getting to the nearest telephone so he could call in to his boss.

"Hello." said the editor-in-chief.

"B.J., is that you?"

"Speak up, Steele. It's hard to hear you with all that noise in the background."

"You're not going to believe this, sir, but Tech is leading by a score of 187 to 0."

"What?!"

"It's the most unusual game I've ever witnessed. On the kickoff from Tech, two of Cumberland's players ran smack into each other. Now, get this, it was while they were trying to get *out* of the way of the football. Anyhow, the ball hit the ground and rolled back to the kickoff returner who juggled it with one hand, while he tried to hold his shirttail over a large rip in the back of his pants with the other."

"Come on, Steele."

"Honest, sir. And that's not all. Blocking for the kickoff returner were a pair of his teammates locked together arm and shoulder, while they hopped on one leg each. On the far side of the field, two more of the Cumberland linemen were wrestling each other on the ground, and one of them kept yelling something about dust getting in his eyes. And, to top it all, one skinny little guy with glasses kept trying to scale the back fence. Still another player was. . ."

"Click. . ." The line went dead.

"Hello, hello, B.J., are you there?"

Apparently, Mr. Johnston had decided that the members of his staff were trying to pull a fast one on him, and he wanted to check this game out for himself. So he grabbed his hat and headed for the door.

Newsman Steele returned to the field just in time to watch

Tech's Glenn recover a Bulldog fumble. This was during a Cumberland third-down running attempt up the middle of the line of scrimmage. It looked as if the Cumberland running back had simply given Glenn the football rather than be tackled by him.

On first down, the football was pitched to the speedy George Griffin, who raced thirty-five yards for yet another Tech touchdown. Not only did no one chase him, but one of the clowning Cumberland players dashed to the sideline, hurdled the Cumberland bench lined with substitutes, and lay down on the ground hiding behind them. This was certainly a new tactic since, usually, in order to avoid contact, they either assumed a supine position on the football field or ran with their opponents. By merely sitting or kneeling on the ground, they could be mistaken for small players and get flattened by over-eager Tech linemen.

Cumberland's eleven gathered together to decide whether to kick off or to receive the ball. They had discovered that, by standing in a tighter little circle with their arms wrapped around each other's shoulders, they could actually hold one another upright better. This clever idea originated when Edwards noticed Patey and Gauldin still holding each other up after a whole quarter of play. Anyway, the "huddle gang" decided to receive the kickoff.

Seconds before the kickoff, Coach Heisman glanced over his bench of substitutes and spied one player sitting off to himself at the end of the Tech bench snuggled beneath a warmup blanket. He had been there, quiet and unmoving, for most of the second half. Bewildered, Coach Heisman walked over to the young man, intending to find out if he was all right. However, when Heisman removed the top part of the blanket, he stared in astonishment at a Cumberland player. It was the one who had mysteriously disappeared when the teams were returning to the field for the start of the second half.

"Son, don't you know you're on the wrong bench?" a concerned Heisman asked, thinking the boy injured and possibly confused about his surroundings.

"I know, coach," came his reply. "But if I go back over there, that durn Coach Allen will send me back in the game."

Heisman just smiled and calmly walked away.

The Cumberland player on the Tech bench watched Johnny

Dog get slaughtered on the kickoff return; then, once more, he submerged himself within the blanket.

On first down, Cumberland's "turnip over cabbage" play produced minus three yards.

"Gray, back to punt. I can't go anymore."

"But it's only second down," Pete complained.

"Punt it anyway," the others agreed.

So, Pete stepped back a few yards and quickly punted the football. It was caught by Tech's Guill, who ran over and through, but not around, any Cumberland player in his path. Finally he was brought down around the 30-yard line by Dugat, Cope, and Hennessee, who hit him all at the same time.

By now the familiar chant of "Steak! Steak! Steak!" had grown increasingly louder. Even though the fans didn't know the reason behind the "Steak" cries, they started yelling it too. Possibly, they thought it was a clever new cheer. Tech's assistant coach, Alexander, aware that his team was only one touchdown away from 200 points and those steak dinners he had promised them, yelled out, "We've scored enough points! Let's hold down the score!"

Alexander's cry went unheeded, for Tech scored another touchdown two plays later when Senter ran for two yards up the middle of the field. After crossing the goal line, the Yellow Jacket ballcarrier, without breaking stride, circled back to the Tech sideline carrying the football. He tossed it to Coach Alexander the way a millionaire would flip a coin to a bum standing on a street corner. "I'll have mine medium rare," he shouted.

At 200 to 0, every Tech fan's eye centered on Fincher. And as far as the fans were concerened, Fincher put the clincher on things for his team. He didn't even look up after his conversion attempt, but he really didn't have to. For the Tech cheerleaders were turning somersaults and cartwheels up and down the sideline and cheering wildly. One female cheerleader tried to pick up her male partner and actually succeeded in lifting him an inch or so off the ground. Tech fans roared approvingly a couple of seconds after Fincher's successful kick from placement. The sound of cheers was deafening, only an octave above the blaring Tech band that once again broke into the fight song. Fincher didn't have to follow the flight of the ball or look at the scoreboard. All the sounds and sights around

him proclaimed Tech's breaking the 200 mark, a feat even the most ardent Tech fan had never dreamed possible.

While Tech was taking a brief time-out to celebrate, Coach Allen called his Cumberland players off the field. They circled around him on the sideline.

"All right, men," Coach Allen said confidently. "No need to worry. Ah have it all figured out. If my calculations are right, we need to score only six touchdowns a minute to win this game. It may mean a little extra effort on our part, but. . ." Unable to keep a straight face, Allen chuckled at his own joke. His sense of humor had returned. "O.K., we've given them a large enough lead. Let's send in the first string." More laughter broke out.

"Fullback, don't forget you promised to come back into the game this quarter," someone reminded him.

"Don't worry. Ah guarantee y'all will see me out there the minute Ah remove this splinter from my hand. Now, get out there and tickle their feathers." He patted each man on the back while gently shoving him toward the field.

Allen's words helped tremendously. Cumberland, however, didn't really want to settle for tickling Tech's feathers. The Cumbies would have much preferred rubbing a little tar on their feathers instead. Edwards brazenly showed that Cumberland was still competing when he eagerly rushed forward to receive the kickoff and toppled one Techster while en route to a ten-yard gain.

"This may be our last (gasp) chance to score. So, let's somehow find the energy (pant, pant) to put something in place of that goose egg on the scoreboard."

"O.K., Morris. I'll let you run it. 'Radish over Lima Bean,' " Edwards whispered to his halfback.

The Cumberland Bulldogs, reluctant to leave the huddle holding up their badly bruised and battered bodies, broke free, slowly making their way to the line of scrimmage. There they awaited the signals from Edwards, which came just faintly audible. Upon the command of "Hike," Earl responded by snapping the ball, and the rest of the line collapsed forward. A minus two yards on the play.

The following play seemed identical—everyone falling to the ground. Except, when it came time to rehuddle, Johnny Dog stayed down. Another "sleeper play" was set.

While starting off the play, Earl snapped the ball slightly over Edwards' head. Leon McDonald, the quick Cumberland Captain, chased after the runaway ball, picking it up just as the Georgia Tech team was about to converge upon him. Somehow, McDonald was able to spot his sleeper, Johnny Dog, standing all alone ten yards upfield. Shutting his eyes, Leon quickly threw a wobbly, end-over-end pass right before being drowned in a sea of Yellow Jacket defenders. By chance,the ball fell into Johnny Dog's outstretched hands for a nice ten-yard gain. Up in the stands the fans stood and cheered the Cumberland Bulldogs, while down on the Tech sideline Coach Heisman shot out three "flaming Jackasses!" to his defense. George Allen couldn't believe his eyes. Twice he pinched himself to see if he had fallen asleep on the bench and was now dreaming. But the bruises and the pain it produced, along with the loud ringing noise in his ears caused by the sideline pandemonium, convinced him it had really happened. In his excitement Allen grabbed the water bucket and tossed it high into the air, showering everyone around him. Nevertheless, the excitement was only temporary since it was fourth down and they were still short of the first-down marker: Cumberland was now forced to punt.

Though things had looked promising for a little while, Allen's dreams soon turned into nightmares when Fellers returned Gray's punt for another Tech score. Fincher kicked the extra point and Tech took a 208-0 lead.

Since the Lebanon eleven had been treating the game as a joke all along, not really trying to do their best and occasionally even laughing, that ten-yard gain had somehow resurrected their dying team spirit. A little confidence began to intermingle with their trampled pride, stirring up a voice inside their heads which said, "You can and you must score." But the voice was soon overridden by the exasperating sound of "Remember the $500!" coming from Coach Allen on the Cumberland sideline. All at once Edwards and the rest of the Cumberland Bulldogs in the huddle turned toward their coach and shouted in unison, "Shut up, Fullback!" A surprised Allen covered his mouth with his hand and sat down quietly on the end of the bench.

Out on the field the team from Tennessee, still huddled together, began planning their strategy for the kickoff.

"Morris, we can't let this team beat us by such a large margin, and us not score any points. It would be humiliating."

"The way I see it, J.D., our only chance of scoring would have to come during the kickoff when their players are more spread out."

"And if we used a trick play," Edwards added to the conversation.

"I'm afraid to ask, but what kind of tricky play, Q.B.?"

Turning toward Nelson, Edwards spoke in a loud whisper. "J.D., once you receive the kickoff, stay where you are, to draw our opponents' attention to you."

"You must think I'm crazy!" Johnny Dog shouted angrily.

His teammates were startled by this sudden outburst from the normally shy Nelson.

"Wait a minute. I'm not through explaining." Then, turning to Captain McDonald, Edwards continued, "Leon, I want you to remain standing, in position, across the field from Johnny Dog. Make sure you're at least a yard deeper."

"Got ya."

"J.D. will stay where he is until most of the Tech team is almost on top of him. . ."

"I will?!"

"Let me finish," the irritated Edwards complained, focusing back on Johnny Dog. "You will wait until the very last second. Then throw the ball across the field to Leon. He should be able to skip on in for a touchdown."

Before the Cumberland Bulldogs left the huddle, Gentry patted Leon on the back, relating his own determination. "Don't worry. I'm gonna flatten those overgrown show-offs."

Cumberland had begun to show a spark of pride. They reassured Leon with encouraging words as they left the huddle one-by-one, except in the case of Pat-Ga, who left the huddle two-by-one.

The give-it-all-you-got syndrome had struck Cumberland. But did their exhausted bodies have anything left to give?

As planned, Johnny Dog caught the football on the kickoff, then proceeded to attract his opponents' attention. First, he placed the ball on the ground and did a rain dance around it. Next, he stood over the ball while performing a jig that

resembled a dance destined to sweep the nation a decade later—the "Charleston."

Out there on the field, a veritable battlefront of missed blocks and tackles but little mystery, it was a classic example of too little too late, and the little that was left was ebbing away. The Cumbies, however, were still trying albeit feebly.

In the heat of the battle, Earl and Dow banded together to prove that misery, indeed, loves company. They were physically drained but emotionally charged enough to stand with their arms outstretched while they gripped each other's hand tightly to "clothes line" several pursuing Techsters. Gentry Dugat still had enough gumption and strength—more of the former than the latter—to flip a few well-executed elbows into Jacket bellies.

Other Cumberland players were still forcing their bodies against Techsters, but the force of the lads from Lebanon was more feeble than famous. In a $500 game, Cumberland's efforts weren't worth five cents; their chances, long ago, weren't worth a plugged nickel.

If their energies were exhausted, the Cumbies' sense of humor wasn't. One Tennessee player limped over and crouched on all fours behind a hulking Tech lineman. Another Cumberland player stood in front of the big Tech player, placed his tired hand on the Yellow Jacket's chest and pushed, gloating as the Tech toughie fell backwards over the crouched Cumbie.

"Do I get an assist on that tackle, . . . er . . .tumble?" asked the slouched Cumberland player.

Even the Tech player let a smile break through his lips. But there was no breakthrough for Cumberland, just a group collapse as the shadows lengthened at Grant Field.

Once the Georgians had gotten too close for his comfort, Johnny Dog rared back, preparing to throw the football across the field to Leon. Leon, unfortunately, was nowhere in sight so Johnny wisely ran the ball out of bounds.

The Tennessee visitors remained scattered about the field for a time due to their sheer exhaustion. They now realized that it was impossible for them to catch their second wind. Many had never gotten their first wind to start with.

While on their way back to the other side of the field, Edwards whispered into Gouger's ear, "Don't worry. I had

something else set up in case the kickoff plan didn't work."

On the Cumberland sideline, a disappointed Allen noticed that Charles Warwick was still down after that last play. Realizing there was no other player on the bench capable of playing, Allen decided to put himself back into the game.

"Look, everyone," said a tired Cumberland warrior. "He's come to turn the tide again."

Instead, Allen ran past the huddled men, going to the far sideline where Warwick lay. He grabbed Warwick's right arm and yanked him to his feet, wrapping the receiver's arm around his shoulder. All the way back to the Cumberland bench, Warwick kept mumbling in George's ear, but George was unable to understand him. Allen soon learned Warwick's message, however, when he reached the men in the huddle.

"Ah told you guys Ah'd return, and here Ah am," George said cheerfully.

"Fullback, you just ruined our 'sleeper play,' " Edwards snapped.

"You mean he wasn't really hurt?"

After Edwards' anger had cooled enough for him to speak, he looked toward the men and said, "All right, the 'sleeper play' is off. Let's try 'onion over potato.' "

This time the tired Cumberland players found it even harder to leave the huddle. Everytime they attempted to walk, their knees would buckle. Soreness had set in on their poorly conditioned bodies. Back cramps had crippled many to the point where they leaned forward in an awkward posture. Consequently, their movements were slow and uncoordinated. In fact, when the Bulldogs took their positions at the line of scrimmage, they looked like a group of nursing-home rejects through the eyes of their Tech opponents. On the other hand, the newly arrived Allen, fresh and untired from sitting on the sideline, irritated his Cumberland teammates with his enthusiasm. "Come on, we can whip those guys."

Receiving the centered ball from Earl, Edwards then tried handing it off to Allen, but the Cumberland coach wouldn't take it. So, Edwards attempted to run the ball up the middle of the scrimmage line himself. However, Allen got his knobby knees tangled up with Edwards' legs, tripping the quarterback before he could pick up any yardage.

The next play called for Johnny Dog to run around left

end. After receiving the snap, Johnny headed left; but, unable to get a good grip on the ball, he fumbled it. Slowly it rolled toward George Allen, stopping by his right foot.

"Pick it up, Fullback!" Johnny Dog yelled.

Jumping away from the ball, afraid of getting crushed by the huge Tech linemen closing in on them, Allen yelled back, "You dropped it, you pick it up!"

While they were busy arguing over whose responsibility it was to pick up the loose football, Tech's Senter politely did the honors and ran it to the Cumberland 15-yard line.

After the play, Nelson questioned Allen about the fumble. "Why didn't you pick it up?"

"Ya should've been more careful in holdin' onto that ball, Johnny Dog. Ah coulda been killed, pickin' that durn thing up," Allen replied.

Warwick ran back out on the field. Grabbing Allen by the arm, the worried right end took him aside and whispered in his ear, "You better hurry up and get off the field."

"Why?" a surprised Allen asked.

"Because your own teammates are planning to lynch you. They weren't too happy when you ruined the sleeper play, or when you tripped Edwards; then, just now, when you let the fumbled ball lay on the ground for Tech to recover, they became, let's say, violent. Besides, Earl's neck is still hurting from when you punted the ball and hit him."

Allen looked over his shoulder at the huddled Cumberland players. Their fiery stares were all the proof he needed. So, to make everyone happy, including himself, Coach Allen left the field, but not before he said, "Don't y'all forget about the $500."

On the next play, Tech's Fellers carried the ball the rest of the way around left end to score. Fincher converted, making it Tech 215, Cumberland 0.

Pete Gray looked around to see if all the Cumberland players were on their feet ready to play. He soon noticed a teammate leaning against the goalpost. "Come on, fella. Get back in the game. There's only two more minutes."

Barely looking up, the man[18] mumbled, "Heck. What's the use? Too late to beat 'em now." His back slid down the goalpost until he hit the ground.

With time running out, Cumberland tried running into Tech instead of away from them. But their running consisted of

Rob McClellan

only a few steps toward the Tech line—and kerplunk. So bad was Cumberland's running attack that the visitors lost considerable yardage on their next two rushing attempts and faced a third down from their own oft-trampled goal line. On the next play, Leon became daring and put the ball in the air. That pass fell into the wrong hands, however, and Senter sailed across the Cumberland goal to make it 221-0. Fincher added the extra point, thus heaping abominable insult on already outraged injury.

As the final seconds ticked off on the official's watch, Fincher's kickoff was caught by a surprisingly determined Morris Gouger. Morris fought his way valiantly up the field, and even after he was tackled, his legs churned wildly in the pileup. Cumberland still had time for one play—a final chance to put something on the scoreboard. (Could they do it? Better yet, could they get out from the huddle which was holding them up?)

"Dadgum, Dow. . .(gasp). . . get off of my foot."

"Oh. . .(gasp, gasp). . .I'm sorry, Earl. My legs are so numb, I didn't know where I was standing."

"(Gasp). . .Well, quit your gabbing and get that tree trunk of yourn off my foot."

"But, I already moved my foot."

"Then, who in the heck is standin' on my foot?"

"Look down, Earl. It's your other foot."

"Oh!"

"Come on, fellas, don't rock the circle. It's the only thing holdin' me up."

"Q. B., I don't think I'm gonna be able to move. Let's stay here a little while longer."

"We can't. Besides it will all be over after this play."

From the sideline, Allen had noticed their weariness. So he sent out help.

"Look, here comes Poague hobblin' back out again with his bucket and sponge."

"Good. I could sure use some water."

"Yeh. But with each sponge of water, we've gotta listen to more advice from Fullback."

"What do ya think his advice will be this time?"

"Either the 'Ah think we know their weaknesses now. Let's capitalize on them' or the 'Hang in there, even if it kills ya.' "

"Or the 'There is only a little while left to go.' "

"He's been using that one since the middle of the first quarter," a few chuckled.

"Hey, leather heads. How about some water?"

"Thought you'd never ask, Poague, " a smiling Dow replied when the limping manager finally reached them on the field.

"By the way. Fullback says to remind y'all about the $500," Poague drawled.

"Well, that's the first time we've heard that in awhile," Dow said sarcastically.

"Look at him. . .standin' over there on the sideline without a speck of dirt on him."

"What do you expect? He's too busy planning his brilliant strategy to come out on this field."

"You're forgettin' he did come in for three glorious plays," Poague reminded them, in Allen's defense.

"And we'll never forget those three plays, will we, fellas?"

"Look at Tech's Coach Heisman. Here his team is winnin' 222-0, and he's still yellin' at 'em to keep goin'."

Though the Cumberland team was down 222-0, with only twenty seconds remaining, Coach Allen still had a glimmer of hope in his eyes for a possible touchdown. In fact, he decided he wanted to score it himself. Allen ran out to the middle of the field, and, to the amazement of his players, put himself back into the game, sending a happy Warwick to the sideline.

"Q.B., throw it deep. I'm gonna be headed down the right sideline."

When the command of "Hike!" came from Edwards for the last time that day at Grant Field, an awkward-looking, crazy-legged Allen sprinted down the field at top speed. The Tech defenders charged in and smothered Edwards before he could even throw the ball. Just as the referee was about to blow the whistle which would end the play and the game, Leon ran over and grabbed the whistle from him. "Let our coach get a little exercise," he said, pointing to Allen running all alone toward the goal line.

The baffled referee only shrugged his shoulders as he watched Allen, along with the rest of the Cumberland team. When Allen reached the goal line, he turned around and started jumping up and down, yelling excitedly, "Throw it to me! Throw it to me!"

Once the final second had ticked off ending the game, Coach Heisman, wearing a blank expression on his rugged face, stood motionless in the midst of his rejoicing players. Even the loud cheers echoing from the crowd in the stands were blocked out by his deep thought and concentration. It seemed as if the winning coach who, only moments before, had been extremely happy was now surprisingly beginning to feel a little remorse for having disgraced the inexperienced little Cumberland team so badly. Humiliating another team (by greatly outscoring them) was just not Heisman's style. Such victories could not provide the necessary stimulus; only the narrow-margined victories over the big-named teams could arouse his competitive instincts.

Pulling himself together, Heisman strolled over to the Cumberland players grouped in the middle of the field. Only George Allen and Butch McQueen were standing.

Coach Heisman stared straight into Allen's eyes and handed him the $500 check. He said politely, "I want to personally commend your team on such a fine display of courage. You are well deserving of this check."

Heisman shook hands with Allen and McQueen, then turned and headed toward the Georgia Tech sideline. However, after about eight steps, the renowned coach stopped and turned toward Allen once more. He mumbled, "Maybe we can get together again next baseball season."

Quickly Heisman about-faced and marched over to his team on the sideline.

Allen thought his eyes were playing tricks on him seconds later. He thought he was witnessing an optical illusion as two Cumberland players appeared to come out of a section of the wooden fence in the south endzone. This tandem, which had gone AWOL earlier in the game, had climbed over the fence and was now running out onto the field toward them. Gradually, the deserters joined their teammates in the middle of the field. Although the two fair weather footballers were met with stoney silence at first, their teammates later broke out in laughter at the ingenuity of the two retreaters and the absurdity of the entire $500 debacle.

Eventually the laughter escaping the tired and hurting players subsided when a worried-looking teammate rushed over from the Georgia Tech sideline; it was the player who had been

hiding on the Tech bench.

"Why didn't you stay over there with the winning team?" asked Allen.

"Are you crazy? Coach Heisman is about to put them through a rough scrimmage, and I could get killed practicing with those guys," the fellow said.

Laughter once more dominated the scene.

After electing Allen as the "most valuable player" of the game (Pee Wee came in second in the balloting), the Cumberland players went back to their hotel rooms and washed up for a big night out on the town. Their first stop—the Sure-Shot Saloon.

Now rumor has it that the Cumberland Bulldogs gambled away their $500 bonus that night, thus losing the money to buy their train fare back to Lebanon. However, if that were true, the the Tennessee misfits would still be hobbling, crawling, and limping their way back home. The fact is that, not only did the players make it back to the Cumberland University campus, they brought with them an enduring ghostly legend of embarrassment and pride, which still hovers over the entire state of Tennessee today. A pride not only of survival, but also of accomplishing an untoppable feat—losing 222 to 0. Surely, it wasn't your classical Oklahoma vs. Nebraska or Michigan vs Ohio State rivalry, and it didn't have all the suspense of a Hitchcock thriller or the mystery of a Sherlock Holmes case, but it did have its own particular excitement in the theme of survival and fun. Somehow, this unique cast of crazy Cumberland cutups had coasted their way into American hearts and history books. For, you see, although campaigns for revenge occasionally echo through the hallowed old halls of the Cumberland College (and the Cumberland Law School, now located on the Samford University campus in Birmingham, Alabama), you can probably stop in at any local store in Lebanon, Tennessee, and purchase a tee-shirt which pridefully boasts: "We lost to Georgia Tech 222-0 . . .AND SURVIVED!"

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Epilogue

John W. Heisman

John W. Heisman and the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets went on to win the Southern Championship in 1916, just as they had done in the two previous years. Then, in 1917, Heisman's "Golden Tornado" won Tech's first National Championship, while boasting of four All-American players. Their 33-game winning streak, begun in 1914, lasted until 1918, when Pittsburgh outscored Tech 32-0.

At the end of the 1919 season, Coach Heisman invited Chip Robert and several other members of Tech's Athletic Board to his home one Sunday for lunch. He then unexpectedly announced that he and Mrs. Heisman had decided to separate, and he asked his friends to divide the bonds, securities, and properties between himself and his wife. It was at this point that the coach informed his colleagues of his plan to leave Atlanta. Since Mrs. Heisman had chosen to stay in the city, Heisman would keep his promise to her to live elsewhere.

Heisman went first to Pennsylvania University, his old alma mater, then to Washington and Jefferson, and finally to Rice Institute, where his career as a college football coach ended. But, nowhere did Heisman enjoy the success he had known at Georgia Tech.

After the 1927 season, Heisman moved to New York to become athletic director of the Downtown Athletic Club. He had begun work on a history of football shortly before his death of broncho-pneumonia on October 3, 1936, at the age of 66. Eventually, the Downtown Athletic Club honored his memory with the Heisman Trophy, given each year to the most outstanding college football player in the nation.

George E. Allen

George E. Allen earned his law degree from Cumberland University in 1917. After serving in World War I, he practiced law briefly in Okolona, Mississippi, and in Greensburg, Indiana before entering the hotel business in 1919. By the age of 33, Allen had become a millionaire as a partner and operating manager of twenty hotels. The Stock-Market Crash of 1929, however, left him $500,000 in debt. Yet, instead of declaring bankruptcy, he managed to pay back all the money he owed and to rebuild his fortune.

While living in Washington, D.C., Allen became the close friend and advisor to several United States presidents. Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed him as one of the three Commissioners for the District of Columbia. Allen's appointment as Relief Administrator came while he was serving in that capacity. On a wartime mission for the Red Cross in 1942, Allen met Dwight D. Eisenhower in England when Ike was being made Commander of the whole European Theater. After FDR's death, Allen became a close friend of President Harry S. Truman. They often played poker together. Allen also wrote many of the president's speeches while serving as one of his advisors. Truman subsequently appointed him to the Board of Directors of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. During the Eisenhower administration, Allen managed the president's farm at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. By that time, he had become a director of thirty-one corporations, as well as a very prominent lawyer. His autobiography, *Presidents Who Have Known Me*, was published in 1950. Allen died of a heart attack in 1973, at the age of 77, in Washington, D. C.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Robert B. Wallace, Jr., *Dress Her in White and Gold* (Atlanta: Georgia Tech Foundation, 1973), page 50.

[2]Wallace, page 51.

[3]Edwin Pope, *Football's Greatest Coaches* (Atlanta: Tupper and Love, Inc., 1955), page 119.

[4]Pope, page 126.

[4]Pope, page 117.

[6]Ibid.

[7]Ibid.

[8]Ibid.

[9]*Arkansas Gazette.*

[10]Ibid.

[11]A remark taken from a letter sent by Robert Engler, friend of George Allen and former Cumberland player.

[12]"Tech 222; Cumberland 0," *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution,* 11 November 1956, Magazine section-page 9, col.4.

[13]Ibid, p.9, col.3.

[14]"Cumberland University Yells," *The Phoenix Yearbook/1915* (Nashville: Benson Printing Co.), page 137.

[15]O.K. Armstrong, "The Funniest Football Game Ever Played," *Reader's Digest* October 1955, page 55.

[16]Ibid.

[17]"Cumberland and Georgia Tech Relive 222-0 Fiasco," *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution,* 14 October 1956, page 7-D.

[18]Armstrong, "The Funniest Football . . .," p.57.

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